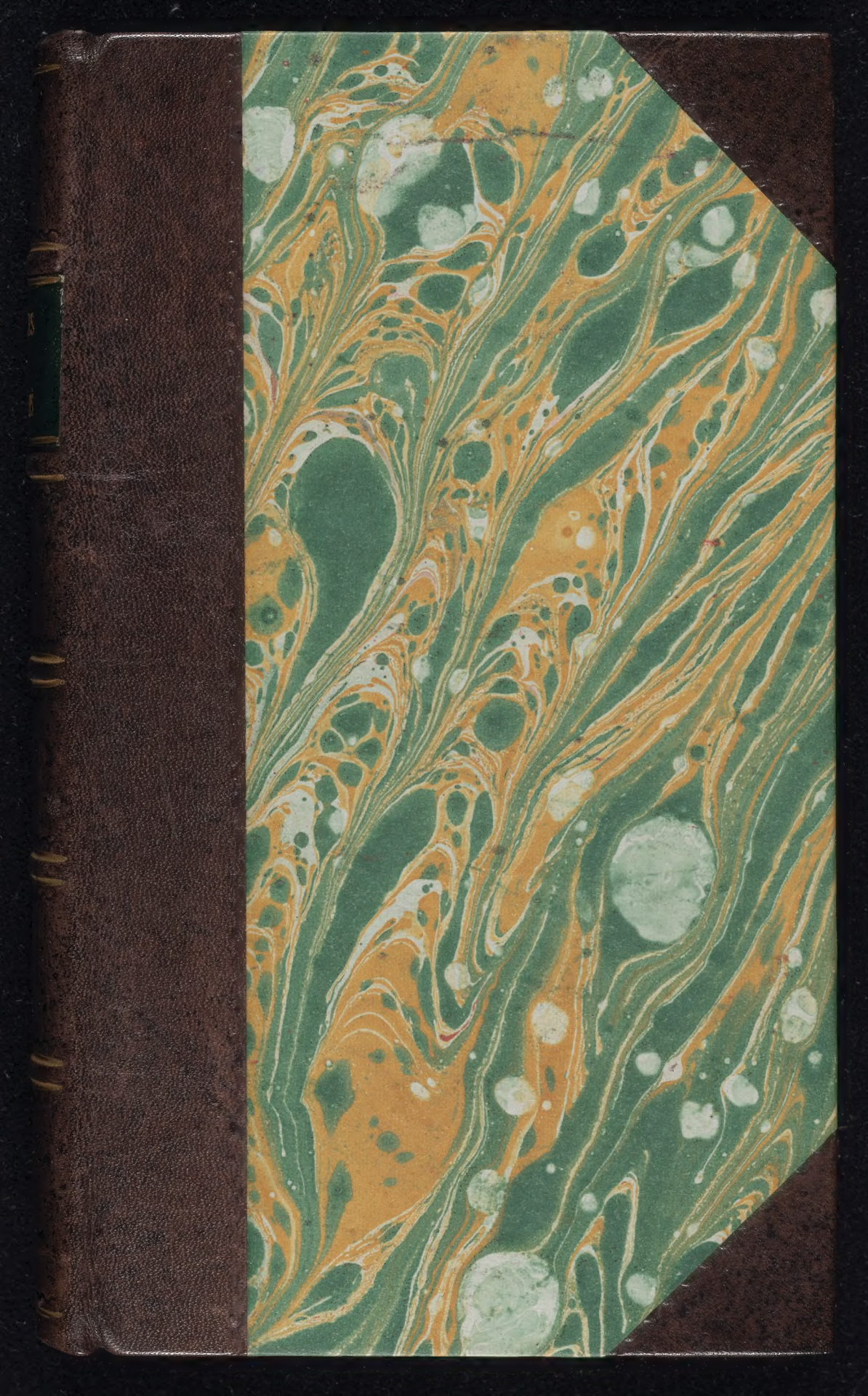

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A

5 frontispieces & 90
emblems or hieroglyphs.

1/20

London Printed for Eliz. Nutt and sold by Mary Nutt in Exeter Exchange.

EMBLEMS,

Divine and Moral;

Together with

HIEROGLYPHICKS

OF THE

Life of Man.

Written by FRANCIS QUARLES.

Hæc laus, hic apex ſapientiæ eſt, ea viventem appetere, quæ morienti forent appetenda.

In the *SAVOY*. Printed by *Eliz. Nutt*, and ſold by *T. Horn, J. Knapton, R. Knaplock, J. Wyat, T. Varnam* and *J. Osborn, D. Midwinter, R. Robinſon, W. Taylor, J. Bowyer, R. Goſling, H. Clements, W. Mears, W. Innys, J. Browne*, and *W. Churchill*. 1718.

EMBLEMS,

Divine and Moral;

Together with

HIEROGLYPHICKS

OF THE

Life of Man.

Written by FRANCIS QUARLES.

Hæc lege, hic apex lapsuvia oß, cum vocem
tem dispicere, quæ mentem forsan appe-
tunda.

In the SAVOY. Printed by Eliz. Nutt, and Tho. Bell, by
T. Horn, T. Knapton, R. Knaplock, J. Wyat, T. Bennet
and J. Osborn, D. Midwinter, R. Robinson, B. Tooke,
J. Bowyer, R. Gosling, R. Clavering, W. Mears, W. Boyer,
J. Brown, and W. Chandler. 1724.

To my much honoured, and no lefs truly beloved Friend,

Edward Benlowes Efq;

My dear Friend,

YOU *have put the Theorbo into my hand, and I have played: You gave the Mufician the firft encouragement; the Mufick returneth to you for Patronage. Had it been a light Air, no doubt but it had taken the moft, and among them the worft; but being a grave Strain, my hopes are, that it will please the beft, and among them you. Toyifh Airs please trivial Ears; they kifs the fancy, and betray it. They cry,* Hail, *firft; and after,* Crucifie : *Let* Dors *delight to immerd themfelves in dung, whilft* Eagles *fcorn fo poor a game as Flies. Sir, you have Art and Candour; let the one judge, let the other excufe*

Your moft affectionate Friend,

FRA. QUARLES.

TO THE

READER.

AN *Emblem* is but a ſilent Parable: Let not the tender eye check, to ſee the alluſion to our bleſſed Saviour figured in theſe Types. In Holy Scripture he is ſometimes called a Sower; ſometimes a Fiſher; ſometimes a Phyſician: And why not preſented ſo, as well to the eye as to the ear? Before the knowledge of letters God was known by *Hieroglyphicks*. And indeed what are the Heavens, the Earth, nay, every Creature, but *Hieroglyphicks* and *Emblems* of his glory? I have no more to ſay, I wiſh thee as much pleaſure in the reading, as I had in writing. Farewel READER.

By

BY Fathers back'd, by Holy Writ led on:
Thou shew'st a way to Heav'n by Helicon:
The Muses Font is consecrate by thee,
And Poesie baptiz'd Divinity:
Blest soul, that here embark'st: thou sail'st apace,
'Tis hard to say, mov'd more by wit or grace,
Each Muse so plies her oar: But O the sail
Is fill'd from Heav'n with a diviner gale:
When Poets prove Divines, why should not I
Approve in Verse this divine Poetry?
Let this suffice to licence thee the press:
I must no more; nor could the truth say less.

Sic approbavit
RIC. LOVE, Procan. *Cant.*

Tot *Flores* QUARLES, quot *Paradisus* habet.
Lectori bene *male*-volo.

Qui legit ex *Horto* hôc *Flores, qui* carpit, *uterque*
Jure potest *Violas* dicere, jure *Rosas:*
Non è *Parnasso VIOLAM, festivè ROSETO*
Carpit *Apollo*, magis quæ sit amœna, *ROSAM.*
Quot *Versus VIOLAS legis*; & *quem verba* locutum
Credis, *verba* dedit: Nam dedit *ille ROSAS*
Utque *ego* non dicam hæc *VIOLAS* suavissima; *Tuta*
Ipse facis *VIOLAS, Livide*, si *violas*,
Nam velut è *VIOLIS* sibi fugit *Aranea* virus:
Vertis at in succos *Hasque ROSASque* tuos.
Quas *violas Musas, VIOLAS* puto, quasque recusas
Dente tuo *rosas*, has, reor, esse *ROSAS*,
Sic *rosas*, facis esse *ROSAS*, dum, *Zoile*, rodis:
Sic facies has *VIOLAS, Livide*, dum *violas.*

Brent Hall,
1634.

EDW. BENLOWES.

Dum Cœlum aspicio Solum despicio.

THE FIRST BOOK.

The INVOCATION.

ROwze thee, my ſoul; and drain thee from the dregs
Of vulgar thoughts: ſcrew up the heighten'd (pegs
Of thy ſublime Theorbo four notes high'r,
And high'r yet, that ſo the ſhrill-mouth'd quire
Of ſwift-wing'd ſeraphims may come and join,
And make thy conſort more than half divine.
Invoke no muſe; let heav'n be thine *Apollo*;
And let his ſacred influences hallow
Thy high-bred ſtrains. Let his full beams inſpire
Thy raviſhed brains with more heroick fire:
Snatch thee a quill from the ſpread eagle's wing,
And, like the morning lark, mount up and ſing:
Caſt off theſe dangling plummets, that ſo clog
Thy lab'ring heart, which gropes in this dark fog
Of dungeon earth; let fleſh and blood forbear
To ſtop thy flight, till this baſe world appear
A thin blue landskip: let thy pinions ſoar
So high a pitch, that men may ſeem no more
Than pismires crawling on this mole-hill earth,
Thine ear untroubled with their frantick mirth;
Let not the frailty of thy fleſh diſturb
Thy new-concluded peace; let reaſon curb
Thy hot-mouth'd paſſion; and let heav'n's fire ſeaſon
The freſh conceits of thy corrected reaſon.
Diſdain to warm thee at luſt's ſmoaky fires,
Scorn, ſcorn to feed on thy old bloat deſires:
Come, come my ſoul, hoiſe up thy higher ſails,
The wind blows fair; ſhall we ſtill creep like ſnails,
That

That glide their ways with their own native ſlimes;
No, we muſt fly like eagles, and our rhymes
Muſt mount to heav'n, and reach th' *Olympick* ear;
Our heav'n-blown fire muſt ſeek no other ſphere.
Thou great *Theanthropos*, that giv'ſt and ground'ſt
Thy gifts in duſt, and from our dunghil crown'ſt
Reflecting honour, taking by retail
What thou haſt giv'n in groſs, from lapſed, frail,
And ſinful man: that drink'ſt full draughts, wherein
Thy childrens leprous fingers, ſcurf'd with ſin,
Have paddled; cleanſe, O cleanſe my crafty ſoul
From ſecret crimes, and let my thoughts controul
My thoughts: O teach me ſtoutly to deny
My ſelf, that I may be no longer I:
Enrich my fancy, clarifie my thoughts,
Refine my droſs; O wink at human faults;
And through the ſlender conduit of my quill
Convey thy current, whoſe clear ſtreams may fill
The hearts of men with love, their tongues with praiſe:
Crown me with glory, take who liſt the bays.

I.


PHolmes sculp.
Totus mundus in maligno (maliligno) positus est

I.

JAM. I. 14.

Every man is tempted, when he is drawn away by his own lust and enticed.

Serpent. Eve.

Serp Not eat? not taste? not touch? not cast an eye
Upon the fruit of this fair tree? and why?
Why eat'st thou not what heav'n ordain'd for food?
Or can'st thou think that bad which heav'n call'd good?
Why was it made if not to be enjoy'd?
Neglect of favours makes a favour void:
Blessings unus'd, pervert into a waste
As well as surfeits; woman, do but taste:
See how the laden boughs make silent suit
To be enjoy'd; look how their bending fruit
Meet thee half-way: observe but how they crouch
To kiss thy hand; coy woman, do but touch:
Mark what a pure vermilion blush has dy'd
Their swelling cheeks, and how for shame they hide
Their palsie-heads to see themselves stand by
Neglected: woman, do but cast an eye.
What bounteous heav'n ordain'd for use, refuse not;
Come, pull and eat: y' abuse the thing ye use not;
Eve. Wisest of beasts, our great creator did
Reserve this tree, and this alone forbid;
The rest are freely ours, which doubtless are
As pleasing to the taste; to th' eye as fair:
But touching this his strict commands are such,
'Tis death to taste, no less then death to touch.
Serp Pish; death's a fable: did not heav'n inspire
Your equal elements with living fire,

Blown from the ſpring of life? Is not that breath
Immortal? come; ye are as free from death
As he that made you. Can the flames expire
Which he has kindled? can ye quench his fire?
Did not the great creator's voice proclaim
Whate'er he made, from the blue ſpangled frame
To the poor leaf that trembles, very good?
Bleſt he not both the feeder and the food?
Tell, tell me then, what danger can accrue
From ſuch bleſt food, to ſuch half-gods as you?
Curb needleſs fears, and let no fond conceit
Abuſe your freedom; woman take and eat.
Eve. 'Tis true, we are immortal; death is yet
Unborn, and till rebellion make it death,
Undue; I know the fruit is good, until
Preſumptuous diſobedience make it ill.
The lips that open to this fruit 's a portal
To let in death and make immortal mortal.
Serp. You cannot die; come woman, taſte, and fear not:
Eve. Shall *Eve* tranſgreſs? I dare not, O I dare not,
Serp. Afraid? why draw'ſt thou back thy tim'rous arm?
Harm only falls on ſuch as fear a harm.
Heav'n knows and fears the virtue of this tree:
'Twill make you perfect Gods as well as he.
Stretch forth thy hand, and let thy fondneſs never
Fear death: do, pull, and eat, and live for ever.
Eve. 'Tis but an apple; and it is as good
To do as to deſire. Fruit's made for food:
I'll pull, and taſte, and tempt my *Adam* too
To know the ſecrets of this dainty. *Serp.* Do.

S. CHRYS.

S. CHRYS. ſup. Matth.

He forced him not: he touched him not: only ſaid, caſt thy ſelf down; *that we may know, that whoſoever obeyeth the Devil caſteth himſelf down: for the devil may ſuggeſt, compell he cannot.*

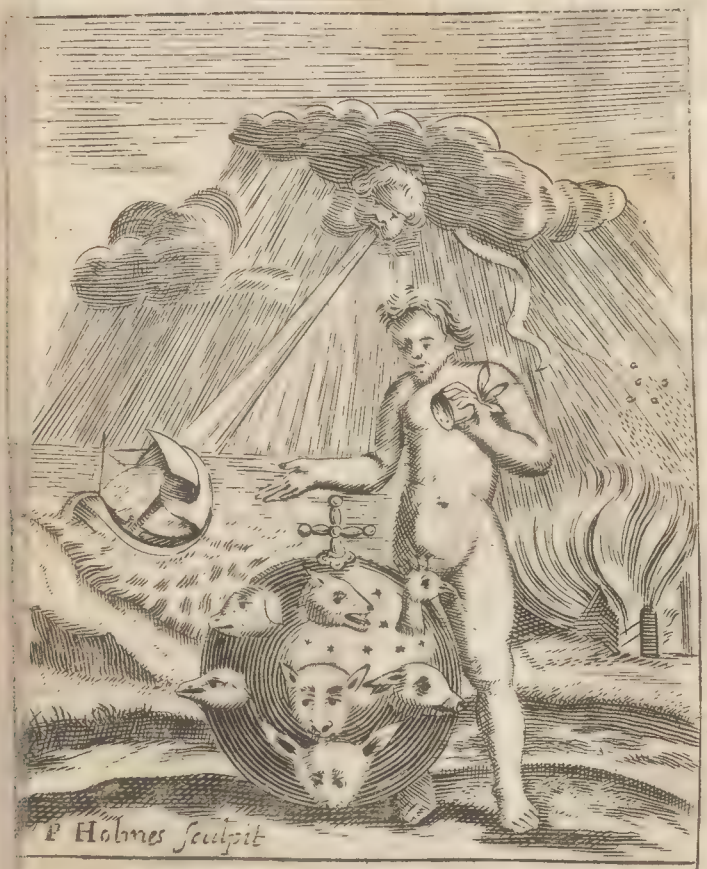
S. BERN. in Ser.

It is the devil's part to ſuggeſt: ours, not to conſent. As oft as we reſiſt him, ſo often we overcome him: as often as we overcome him, ſo often we bring joy to the angels, and glory to God, who oppoſeth us, that we may contend, and aſſiſteth us, that we may conquer.

EPIG. I.

Unlucky parliament! wherein at laſt,
Both houſes are agreed, and firmly paſt
An act of death confirm'd by higher pow'rs;
O had it had but ſuch ſucceſs as ours!

II.



8

Sic malum cecuit vnicum in omne malum

II.

JAM. I. 15.

Then when luſt hath conceived, it bringeth forth ſin; and ſin, when it is finiſhed, bringeth forth death.

1

LAment, lament; look, look, what thou haſt done:
Lament the world's, lament thine own eſtate:
Look, look, by doing how thou art undone;
Lament thy fall, lament thy change of ſtate:
Thy faith is broken, and thy freedom gone,
See, ſee too ſoon, what thou lament'ſt too late,
O thou that wert ſo many men, nay, all
Abridg'd in one, how has thy deſp'rate fall
Deſtroy'd thy unborn ſeed, deſtroy'd thy ſelf withal?

2

Uxorious *Adam*, whom thy Maker made
Equal to angels that excel in pow'r,
What haſt thou done? O why haſt thou obey'd
Thine own deſtruction? like a new-cropt flow'r,
How does the glory of thy beauty fade!
How are thy fortunes blaſted in an hour!
How art thou cow'd that haſt the pow'r to quell
The ſpite of new fall'n angels, baffle hell,
And vie with thoſe that ſtood, and vanquiſh thoſe that fell.

3

See how the world (whoſe chaſt and pregnant womb
Of late conceiv'd, and brought forth nothing ill)

Is

Is now degenerated, and become
A baſe adult'reſs, whoſe falſe births do fill
The earth with monſters, monſters that do roam
And rage about, and make a trade to kill:
Now glutt'ny paunches; luſt begins to ſpawn;
Wrath takes revenge, and avarice a pawn;
Pale envy pines, pride ſwells, and ſloth begins to yawn.

4

The Air that whiſper'd, now begins to roar;
And bluſt'ring *Boreas* blows the boiling Tide;
The white-mouth'd water now uſurps the ſhore,
And ſcorns the pow'r of her tridental guide;
The fire now burns, that did but warm before,
And rules her ruler with reſiſtleſs pride:
Fire, water, earth, and air, that firſt were made
To be ſubdu'd, ſee how they now invade; (obey'd.
They rule whom once they ſerv'd, command where once

5

Behold; that nakedneſs, that late bewray'd
Thy glory, now's become thy ſhame, thy wonder;
Behold; thoſe trees whoſe various fruits were made
For food, now turn'd a ſhade to ſhrowd thee under;
Behold; that voice (which thou haſt diſobey'd)
That late was muſick, now affrights like thunder:
Poor man! are not thy joints grown faint with ſha-
To view th' effect of thy bold undertaking, (king
That in one hour did'ſt marr what heav'n ſix days was
(making)

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. lib. 1. de lib. arbit:

It is a most just punishment, that man should lose that free-m, which man could not use, yet had power to keep, if he ould; and that he who had knowledge to do what was ght, and did not, should be deprived of the knowledge of hat was right; & that he who would not do righteously, hen he had the power, should lose the power to do it, when he ad the will.

HUGO de anima.

They are justly punish'd that abuse lawful things, but they re most justly punished, that use unlawful things: thus Luci-er *fell from heaven: thus* Adam *lost his paradise.*

EPIG. 2.

See how these fruitful kernels, being cast
Upon the earth, how thick they spring! how fast!
A full ear'd crop and thriving, rank and proud!
Prepost'rous man first sow'd, and then he plough'd.

III.

Vt potiar, patior. Patieris, non potieris.

III.

PROV. 14. 13.

ven in laughter the heart is ſorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heavineſs.

1

ALas! fond child,
How are thy thoughts beguil'd
o hope for honey from a neſt of waſps?
Thou may'ſt as well
Go ſeek for eaſe in hell,
r ſprightly Nectar from the mouths of aſps.

2

The world's a hive,
From whence thou can'ſt derive
o good, but what thy ſoul's vexation brings:
Put caſe thou meet
Some petti-petti-ſweet,
ch drop is guarded with a thouſand ſtings.

3

Why doſt thou make
Theſe murm'ring troops forſake
he ſafe protection of their waxen homes?
Their hive contains
No ſweet that's worth thy pains;
here's nothing here, alas! but empty combs.

4

For traſh and toys,
And grief ingend'ring joys,

What

What torment ſeems too ſharp for fleſh and blood!
What bitter pills,
Compos'd of real ills,
Men ſwallow down to purchaſe one falſe good!

5

The dainties here,
Are leaſt what they appear;
Though ſweet in hopes, yet in fruition ſour:
The fruit that's yellow,
Is found not always mellow;
The faireſt tulip's not the ſweeteſt flow'r.

6

Fond youth, give o'er,
And vex thy ſoul no more
In ſeeking what were better far unfound;
Alas! thy gains
Are only preſent pains
To gather ſcorpions for a future wound.

7

What's earth? or in it,
That longer than a minute,
Can lend a free delight that can endure?
O who would droil,
Or delve in ſuch a ſoil,
Where gain 's uncertain and the pain is ſure?

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST.

Sweetness in temporal matters is deceitful: It is a labour and a perpetual fear; it is a dangerous pleasure, whose beginning is without providence, and whose end is not without repentance.

HUGO.

Luxury is an enticing pleasure, a bastard mirth, which hath honey in her mouth, gall in her heart, and a sting in her tail.

EPIG. 3.

What, *Cupid*, are thy shafts already made?
And seeking honey to set up thy trade,
True emblem of thy sweets! thy bees do bring
Honey in their mouths, but in their tails a sting.

IV.

Quis levior? cui plus ponderi addit amor

IV.

PSALM 62. 9.

To be laid in the balance, it is altogether lighter than vanity.

1

PUt in another weight: 'Tis yet too light:
And yet, fond *Cupid*, put another in;
And yet another: Still there's under-weight:
Put in another hundred: Put again;
Add world to world; then heap a thousand more
To that; then, to renew thy wasted store,
Take up more worlds on trust, to draw thy balance low'r.

2

Put in the flesh with all her loads of pleasure;
Put in great *Mammon*'s endless inventory;
Put in the pond'rous acts of mighty *Cæsar*:
Put in the greater weight of *Sweden*'s glory;
Add *Scipio*'s gauntlet; put in *Plato*'s gown:
Put *Circe*'s charms, put in the triple crown.
Thy balance will not draw; thy balance will not down.

3

Lord! what a world is this, which day and night,
Men seek with so much toil, with so much trouble?
Which weigh'd in equal scales is found so light,
So poorly overbalanc'd with a bubble?
Good God! that frantick mortals should destroy
Their higher hopes, and place their idle joy
Upon such airy trash, upon so light a toy!

4

Thou holy Impoſtor, how haſt thou befool'd
The tribe of man with counterfeit deſire!
How has the breath of thy falſe bellows cool'd
Heav'ns free-born flame, and kindled baſtard fire!
How haſt thou vented droſs inſtead of treaſure,
And cheated men with thy falſe weights and meaſure,
Proclaiming bad for good;&gilding death with pleaſure!

5

The world's a crafty Strumpet, moſt affecting
And cloſely foll'wing thoſe that moſt reject her;
But ſeeming careleſs, nicely diſreſpecting
And coyly flying thoſe that moſt affect her:
If thou be free, ſhe's ſtrange; if ſtrange, ſhe's free;
Flee, and ſhe follows; follow, and ſhe'll flee:
Than ſhe there's none more coy, there's none more fond (than ſhe.

6

O what a crocodilian world is this,
Compos'd of treach'ries, and inſnaring wiles!
She cloaths deſtruction in a formal kiſs,
And lodges death in her deceitful ſmiles;
She hugs the ſoul ſhe hates; and there does prove
The very'ſt tyrant, where ſhe vows to love,
And is a ſerpent moſt, when moſt ſhe ſeems a dove.

7

Thrice happy he, whoſe nobler thoughts deſpiſe
To make an obiect of ſo eaſie gains;
Thrice happy he, who ſcorns ſo poor a prize
Should be the crown of his heroick pains:
Thrice happy he, that ne'er was born to try
Her frowns or ſmiles: or being born, did lie
In his ſad nurſes arms an hour or two, and die.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. lib. Confess.

O you that dote upon this world, for what victory do ye fight? Your hopes can be crowned with no greater reward, than the world can give; and what is the world but a brittle thing full of dangers, wherein we travel from lesser to greater perils? O let all her vain, light, momentary glory perish with her self, and let us be conversant with more eternal things. Alas! this world is miserable; life is short, and death is sure.

EPIG. 4.

My soul, what's lighter, than a feather? Wind.
Than wind? The fire. And what, than fire? The mind.
What's lighter than the mind? A thought. Than thought?
This bubble world. What, than this bubble? Nought.

V.

V.

1 Cor. 7. 31.

The fashion of this World passeth away.

GOne are those golden days, wherein
Pale conscience started not at ugly sin:
When good old *Saturn*'s peaceful throne
Was unusurped by his beardless Son:
When jealous *Ops* ne'er fear'd th' abuse
Of her chast bed, or breach of nuptial truce:
When just *Astræa* pois'd her scales
In mortal hearts, whose absence earth bewails:
When froth-born *Venus* and her brat,
With all that spurious brood young *Jove* begat,
In horrid shapes were yet unknown;
Those halcyon days, that golden age is gone.
There was no client then to wait
The leisure of this long-tail'd advocate;
The talion law was in request,
And Chanc'ry Courts were kept in ev'ry breast:
Abused statutes had no tenters,
And men could deal secure without indentures:
There was no peeping hole to clear
The wittal's eye from his incarnate fear;
There were no lustful cinders then
To broil the carbonado'd hearts of men:
The rosie cheeks did then proclaim
A shame of guilt, but not a guilt of shame:
There was no whining soul to start
At *Cupid*'s twang, or curse his flaming dart;
The Boy had then but callow wings,
And fell *Erinnys*' scorpions had no stings:

The better-acted world did move
Upon the fixed poles of truth and love.
Love essenc'd in the hearts of men!
Then reason rul'd, there was no passion then;
Till lust and rage began to enter,
Love the circumf'rence was, and love the centre;
Until the wanton days of *Jove*
The simple world was all compos'd of love;
But *Jove* grew fleshly, false, unjust;
Inferiour beauty fill'd his veins with lust:
And cucquean *Juno*'s fury hurl'd
Fierce balls of rape into th' incestuous world:
Astræa fled, and love return'd
From earth, earth boil'd with lust, with rage it burn'd,
And ever since the world hath been
Kept going with the scourge of lust and spleen.

S. AMBROSE

S. AMBROSE.

Luſt is a ſharp ſpur to vice, which always putteth the affections into a falſe gallop.

HUGO.

Luſt is an immoderate wantonneſs of the fleſh, a ſweet poiſon, a cruel peſtilence; a pernicious poiſon, which weakeneth the body of man, and effeminateth the ſtrength of an heroick mind.

S. AUGUST.

Envy is the hatred of another's felicity: in reſpect of Superiours, becauſe they are not equal to them; in reſpect of Inferiours, leſt he ſhould be equal to them; in reſpect of Equals, becauſe they are equal to them: Through envy proceeded the fall of the world, and death of Chriſt.

EPIG. 5.

What, *Cupid*, muſt the world be laſh'd ſo ſoon?
But made at morning and be whipt at noon?
'Tis like the wagg, that plays with *Venus*' doves,
The more 'tis laſh'd, the more perverſe it proves.

VI.

In cruce tuta quies

24

VI.

ECCLES. 2. 17.

All is vanity and vexation of Spirit.

1

HOW is the anxious ſoul of man befool'd
In his deſire,
That thinks an hectick fever may be cool'd
In flames of fire?
Or hopes to rake full heaps of burniſh'd gold
From naſty mire?
A whining lover may as well requeſt
A ſcornful breaſt
To melt in gentle tears, as woo the world for reſt.

2

Let wit, and all her ſtudied plots effect
The beſt they can;
Let ſmiling fortune proſper and perfect
What wit began;
Let earth adviſe with both, and ſo project
A happy man;
Let wit or fawning fortune vie their beſt;
He may be bleſt
With all that earth can give; but earth can give no reſt.

3

Whoſe gold is double with a careful hand,
His cares are double;

The

The pleaſure, honour, wealth of ſea and land
Bring but a trouble;
The world it ſelf, and all the world's command,
Is but a bubble.
The ſtrong deſires of man's inſatiate breaſt
May ſtand poſſeſt
Of all that earth can give; but earth can give no reſt.

4

The world's a ſeeming par'diſe, but her own
And man's tormentor;
Appearing fix'd, yet but a rolling ſtone
Without a tenter;
It is a vaſt circumference, where none
Can find a centre.
Of more than earth, can earth make none poſſeſt;
And he that leaſt
Regards this reſtleſs World, ſhall in this World find reſt.

5

True reſt conſiſts not in the oft revying
Of worldly droſs;
Earth's miry purchaſe is not worth the buying;
Her gain is loſs;
Her reſt but giddy toil, if not relying
Upon her croſs.
How worldlings droil for trouble! That fond breaſt
That is poſſeſs'd
Of earth without a croſs, has earth without a reſt.

CASS.

CASS. in Ps.

The cross is the invincible sanctuary of the humble, the dejection of the proud, the victory of Christ, the destruction of the devil, the confirmation of the faithful, the death of the unbeliever, the life of the just.

DAMASCEN.

The cross of Christ is the key of paradise; the weak man's staff; the convert's convoy; the upright man's perfection; the soul and bodies health; the prevention of all evil, and the procurer of all good.

EPIG. 6.

Worldlings, whose whimp'ring folly holds the losses
Of honour, pleasure, health, and wealth such crosses,
Look here, and tell me, what your arms engross,
When the best end of what he hugg's a cross?

VII.

Latet hostis, et otia ducis.

VII.

1 PET. 5. 8.

Be ſober, be vigilant, becauſe your adverſary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, ſeeking whom he may devour.

1

WHy doſt thou ſuffer ruſtful ſloth to creep,
Dull *Cyprian* lad, into thy wanton brows?
Is this a time to pay thine idle vows
At *Morpheus'* ſhrine? Is this a time to ſteep
Thy brains in waſtful ſlumbers? up and rouze
Thy leaden ſpirit: Is this a time to ſleep?
Adjourn thy ſanguine dreams, awake, ariſe,
Call in thy thoughts; and let them all adviſe,
Had'ſt thou, as many heads, as thou haſt wounded eyes.

2

Look, look, what horrid furies do await
Thy flatt'ring ſlumbers! If thy drowzy head
But chance to nod, thou fall'ſt into a bed
Of ſulph'rous flames, whoſe torments want a date.
Fond boy, be wiſe, let not thy thoughts be fed
With *Phrygian* wiſdom; fools are wiſe too late:
Beware betimes, and let thy reaſon ſever
Thoſe gates which paſſion clos'd; wake now or never;
For if thou nod'ſt thou fall'ſt, and falling fall'ſt for ever.

Mark,

3

Mark, how the ready hands of death prepare:
His bow is bent, and he hath notch'd his dart;
He aims, he levels at thy ſlumb'ring heart:
The wound is poſting, O be wiſe, beware.
What, has the voice of danger loſt the art
To raiſe the ſpirit of neglected care?
Well, ſleep thy fill, and take thy ſoft repoſes;
But know withal, ſweet taſts have ſour cloſes;
And he repents in thorns, that ſleeps in beds of roſes.

4

Yet, ſluggard, wake, and gull thy ſoul no more
With earth's falſe pleaſure, and the world's delight,
Whoſe fruit is fair, and pleaſing to the ſight,
But ſour in taſte, falſe as the putrid core:
Thy flaring glaſs is gems at her half light,
She makes thee ſeeming rich, but truly poor:
She boaſts a kernel and beſtows a ſhell;
Performs an inch of her fair-promis'd ell:
Her words proteſt a heav'n; her works produce an hell.

5

O thou the fountain of whoſe better part,
Is earth'd and gravel'd up with vain deſire:
That daily wallow'ſt in the fleſhly mire
And baſe pollution of a luſtful heart,
That feel'ſt no paſſion, but in wanton fire,
And own'ſt no torment but in *Cupid*'s dart;
Behold thy type: Thou ſitt'ſt upon this ball
Of earth, ſecure, while death that flings at all,
Stands arm'd to ſtrike thee down, where flames attend (thy fall.

S. BERN.

S. BERN.

Security is no where; neither in heaven, nor in paradise, uch less in the world: In heaven the Angels fell from the ivine Presence; in paradise, Adam *fell from his place of easure; in the world,* Judas *fell from the School of our aviour.*

HUGO.

I eat secure, I drink secure, I sleep secure, even as though had past the day of death, avoided the day of judgment, and scaped the torments of Hell-fire: I play and laugh, as though were already triumphing in the Kingdom of Heaven.

EPIG. 7.

Get up, my soul; redeem thy slavish eyes
From drowzy bondage: O beware; be wise:
Thy foe's before thee; thou must fight or fly:
Life lies most open in a closed eye.

VIII.

Et risu necat.

VIII.

LUKE 6. 25.

Woe be to you that laugh now, for ye shall mourn and weep.

THe world's a popular diſeaſe, that reigns
Within the froward heart and frantick brains
Of poor diſtemper'd mortals, oft ariſing
From ill digeſtion, through th'unequal poiſing
Of ill-weigh'd elements, whoſe light directs
Malignant humours to malign effects:
One raves and labours with a boiling liver;
Rends hair by handfuls, curſing *Cupid*'s quiver:
Another with a bloody flux of oaths
Vows deep revenge: one doats: the other loaths:
One friskſ and ſings, and cries a flagon more
To drench dry cares, and make the Welkin roar:
Another droops: the Sun-ſhine makes him ſad;
Heav'n cannot pleaſe: one's mop'd; the other's mad:
One hugs his gold; another lets it fly:
He knowing not for whom; nor t'other why.
One ſpends his day in plots, his night in play;
Another ſleeps and ſlugs both night and day:
One laughs at this thing; t'other cries for that:
But neither one nor t'other knows for what.
Wonder of wonders! What we ought t'evite
As our diſeaſe, we hug as our delight:
'Tis held a ſymptom of approaching danger,
When diſacquainted ſenſe becomes a ſtranger,
And takes no knowledge of an old diſeaſe;
But when a noiſom grief begins to pleaſe

The

The unreſiſting ſenſe, it is a fear
That death has parly'd, and compounded there:
As when the dreadful Thund'rer's awful hand
Pours forth a vial on th' infected land,
At firſt th'affrighted mortals quake and fear;
And ev'ry noiſe is thought the Thunderer:
But when the frequent ſoul-departing bell
Has pav'd their ears with her familiar knell,
It is reputed but a nine-day's wonder,
They neither fear the Thund'rer nor his Thunder.
So when the world (a worſe diſeaſe) began
To ſmart for ſin, poor new-created man
Could ſeek for ſhelter, and his gen'rous Son
Knew by his wages what his hands had done:
But bold-fac'd mortals in our bluſhleſs times
Can ſing and ſmile, and make a ſport of crimes,
Tranſgreſs of cuſtom, and rebel in eaſe,
We falſe joy'd fools can triumph in diſeaſe,
And (as the careleſs Pilgrim, being bit
By the Tarantula, begins a fit
Of life-concluding laughter) waſte our breath
In loviſh pleaſure, till we laugh to death.

HUGO

HUGO de anima.

What profit is there in vain-glory, momentary mirth, the orld's power, the flesh's pleasure, full riches, noble descent, and eat desires? Where is their laughter? where is their mirth? here their insolence? their arrogance? From how much joy how much sadness! After how much mirth, how much mi-ry! From how great glory are they fallen, to how great tor-ents! What hath fallen to them, may befall thee, because hou art a man: Thou art of earth; thou livest of earth! hou shalt return to earth. Death expecteth thee every where! e wise therefore, and expect death every where.

EPIG. 8.

What 'ails the fool to laugh? Does something please
His vain conceit? Or is't a meer disease?
Fool, giggle on, and waste thy wanton breath;
Thy morning laughter breeds an ev'ning death.

IX.

Frustra quis stabilem figat in orbe gradum.

36

IX.

1 JOHN 2. 17.

he world passeth away, and all the lusts thereof.

1

DRaw near, brave Sparks, whose spirits scorn to light
Your hallow'd tapers, but at honour's flame;
ou, whose heroick actions take delight
To varnish over a new-painted name;
Whose high-bred thoughts disdain to take their flight,
But on th' *Icarian* wings of babbling fame;
Behold how tott'ring are your high-built stories (ries.
Of earth, whereon you trust the ground-work of your glo-

2

And you, more brain-sick Lovers, that can prize
A wanton smile before eternal joys;
That know no heaven but in your Mistress' eyes;
That feel no pleasure, but what sense enjoys:
That can, like crown-distemper'd fools, despise
True riches, and like babies whine for toys:
Thing ye the Pageants of your hopes are able
To stand secure on earth, when earth it self's unstable?

3

Come, dunghil Worldlings, you that root like swine,
And cast up golden trenches where ye come:
Whose only pleasure is to undermine,
And view the secrets of your mother's womb:
Come bring your Saint pouch'd in his leathern shrine,
And summon all your griping Angels home;
Behold your world, the bank of all your store
The world ye so admire, the world ye so adore.

4

A feeble world, whose hot-mouth'd pleasures tire
Before the race; before the start, retreat;
A faithless world, whose false delights expire
Before the term of half their promis'd date:
A fickle world, not worth the least desire,
Where ev'ry chance proclaims a change of state:
A feeble, faithless, fickle world, wherein
Each motion proves a vice; and ev'ry act a sin.

5

The beauty, that of late was in her flow'r;
Is now a ruine, not to raise a lust:
He that was lately drench'd in *Danae*'s show'r,
Is master now of neither good nor trust;
Whose honour late was mann'd with princely pow'r,
His glory now lies buried in the dust;
O who would trust this world, or prize what's in it,
That gives and takes, and chops and changes ev'ry mi-
(nute.

6

Nor length of days, nor solid strength of brain,
Can find a place wherein to rest secure:
The world is various, and the earth is vain,
There's nothing certain here, there's nothing sure:
We trudge, we travel, but from pain to pain,
And what's our only grief's our only cure:
The world's a torment; he that would endeavour
To find the way to rest, must seek the way to leave her.

S. GREG.

S. GREG. in hom.

Behold the world is withered in it ſelf, yet flouriſheth in our hearts, every where death, every where grief, every where deſolation: On every ſide we are ſmitten; on every ſide filled with bitterneſs, and yet with the blind mind of carnal deſire, we love her bitterneſs: It flieth and we follow it; it falleth, yet we ſtick to it: And becauſe we cannot enjoy it falling, we fall with it, and enjoy it fallen.

EPIG. 9.

If fortune fail, or envious time but ſpurn,
The world turns round, and with the world we turn:
When fortune ſees, and Lynx-ey'd time is blind,
I'll truſt thy joys, O world, till then, the wind.

X.

Utriusq3 crepundia Merces.

X.

JOHN 8. 44.

Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do.

HEre's your right ground: wag gently o'er this black:
'Tis a short cast; y'are quickly at the jack.
Rub, rub an inch or two; two crowns to one
On this bowl's side; blow wind, 'tis fairly thrown:
The next bowl's worse that comes; come bowl away:
Mammon, you know the ground, untutor'd play:
Your last was gone, a yard of strength well spar'd,
Had touch'd the block; your hand is still too hard.
Brave pastime, readers, to consume that day,
Which without pastime flies too swift away!
See how they labour; as if day and night
Were both too short to serve their loose delight:
See how their curved bodies wreath, and skrew
Such antick shapes as *Proteus* never knew:
One raps an oath, another deals a curse;
He never better bowl'd; this never worse:
One rubs his itchless elbow, shrugs and laughs,
The other bends his beetle brows, and chafes:
Sometimes they whoop, sometimes their *Stygian* cries
Send their black *Santo's* to the blushing skies:
Thus mingling humours in a mad confusion,
They make bad premises, and worse conclusion:
But where's a palm that fortune's hand allows
To bless the victor's honourable brows?
Come, reader, come; I'll light thine eye the way
To view the prize, the while the gamesters play:

Close by the jack, behold, jill fortune stands
  To wave the game; see in her partial hands
The glorious garland's held in open show,
  To chear the lads, and crown the conqu'ror's brow.
The world's the jack; the gamesters that contend,
  Are *Cupid*, *Mammon*: that judicious fiend,
That gives the ground, is *Satan*: and the bowls
  Are sinful thoughts; the prize, a crown for fools.
Who breaths that bowls not? What bold tongue can say
  Without a blush, he has not bowl'd to day?
It is the trade of man, and ev'ry sinner
  Has play'd his rubbers: every soul's a winner.
The vulgar proverb's crost, he hardly can
  Be a good bowler and an honest man.
Good God! turn thou my *Brazil* thoughts anew;
  New-sole my bowls, and make their byass true.
I'll cease to game, till fairer ground be giv'n,
  Nor wish to win, until the mark be heav'n.

S. BERN.

S. BERNARD, lib. de conſid.

O *you ſons of* Adam, *you covetous generations, what have ye to do with earthly riches, which are neither true, nor yours? Gold and Silver are real earth, red and white, which the only error of man makes, or rather reputes, precious: In ſhort, if they be yours, carry them with you.*

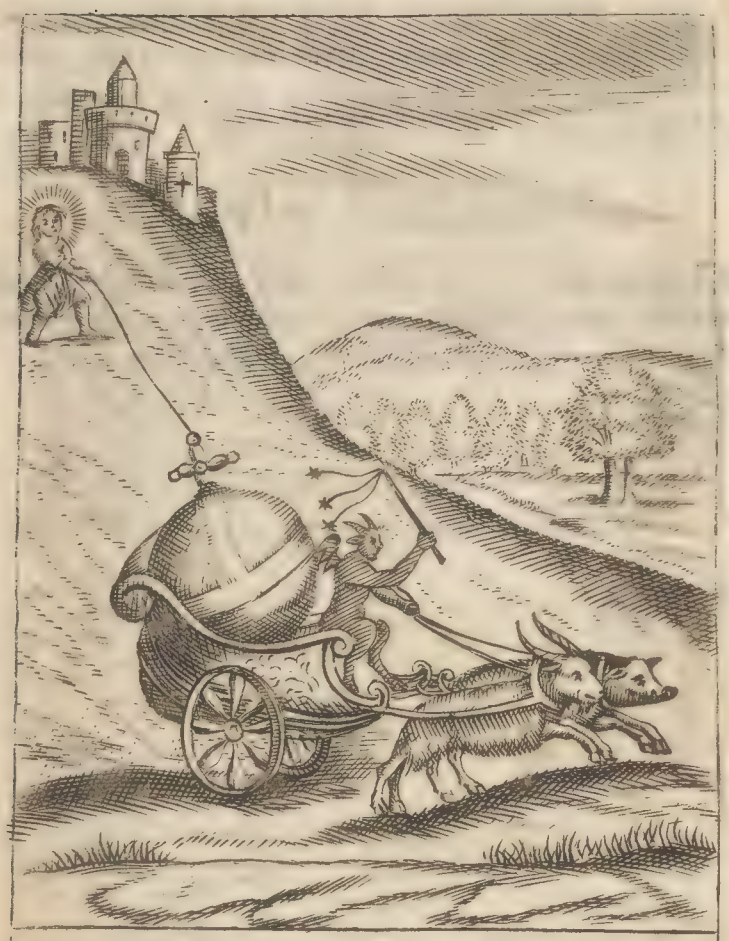
S. HIERON. in Ep.

O *Luſt, thou infernal fire, whoſe fewel is gluttony; whoſe flame is pride; whoſe ſparkles are wanton words; whoſe ſmoke is infamy; whoſe aſhes are uncleanneſs; whoſe end is hell.*

EPIG. 10.

Mammon well follow'd; *Cupid* bravely led;
Both touchers; equal fortune makes a dead:
No reed can meaſure where the conqueſt lies;
Take my advice; compound, and ſhare the prize.

XI.



Mundus in exitium ruit 44

XI.

EPHES. 2. 2.

Ye walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the air.

1

O Whither will this mad-brain world at last
Be driv'n? Where will her restless wheels arrive?
Why hurries on her ill-match'd pair so fast?
O whither means her furious groom to drive?
What, will her rambling fits be never past?
For ever ranging? Never once retrieve?
Will Earth's perpetual progress ne'er expire?
Her team continuing in their fresh career:
And yet they never rest, and yet they never tire.

2

Sol's hot-mouth'd steeds, whose nostrils vomit flame,
And brazen lungs belch forth quotidian fire,
Their twelve hours task'perform'd grow stiff and lame,
And their immortal spirits faint and tire:
At th' azure mountains foot their labours claim
The privilege of rest, where they retire
To quench their burning fetlocks, and go steep
Their flaming nostrils in the western deep,
And fresh their tired souls with strength-restoring sleep.

3

But these prodigious hackneys, basely got
'Twixt men and devils, made for race or flight,
Can drag the idle world, expecting not
The bed of rest, but travel with delight;
Who never weighing way nor weather, trot

Through duſt and dirt, and droil both night and day;
Thus droil theſe fiends incarnate, whoſe free pains
Are fed with dropſies and venereal blains.
No need to uſe the whip; but ſtrength to rule the reins.

4

Poor captive world! How has thy lightneſs giv'n
A juſt occaſion to thy foes illuſion?
O, how art thou betray'd thus fairly driv'n
In ſeeming triumph to thy own confuſion?
How is thy empty univerſe bereav'n
Of all true joys, by one falſe joy's deluſion?
So I have ſeen an unblown virgin fed
With ſugar'd words ſo full, that ſhe is led
A fair attended bride to a falſe bankrupt's bed.

5

Full gracious Lord! Let not thine arm forſake
The world impounded in her own devices:
Think of that pleaſure that thou once did'ſt take
Amongſt the lilies and ſweet beds of ſpices.
Hale ſtrongly, thou whoſe hand has pow'r to ſlack
The ſwift-foot fury of ten thouſand vices:
Let not thy duſt-devouring dragon boaſt,
His craft has won what *Juda*'s lion loſt;
Remember what is crav'd; recount the price it coſt.

ISIDOR.

ISIDOR. lib. 1. De ſummo bono.

By how much the nearer Satan perceiveth the world to an end, by ſo much the more fiercely he troubleth it with perſecution; that knowing himſelf is to be damned, he may get company in his damnation.

CYPRIAN. in Ep.

Broad and ſpacious is the road to infernal life; there are enticements and death-bringing pleaſures. There the devil flattereth that he may deceive; ſmileth that he may endamage; allureth that he may deſtroy.

EPIG. 11.

Nay, ſoft and fair, good world; poſt not too faſt;
Thy journies end requires not half this haſt.
Unleſs that arm thou ſo diſdain'ſt, reprives thee,
Alas! thou needs muſt go, the devil drives thee.

XII.

Inopem me copia fecit.

XII.

ISAIAH 66. 11.

Ye may ſuck, but not be ſatisfied with the breaſt of her conſolation.

1

WHat, never fill'd? Be thy lips skrew'd ſo faſt (thee;
To th'earth's full breaſt? for ſhame, for ſhame unſeize
Thou tak'ſt a ſurfeit where thou ſhoul'd but taſt,
And mak'ſt too much not half enough to pleaſe thee.
Ah, fool, forbear; thou ſwalloweſt at one breath
Both food and poiſon down; thou draw'ſt both milk and (death.

2

The ub'rous breaſts, when fairly drawn, repaſt
The thriving infant with their milky flood,
But being overſtrain'd, return at laſt
Unwholſom gulps compos'd of wind and blood.
A mod'rate uſe does both repaſt and pleaſe;
Who ſtrains beyond a mean, draws in and gulps diſeaſe.

3

But, O that mean, whoſe good the leaſt abuſe
Makes bad, is too too hard to be directed:
Can thorns bring grapes or crabs a pleaſing juice?
There's nothing wholſom, where the whole's infected.
Unſeize thy lips: earth's milk's a ripen'd core,
That drops from her diſeaſe, that matters from her ſore.

4

Think'ſt thou that paunch, that burlies out thy coat,
Is thriving fat; or fleſh, that ſeems ſo brawny?
Thy paunch is dropſied and thy cheeks are bloat;
Thy lips are white, and thy complexion tawny;

Thy skin's a bladder blown with watry tumours;
Thy flesh a trembling bog, a quagmire full of humours.

5

And thou, whose thriveless hands are ever straining
Earth's fluent breasts into an empty sieve,
That always hast, yet always art complaining,
And whin'st for more than earth has pow'r to give;
Whose treasure flows and flees away as fast;
That ever hast, and hast, yet hast not what thou hast.

6

Go chuse a substance, fool, that will remain
Within the limits of thy leaking measure;
Or else go seek an urn that will retain
The liquid body of thy slipp'ry treasure:
Alas! how poorly are thy labours crown'd?
Thy liquor's never sweet, nor yet thy vessel sound.

7

What less than fool is man to prog and plot,
And lavish out the cream of all his care,
To gain poor seeming goods, which being got,
Make firm possession but a thorow-fare;
Or, if they stay, they furrow thoughts the deeper;
And being kept with care, they lose their careful keeper.

S. GREG.

S. GREG. Hom. 3. ſecund. parte Ezech.

If we give more to the fleſh than we ought, we nouriſh an enemy; if we give not to her neceſſity what we ought, we deſtroy a citizen: the fleſh is to be ſatisfied ſo far as ſuffices to our good; whoſoever alloweth ſo much to her as to make her proud, knoweth not how to be ſatisfied: to be ſatisfied is a great art; leſt by the ſatiety of the fleſh we break forth into the iniquity of her folly.

HUGO de anima.

The heart is a ſmall thing, but deſireth great matters. It is not ſufficient for a kite's dinner, yet the whole world is not ſufficient for it.

EPIG. 12.

What makes thee, fool, ſo fat? fool, thee ſo bare?
Ye ſuck the ſelf-ſame milk, the ſelf-ſame air:
No mean betwixt all paunch, and skin and bone?
The mean's a virtue, and the world has none.

XIII.

Da mihi fræna timor, Da mihi calcar amor

XIII.

JOHN 3. 19.

Men love darkneſs rather than light, becauſe their deeds are evil.

LOrd, when we leave the world and come to thee,
How dull, how ſlug are we!
How backward! How prepoſt'rous is the motion
Of our ungain devotion!
Our thoughts are milſtones, and our ſouls are lead,
And our deſires are dead:
Our vows are fairly promis'd, faintly paid;
Or broken, or not made:
Our better work (if any good) attends
Upon our private ends:
In whoſe performance one poor worldly ſcoff
Foils us, or beats us off.
If thy ſharp ſcourge find out ſome ſecret fault,
We grumble or revolt,
And if thy gentle hand forbear, we ſtray,
Or idly loſe the way.
Is the road fair? we loyter; clogg'd with mire?
We ſtick or elſe retire:
A lamb appears a lion; and we fear,
Each buſh we ſee's a bear.
When our dull ſouls direct our thoughts to thee,
As ſlow as ſnails are we:
But at the earth we dart our wing'd deſire,
We burn, we burn like fire.
Like as the am'rous needle joys to bend
To her magnetick friend:

Or

Or as the greedy lover's eye-balls fly
At his fair miſtreſs' eye:
So, ſo we cling to earth; we fly and puff,
Yet fly not faſt enough.
If pleaſure beckon with her balmy hand,
Her beck's a ſtrong command:
If honour calls us with a courtly breath,
An hour's delay is death:
If profit's golden-finger'd charm enveigles,
We clip more ſwift than eagles:
Let *Auſter* weep, or bluſt'ring *Boreas* roar
Till eyes or lungs be ſore:
Let *Neptune* ſwell until his dropſy ſides
Burſt into broken tides:
Nor threat'ning rocks, nor winds, nor waves, nor fire,
Can curb our fierce deſire;
Nor fire, nor rocks, can ſtop our furious minds,
Nor waves, nor winds:
How faſt and fearleſs do our footſteps flee!
The light-foot roe-buck's not ſo ſwift as we.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. ſup. Pſal. 64.

Two ſeveral lovers built two ſeveral cities; the love of God buildeth a Jeruſalem; *the love of the world buildeth a* Babylon: *Let every one enquire of himſelf what he loveth, and he ſhall reſolve himſelf of whence he is a citizen.*

S. AUGUST. lib 3. Confeſſ.

All things are driven by their own weight, and tend to their own centre; my weight is my love; by that I am driven whitherſoever I am driven.

Ibidem.

Lord, he loveth thee the leſs, that loveth any thing with thee, which he loveth not for thee.

EPIG. 13.

Lord, ſcourge my aſs, if ſhe ſhould make no haſt,
And curb my ſtag, if he ſhould fly too faſt:
If he be over-ſwift, or ſhe prove idle,
Let love lend him a ſpur; fear, her a bridle.

XIV.

Phosphore redde diem

56

XIV.

PSALM 13. 3.

Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, lest I sleep the sleep of death.

WIll't ne'er be morning? Will that promis'd light
Ne'er break, and clear those cloüds of night?
Sweet *Phosphor*, bring the day,
Whose conqu'ring ray
May chase these fogs; sweet *Phosphor*, bring the day.

How long! How long shall these benighted eyes
Languish in shades, like feeble flies
Expecting spring? How long shall darkness soil
The face of earth, and thus beguile
Our souls of sprightful action? When, when will day
Begin to dawn, whose new-born ray
May gild the weather-cocks of our devotion,
And give our unsoul'd souls new motion?
Sweet *Phosphor*, bring the day;
Thy light will fray
These horrid mists; sweet *Phosphor*, bring the day.

Let those have night that slily love t'immure
Their cloister'd crimes, and sin secure;
Let those have night that blush to let men know
The baseness they ne'er blush to do;
Let those have night that love to have a nap,
And loll in ignorance's lap;
Let those whose eyes, like owls, abhor the light,
Let those have night that love the night:

Sweet

Sweet *Phosphor* bring the day;
How sad delay
Afflicts dull hopes? Sweet *Phosphor* bring the day.

Alas! my light in vain expecting eyes
Can find no objects, but what rise
From this poor mortal blaze, a dying spark
Of *Vulcan*'s forge, whose flames are dark,
A dang'rous, dull blue-burning light,
As melancholy as the night:
Here's all the suns that glister in the sphere
Of earth: Ah me! what comfort's here?
Sweet *Phosphor* bring the day;
Haste, haste away
Heav'n's loit'ring lamp; sweet *Phosphor*, bring the day.

Blow, Ignorance: O thou, whose idle knee
Rocks earth into a lethargy,
And with thy sooty fingers hast bedight
The world's fair cheeks, blow, blow thy spight;
Since thou hast puft our greater taper; do
Puff on, and out the lesser too:
If e'er that breath-exiled flame return,
Thou hast not blown, as it will burn:
Sweet *Phosphor*, bring the day:
Light will repay
The wrongs of night; sweet *Phosphor*, bring the day.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. in Joh. Ser. 19.

God is all to thee: If thou be hungry, he is bread; if thirſty, he is water; if darkneſs he is light; if naked, he is a robe of immortality.

ALANUS de conq. nat.

God is a light that is never darkned; an unwearied life that cannot die; a fountain always flowing; a garden of life; a ſeminary of wiſdom; a radical beginning of all goodneſs.

EPIG. 14.

My ſoul, if ignorance puff out this light,
She'll do a favour that intends a ſpight:
'T ſeems dark abroad; but take this light away,
Thy windows will diſcover break-a-day.

XV.

Debilitatæ fides: Terras Astræa reliquit

XV.

REV. 12. 12.

The devil is come unto you, having great wrath, becauſe he knoweth that he hath but a ſhort time.

1

LOrd, can'ſt thou ſee and ſuffer? Is thy hand
Still bound to th' peace? Shall earth's black Mo-
A full poſſeſſion of thy waſted land? (narch take
O, will thy ſlumb'ring vengeance never wake,
Till full ag'd law-reſiſting cuſtom ſhake
The pillars of thy right by falſe command?
Unlock thy clouds, great thund'rer, and come down
Behold thoſe temples wear thy ſacred crown;
Redreſs, redreſs our wrongs; revenge, revenge thy own.

2

See how the bold uſurper mounts the ſeat
Of royal majeſty; how overſtrawing
Perils with pleaſure, pointing ev'ry threat
With bug-bear death, by torments over-awing
Thy frighted ſubjects; or by favours drawing
Their tempted hearts to his unjuſt retreat;
Lord, can'ſt thou be ſo mild, and he ſo bold?
Or can thy flocks be thriving, when the fold
Is govern'd by the fox? Lord, can'ſt thou ſee and hold?

3

That ſwift-wing'd advocate, that did commence
Our welcome ſuits before the King of Kings,

That

That ſweet embaſſador, that hurries hence
What airs th' harmonious ſoul or ſighs or ſings,
See how ſhe flutters with her idle wings;
Her wings are clipt, and eyes put out by ſenſe;
Senſe-conqu'ring faith is now grown blind and cold,
And baſely craven'd, that in times of old
Did conquer heav'n it ſelf, do what th'Almighty could.

4

Behold how double fraud does ſcourge and tear
Aſtræa's wounded ſides, plough'd up, and rent
With knotted cords, whoſe fury has no ear;
See how ſhe ſtands a pris'ner to be ſent
A ſlave into eternal baniſhment,
I know not whither, O, I know not where:
Her patent muſt be cancel'd in diſgrace;
And ſweet-lipt fraud, with her divided face,
Muſt act *Aſtræa*'s part, muſt take *Aſtræa*'s place.

5

Faith's pinion's clipt! and fair *Aſtræa* gone!
Quick ſeeing *Faith* now blind, and *Juſtice* ſee:
Has *Juſtice* now found wings? And has *Faith* none?
What do we here? Who would not wiſh to be
Diſſolv'd from earth, and with *Aſtræa* flee
From this blind dungeon to that ſun-bright throne?
Lord, is thy ſceptre loſt, or laid aſide?
Is hell broke looſe, and all her fiends untied?
Lord, riſe, and rouze, & rule, and cruſh their furious pride.

PETER

PETER RAV. in Matth.

The Devil is the author of evil, the fountain of wickedness, the adversary of the truth, the corrupter of the World, man's perpetual enemy; he planteth snares, diggeth ditches, spurreth bodies, he goadeth souls, he suggesteth thoughts, belcheth anger exposeth virtues to hatred, maketh vices beloved, soweth error, nourisheth contention, distributeth peace, and scattereth affliction.

MACAR.

Let us suffer with those that suffer, and be crucified with those that are crucified, that we may be glorified with those that are glorified.

SAVANAR.

If there be no enemy, no fight; if no fight, no victory; if no victory, no crown.

EPIG. 15.

My soul, sit thou a patient looker on;
Judge not the play before the play is done.
Her plot has many changes: Ev'ry day
Speaks a new scene: the last act crowns the Play.

I.

Sic lumine lumen ademptum.

THE

SECOND BOOK.

I.

ISAIAH 50. 11.

You that walk in the light of your own fire; and in the sparks that ye have kindled, ye shall lie down in sorrow.

1

DO, silly *Cupid*, snuff and trim
Thy false, thy feeble light,
And make her self-consuming flames more bright;
Methinks she burns too dim.
Is this that sprightly fire,
Whose more than sacred beams inspire
The ravisht hearts of men, and so inflame desire?

2

See, boy, how thy unthrifty blaze
Consumes, how fast she wains;
She spends her self, and her, whose wealth maintains
Her weak, her idle rays.
Cannot thy lustful blast
Which gave it lustre, make it last? (so fast?
What heart can long be pleas'd, where pleasure spends

3

Go, wanton, place thy pale-fac'd light.
Where never-breaking day
Intends to visit mortals, or display
Thy sullen shades of night:
Thy torch will burn more clear
In night's un-*Titan'd* Hemisphere;
Heaven's scornful flames and thine can never co-appear.

4.

In vain thy buſie hands addreſs
  Their labour to diſplay
Thy eaſie blaze within the verge of day;
    The greater drowns the leſs!
    If heav'n's bright glory ſhine,
  Thy glimiring ſparks muſt needs reſign;
Puff out heav'n's glory then, or heaven will work out (thine.

5.

Go, *Cupid*'s rammiſh Pandar. go,
  Whoſe dull, whoſe low deſire
Can find ſufficient warmth from nature's fire,
    Spend borrow'd breath, and blow,
    Blow wind made ſtrong with ſpight;
  When thou haſt puft the greater light
Thy leſſer ſpark may ſhine, and warm the new-made (night.

6.

Deluded mortals, tell me when
  Your daring breath has blown
Heav'n's taper out, and you have ſpent your own,
    What fire ſhall warm you then?
    Ah fools, perpetual night
  Shall haunt your ſouls with *Stygian* fright,
Where they ſhall boil in flames, but flames ſhall bring (no light.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST.

The sufficiency of my merit is to know that my merit is not sufficient.

S. GREG. Mor. 25.

By how much the less man seeth himself, by so much the less he displeaseth himself; and by how much the more he seeth the light of grace, by so much the more he disdaineth the light of nature.

S. GREG. Mor.

The light of the understanding, humility kindleth, and pride covereth.

EPIG. 1.

Thou blow'st heav'n's fire, the whilst thou go'st about,
Rebellious fool, in vain to blow it out,
Thy folly adds confusion to thy death;
Heav'n's fire confounds, when fann'd with follies breath.

II.

Donec totum expleat orbem.

II.

ECCLES. 4. 8.

There is no end of all his labour, neither is his eye ſatisfied with riches.

O How our widen'd arms can over-ſtretch
Their own dimenſions! How our hands can reach
Beyond their diſtance! How our yeilding breaſt
Can ſhrink to be more full and full poſſeſt
Of this inferiour orb! How earth refin'd
Can cling to ſordid earth! How kind to kind!
We gape, we graſp, we gripe, add ſtore to ſtore;
Enough requires too much; too much craves more.
We charge our ſouls ſo ſore beyond their ſtint,
That we recoil or burſt: the buſie mint
Of our laborious thoughts is ever going,
And coining new deſires; deſires not knowing
Where next to pitch, but like the boundleſs ocean
Gain, and gain ground, and grow more ſtrong by motion.
The pale-fac'd Lady of the black ey'd night
Firſt tips her horned brows with eaſie light,
Whoſe curious train of ſpangled Nymphs attire
Her next night's glory with increaſing fire;
Each ev'ning adds more luſtre, and adorns
The growing beauty of her graſping horns:
She ſucks and draws her brother's golden ſtore,
Until her glutted orb can ſuck no more,
Ev'n ſo the vulture of inſatiate minds
Still wants, and wanting ſeeks, and ſeeking finds
New fewel to increaſe her rav'nous fire,
The grave is ſooner cloy'd than mens deſire:
We croſs the ſeas, and midſt her waves we burn,
Tranſporting lives, perchance, that ne'er return;

We ſack, we ranſack to the utmoſt ſands
Of native kingdoms, and of foreign lands;
We travel ſea and ſoil, we pry, we prowl,
We progreſs, and we prog fom pole to pole;
We ſpend our mid-day ſweat, our mid-night oil,
We tire the night in thought, the day in toil:
We make art ſervile, and the trade gentile,
(Yet both corrupted with ingenious guile)
To compaſs earth, and with her empty ſtore
To fill our arms, and graſp one handful more;
Thus ſeeking reſt, our labours never ceaſe,
But as our years, our hot deſires increaſe:
Thus we, poor little worlds! with blood and ſweat
In vain attempt to comprehend the great;
Thus, in our gain become we gainful loſers,
And what's encloſ'd, encloſes the encloſers,
Now, reader, cloſe thy book, and then adviſe;
Be wiſely worldly, be not worldly wiſe;
Let not thy nobler thoughts be always raking
The world's baſe dunghil; vermin's took by taking:
Take heed thou truſt not the deceitful lap
Of wanton *Dalilah*; the world's a trap.

HUGO

HUGO de anima.

Tell me where be those now, that so lately lov'd and hugg'd the world? Nothing remaineth of them but dust and worms; observe what those men were; what those men are: They were like thee; they did eat, drink, laugh, and led merry days; and in a moment slipt into hell. Here their flesh is food for worms, there their souls are fewel for fire, till they shall be rejoined in an unhappy fellowship, and cast into eternal torments; where they that were once companions in sin, shall be hereafter partners in punishment.

EPIG 2.

Gripe, *Cupid*, and gripe still, until that wind,
That's pent before, find secret vent behind:
And when thou'ast done, hark here, I tell thee what,
Before I'll trust thy armful, I'll trust that.

III.

Non amat iste; sed hamat amor.

III.

JOB 18. 8.

He is caſt into a net by his own feet, and walketh upon a ſnare.

1

WHat? nets and quiver too? what need there all
These ſly devices to betray poor men?
Die they not faſt enough when thouſands fall
Before thy dart? what need theſe engines then?
Attend they not, and anſwer to thy call,
Like nightly coveys, where thou liſt and when?
What needs a ſtratagem where ſtrength can ſway?
Or what needs ſtrength compel where none gainſay?
Or what needs ſtratagem or ſtrength, where hearts obey?

2

Husband thy ſlights: It is but vain to waſte
Honey on thoſe that will be catch'd with gall;
Thou canſt not, ah! thou canſt not bid ſo faſt
As men obey: Thou art more ſlow to call
Than they to come; thou canſt not make ſuch haſt
To ſtrike, as they, being ſtruck, make haſt to fall.
Go ſave thy nets for that rebellious heart
That ſcorns thy pow'r, and has obtain'd the art
T'avoid thy flying ſhaft, to quench thy firy dart.

3

Loſt mortal, how is thy deſtruction ſure,
Between two bawds and both without remorſe!

The

The one's a line, the other is a lure;
  This to intice thy ſoul; that to enforce:
Way-laid by both, how canſt thou ſtand ſecure?
  That draws; this wooes thee to th' eternal curſe.
    O charming tyrant, how haſt thou befool'd
    And ſlav'd poor man, that would not if he could,
Avoid thy line, thy lure; nay, could not if he would.

4

Alas, thy ſweet perfidious voice betrays
  His wanton ears with thy Sirenian baits;
Tho' wrap'ſt his eyes in miſts, then boldly lays
  Thy *Lethal* gins before their cryſtal gates;
Thou lock'ſt up ev'ry ſenſe with thy falſe keys,
  All willing pris'ners to thy cloſe deceits:
    His ear moſt nimble, where it deaf ſhould be,
    His eye moſt blind, where moſt it ought to ſee,
And when his heart's moſt bound, then thinks himſelf
(moſt free.

5

Thou grand impoſtor, how haſt thou obtain'd
  The wardſhip of the world? Are all men turn'd
Ideots and lunaticks? Are all retain'd
  Beneath thy ſervile bands? Is none return'd
To his forgotten ſelf? Has none regain'd
  His ſenſes? Are their ſenſes all adjourn'd?
    What, none diſmiſt thy court? Will no plump fee
    Bribe thy falſe fiſts to make a glad decree,
T'unfool whom thou haſt fool'd, and ſet thy pris'ners
(free?

S. BERN-

S. BERN. in Ser.

In this world is much treachery, little truth; here all things are traps; here every thing is beset with snares; here souls are endangered, bodies are afflicted; here all things are vanity and vexation of spirit.

EPIG. 3.

Nay, *Cupid*, pitch thy trammel, where thou please,
Thou canst not fail to take such fish as these?
Thy thriving sport will ne'er be spent: no need
To fear, when ev'ry cork's a world, thou'lt speed.

IV.

Quam graue seruitium est quod Iouis esca parit

76

IV.

HOSEA 13. 3.

They ſhall be as the chaff that is driven with a whirlwind out of the floor, and as the ſmoke out of the chimney.

FLint-hearted Stoicks, you, whoſe marble eyes
Contemn a wrinkle, and whoſe ſouls deſpiſe
To follow nature's too affected faſhion,
Or travel in the regent walk of paſſion;
Whoſe rigid hearts diſdain to ſhrink at fears,
Or play at faſt and looſe, with ſmiles and tears;
Come burſt your ſpleens with laughter to behold
A new found vanity, which days of old
Ne'er knew: a vanity, that has beſet
The world, and made more ſlaves than *Mahomet*:
That has condemn'd us to the ſervile yoke
Of ſlavery, and made us ſlaves to ſmoke.
But ſtay, why tax I thus our modern times,
For new-born follies, and for new-born crimes?
Are we ſole guilty, and the firſt age free?
No, they were ſmok'd and ſlav'd as well as we: (ſure
What's ſweet-lipt honour's blaſt, but ſmoke? What's trea-
But very ſmoke? And what more ſmoke than pleaſure?
Alas! they're all but ſhadows, fumes and blaſts,
That vaniſhes, this fades, the other waſtes.
The reſtleſs merchant, he that loves to ſteep
His brains in wealth, and lays his ſoul to ſleep
In bags of bullion, ſees th' immortal crown,
And fain would mount, but ingots kept him down:
He brags to day, perchance, and begs to morrow:
He lent but now, wants credit now to borrow;

Blow winds, the treaſure's gone, the merchant's broke;
A ſlave to ſilver's but a ſlave to ſmoke.
Behold the glory-vying child of fame,
That from deep wounds ſucks ſuch an honour'd name,
That thinks no purchaſe worth the ſtyle of good,
But what is ſold for ſweat, and ſeal'd with blood;
That for a point, a blaſt of empty breath,
Undaunted gazes in the face of death;
Whoſe dear-bought bubble, fill'd with vain renown,
Breaks with a phillip, or a Gen'ral's frown:
His ſtroke-got honour ſtaggers with a ſtroke;
A ſlave to honour is a ſlave to ſmoke.
And that fond fool, who waſtes his idle days
In looſe delights and ſports about the blaze
Of *Cupid*'s candle; he that daily ſpies
Twin babies in his miſtreſs' *Gemini's*,
Whereto his ſad devotion does impart
The ſweet burnt-offering of a bleeding heart:
See, how his wings are ſindg'd in *Cyprian* fire,
Whoſe flames conſume with youth, in age expire:
The world's a bubble, all the pleaſures in it,
Like morning vapours, vaniſh in a minute:
The vapours vaniſh, and the bubble's broke;
A ſlave to pleaſure, is a ſlave to ſmoke.
Now, Stoick, ceaſe thy laughter, and repaſt
Thy pickled cheeks with tears, and weep as faſt.

S. HIERON.

S. HIERON.

That rich man is great, who thinketh not himself great, because he is rich; the proud man (who is the poor man) braggeth outwardly, but beggeth inwardly; he is blown up, but not full.

PETR. RAV.

Vexation and anguish accompany riches and honour: the pomp of the world, and the favour of the people, are but smoke, and a blast suddenly vanishing; which if they commonly please, commonly bring repentance, and for a minute of joy, they bring an age of sorrow.

EPIG. 4.

Cupid, thy diet's strange: It dulls, it rowzes,
It cools, it heats, it binds, and then it looses:
Dull-sprightly, cold-hot fool, if e'er it winds thee
Into a loosenes once, take heed, it binds thee.

V.

Non omne quod hic micat aurum est.

V.

PROV. 23. 5.

Wilt thou set thine eyes upon thot which is not? for riches make themselves wings, they flie away as an eagle.

1

FAlse world, thou ly'st: thou canst not lend
The least delight:
Thy favours cannot gain a friend,
They are so slight:
Thy morning pleasures make an end
To please at night:
Poor are the wanrs that thou supply'st:
And yet thou vaunt'st, and yet thou vy'st (ly'st
With heaven; fond earth, thou boast'st; false world, thou

2

Thy babbling tongue tells golden tales
Of endless treasure;
Thy bounty offers easie sales
Of lasting pleasure;
Thou ask'st the conscience what she ails,
And swear'st to ease her:
There's none can want where thou supply'st:
There's none can give where thou deny'st.
Alas! fond world, thou boast'st; false world, thou ly'st.

3

What well advised ear regards.
What earth can say?
Thy words are gold, but thy rewards
Are painted clay:

Thy

Thy cunning can but pack the cards,
Thou canſt not play:
Thy game at weakeſt, ſtill thou vy'ſt;
If ſeen, and then revy'd, deny'ſt;
Thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt; falſe world, thou ly'ſt.

4

Thy tinſel boſome ſeems a mint
Of new-coin'd treaſure,
A paradiſe, that has no ſtint,
No change, no meaſure;
A painted cask, but nothing in't,
Nor wealth, nor pleaſure:
Vain earth! that falſly thus comply'ſt
With man; vain man, that thou rely'ſt
On earth; vain man, thou doat'ſt; vain earth, thou ly'ſt.

5

What mean dull ſouls, in this high meaſure
To haberdaſh
In earth's baſe wares, whoſe greateſt treaſure
Is droſs and traſh;
The height of whoſe inchanting pleaſure
Is but a flaſh?
Are theſe the goods that thou ſupply'ſt
Us mortals with? Are theſe the high'ſt?
Can theſe bring cordial peace? Falſe world, thou ly'ſt.

PET.

PET. BLES.

The world is deceitful; her end is doubtful; Her conclusion is horrible; her Judge is terrible; and her punishment is intolerable.

S. AUGUST. lib. Confess.

The vain-glory of this world is a deceitful sweetness, a fruitless labour, a perpetual fear, a dangerous honour: Her beginning is without providence, and her end not without repentance.

EPIG. 5.

World, thou'rt a traytor; thou hast stampt thy base
And chymick metal with great *Cæsar*'s face,
And with thy bastard bullion thou hast barter'd
For wares of price; how justly drawn and quarter'd!

VI.

Sic decipit orbis. 84

VI.

JOB 15. 31.

Let not him that is deceived trust in vanity, for vanity shall be his recompence.

1

BElieve her not, her glass diffuses
False portraitures: thou canst espie
No true reflection: she abuses
Her mis-inform'd beholder's eye;
Her crystal's falsly steel'd; it scatters
Deceitful beams; believe her not, she flatters.

2

This flaring mirrour represents
No right proportion, view or feature:
Her very looks are complements;
They make thee fairer, goodlier, greater:
The skilful glosses of her reflection
But paints the context of thy coarse complexion.

3

Were thy dimension but a stride,
Nay, wert thou statur'd but a span,
Such as the long-bill'd troops defy'd,
A very fragment of a man!
She'll make thee *Mimas*, which you will,
The *Jove*-slain Tyrant, or th' *Ionick* hill.

4

Had surfeits, or th'ungracious star
Conspir'd to make one common place

Of

Of all deformities that are
  Within the volume of thy face,
    She'd lend the favour ſhould out-move
The *Troy*-bane *Helen*, or the Queen of Love.

5

Were thy conſum'd eſtate as poor
  As *Laz'rus* or afflicted *Job's*:
She'll change thy wants to ſeeming ſtore,
  And turn thy rags to purple robes;
    She'll make thy hide-bound flank appear
As plump as theirs that feaſt it all the year.

6

Look off, let not thy opticks be
  Abus'd: thou ſeeſt not what thou ſhould'ſt:
Thy ſelf's the object thou ſhould'ſt ſee,
  But 'tis thy ſhadow thou behold'ſt:
    And ſhadows thrive the more in ſtature,
The nearer we approach the light of nature.

7

Where heav'n's bright beams look more direct,
  The ſhadow ſhrinks as they grow ſtronger.
But when they glance their fair aſpect,
  The bold-fac'd ſhade grows larger, longer:
    And when their lamp begins to fall,
Th'increaſing ſhadows lengthen moſt of all.

8

The ſoul that ſeeks the noon of grace,
  Shrinks in, but ſwells if grace retreat,
As heav'n lifts up, or veils his face,
  Our ſelf-eſteems grow leſs or great.
    The leaſt is greateſt, and who ſhall
Appear the greateſt, are the leaſt of all.

HUGO

HUGO lib. de anima.

In vain he lifteth up the eye of his heart to behold his God, who is not first rightly advised to behold himself: First, thou must see the visible things of thy self, before thou canst be prepared to know the invisible things of God; for if thou canst not apprehend the things within thee, thou canst not comprehend the things above thee: the best looking-glass, wherein to see thy God, is perfectly to see thy self.

EPIG. 6.

Be not deceiv'd, great fool: there is no loss
In being small; great bulks but swell with dross.
Man is heav'n's Master-piece: if it appear
More great, the value's less; if less, more dear.

VII.

Hic pessima, hic optima seruat.

VII.

DEUTERONOMY 30. 19.

I have set before thee life and death, blessing and cursing, therefore choose life, that thou and thy seed may live.

1

THE world's a floor, whose swelling heaps retain
The mingled wages of the ploughman's toil;
The world's a heap, whose yet unwinnow'd grain
Is lodg'd with chaff aud buried in her soil;
All things are mixt, the useful with the vain;
The good with bad, the noble with the vile;
The world's an ark, wherein things pure and gross
Present their lossful gain, and gainful loss,
Where ev'ry dram of gold contains a pound of dross.

2

This furnish'd ark presents the greedy view
With all that earth can give, or heav'n can add;
Here lasting joys; here pleasures hourly new,
And hourly fading, may be wish'd and had:
All points of honour, counterfeit and true,
Salute thy soul, and wealth both good and bad:
Here may'st thou open wide the two-leav'd door
Of all thy wishes, to receive that store
Which being empty most, does overflow the more.

3

Come then, my ſoul, approach this royal burſe,
And ſee what wares our great exchange retains;
Come, come; here's that ſhall make a firm divorce
Betwixt thy wants and thee, if want complains;
No need to ſit in council with thy purſe,
Here's nothing good ſhall coſt more price than pains:
But, O my ſoul, take heed, if thou rely
Upon thy faithleſs opticks, thou wilt buy
Too blind a bargain: know, fools only trade by th'eye.

4

The worldly wiſdom of the fooliſh man
Is like a ſieve, that does alone retain
The groſſer ſubſtance of the worthleſs bran:
But thou, my ſoul, let thy brave thoughts diſdain
So courſe a purchaſe: O be thou a fan
To purge the chaff and keep the winnow'd grain:
Make clean thy thoughts, and dreſs thy mixt deſires:
Thou art heav'n's tasker; and thy God requires,
The pureſt of thy flow'r, as well as of thy fires.

5

Let grace conduct thee to the paths of peace,
And wiſdom bleſs the ſoul's unblemiſh'd ways;
No matter then, how ſhort or long's the leaſe,
Whoſe date determines thy ſelf-number'd days:
No need to care for wealth's or fame's increaſe,
Nor *Mars* his palm, nor high *Apollo's* bays.
Lord, if thy gracious bounty pleaſe to fill
The floor of my deſires, and teach me skill
To dreſs and chuſe the corn, take thoſe the chaff that will.

S. AUGUST. lib. 1. de doct. Christi.

Temporal things more ravish in the expectation than in fruition: but things eternal more in the fruition than expectation.

Ibidem.

The life of man is the middle b tween angels and beasts: if man takes pleasure in carnal things, he is compared to beasts: but if he delight in spiritual things, he is suited with ang ls.

EPIG. 10.

Art thou a child? Thou wilt not then be fed,
But like a child, and with the childrens bread:
But thou art fed with chaff, or corn undrest:
My soul, thou favour'st too much of the beast.

VIII.

Hæc animant pueros cymbala; at illa viros

VIII.

PHILIPPIANS 3. 19.

They mind earthly things, but our converſation is in heaven.

Venus. Divine Cupid.

Ven. WHat means this peeviſh babe? Whiſh, lullaby,
What ails my babe, what ails my babe to (cry?
Will nothing ſtill it? Will it neither be
Pleas'd with the nurſes breaſt, nor mother's knee?
What ails my bird? What moves my froward boy
To make ſuch whimp'ring faces? Peace, my joy:
Will nothing do? Come, come this peeviſh brat,
Thus cry and braul, and cannot tell for what?
Come buſs and friends, my lamb; whiſh, lullaby,
What ails my babe, what ails my babe to cry?
Peace, peace, my dear; alas! thy early years
Had never faults to merit half theſe tears;
Come ſmile upon me: let thy mother ſpie
Thy father's image in her babies eye:
Husband theſe guilty drops againſt the rage
Of harder fortunes, and the gripes of age;
Thine eye's not ripe for tears: Whiſh, lullaby;
What ails my babe, my ſweet-fac'd babe to cry?
Look, look, what's here! A dainty golden thing:
See how the dancing bells turn round and ring
To pleaſe my bantling! Here's a knack will breed
An hundred kiſſes: here's a knack indeed.

So, now my bird is white, and looks as fair
As *Pe'ops'* ſhoulder, or a milk-white pair:
Here's right the father's ſmile; when *Mars* beguil'd
Sick *Venus* of her heart, juſt thus he ſmil'd.

Divine Cupid.

Well may they ſmile alike; thy baſe-bred boy
And his baſe ſire had both one cauſe, a toy:
How well their ſubjects and their ſmiles agree?
Thy *Cupid* finds a Toy, and *Mars* found thee:
Falſe Queen of beauty, Queen of falſe delights,
Thy knee preſents an Emblem, that invites
Man to himſelf, whoſe ſelf-tranſported heart
(O'er-whelm'd with native ſorrows, and the ſmart
Of purchas'd griefs) lies whining night and day,
Not knowing why, till heavy heel'd delay,
The dull-brow'd Pandar of deſpair, lays by
His leaden buskins, and preſents his eye
With antick trifles, which th' indulgent earth
Makes proper objects of man's childiſh mirth.
Theſe be the coin that paſs, the ſweets that pleaſe;
There's nothing good, there's nothing great but theſe:
Theſe be the pipes that baſe-born minds dance after,
And turn immod'rate tears to laviſh laughter;
Whilſt heav'nly raptures paſs without regard;
Their ſtrings are harſh, and their high ſtrains unheard:
The ploughman's whiſtle or the trival flute,
Find more reſpect than great *Apollo*'s lute:
We'll look to Heav'n, and truſt to higher joys;
Let ſwine love husks, and children whine for toys.

S. BERN.

S. BERN.

That is the true and chief joy which is not conceived from the creature, but received from the creator, which (being once possest thereof) none can take from thee: whereto all pleasure being compared is torment, all joy is grief, sweet things are bitter, all glory is basenes, and all delectable things are despicable.

S. BERN.

Joy in a changeable subject must necessarily change as the subject changeth.

EPIG. 8.

Peace, childish *Cupid*, peace: thy finger'd eye
But cries for what, in time, will make thee cry.
But are thy peevish wranglings thus appeas'd?
Well may'st thou cry, that art so poorly pleas'd.

IX.

Venturum exhorresco diem.

IX

ISAIAH 10. 3.

What will you do in the day of your visitation? to whom will ye flie for help? and where will you leave your glory?

1

IS this that jolly God, whose *Cyprian* bow
Has shot so many flaming darts,
And made so many wounded beauties go
Sadly perplex'd with whimp'ring hearts?
Is this that sov'reign Deity that brings
The slavish world in awe, and stings (kings?
The blund'ring souls of swains, and stops the hearts of

2

What *Circæan* charm, what *Hecatæan* spight
Has thus abus'd the God of love?
Great *Jove* was vanquish'd by his greater might;
(And who is stronger-arm'd than *Jove*?)
Or has our lustful God perform'd a rape,
And (fearing *Argus* eyes) would scape?
The view of jealous earth, in this prodigious shape.

3

Where be those rosie cheeks, that lately scorn'd
The malice of injurious fates?
Ah! where's that pearl port-cullis that adorn'd
Those dainty two-leav'd ruby gates?
Where be those killing eyes that so controll'd
The world, and locks that did infold
Like knots of flaming wire, like curls of burnish'd gold?

4

No, no 'twas neither *Hecatæan* ſpite,
Nor charm below, nor pow'r above;
'Twas neither *Circe*'s ſpell, nor *Stygian* ſpright,
That thus transform'd our God of love;
'Twas owl-ey'd Luſt (more potent far than they)
Whoſe eyes and actions hate the day:
Whom all the world obſerve, whom all the world obey.

5

See how the latter Trumpet's dreadful blaſt
Affrights ſtout *Mars* his trembling ſon!
See, how he ſtartles! how he ſtands agaſt,
And ſcrambles from his melting throne!
Hark how the direful hand of vengeance tears
The ſwelt'ring clouds, whilſt heav'n appears
A circle fill'd with flame, and centred with his fears.

6

This is that day, whoſe oft report hath worn
Neglected tongues of prophets bare;
The faithleſs ſubject of the worldlings ſcorn,
The ſum of men and angels pray'r:
This, this the day, whoſe all diſcerning light
Ranſacks the ſecret dens of night,
And ſevers good from bad; true joys from falſe delight.

7

You grov'ling worldlings, you, whoſe wiſdom trades
Where light ne'er ſhot his golden ray,
That hide your actions in *Cimmerian* ſhades,
How will your eyes endure this day?
Hills will be deaf, and mountains will not hear;
There be no caves, no corners there, (fear.
To ſhade your ſouls from fire, to ſhield your hearts from

HUGO.

HUGO.

O the extream loathſomeneſs of fleſhly luſt, which not only effeminates the mind, but enervates the body; which not only diſtaineth the ſoul, but diſguiſeth the perſon! It is uſher'd with fury and wantonneſs; it is accompanied with filthineſs and uncleanneſs; and it is follow'd with grief and repentance.

EPIG 9.

What? ſweet fac'd *Cupid*, has thy baſtard-treaſure,
Thy boaſted honours and thy bold-fac'd pleaſure
Perplex'd thee now? I told thee long ago,
To what they'd bring thee, fool, *to wit*, to woe.

X.

X.

NAHUM 2. 10.

She is empty, and void, and waste.

1

SHe's empty: hark, she sounds, there's nothing there
But noise to fill thy ear;
Thy vain enquiry can at length but find
A blast of murm'ring wind:
It is a cask, that seems as full as fair,
But meerly tunn'd with air;
Fond youth, go build thy hopes on better grounds:
The soul that vainly founds
Her joys upon this world, but feeds on empty sounds.

2

She's empty: hark, she sounds: there's nothing in't,
The spark-engend'ring flint
Shall sooner melt, and hardest raunce shall first
Dissolve and quench thy thirst,
Ere this false world shall still thy stormy breast
With smooth-fac'd calms of rest.
Thou may'st as well expect meridian light
From shades of black-mouth'd night,
As in this empty world to find a full delight.

She's

3

She's empty: hark, ſhe ſounds; 'tis void and vaſt;
What if ſome flatt'ring blaſt
Of flatuous honour ſhould perchance be there,
And whiſper in thine ear?
It is but wind, and blows but where it liſt,
And vaniſheth like miſt.
Poor honour earth can give! What gen'rous mind
Would be ſo baſe to bind
Her heav'n-bred ſoul a ſlave to ſerve a blaſt of wind?

4

She's empty: hark, ſhe ſounds: 'tis but a ball
For fools to play withall:
The painted film but of a ſtronger bubble,
That's lin'd with ſilken trouble:
It is a world, whoſe work and recreation
Is vanity and vexation;
A hag, repair'd with vice-complexion'd paint,
A queſt-houſe of complaint;
It is a ſaint, a fiend, worſe fiend, when moſt a ſaint.

5

She's empty: hark, ſhe ſounds: 'tis vain and void,
What's here to be enjoy'd
But grief and ſickneſs, and large bills of ſorrow,
Drawn now, and croſs'd to morrow?
Or what are men, but puffs of dying breath,
Reviv'd with living death?
Fond lad, O build thy hopes on ſurer grounds
Than what dull fleſh propounds:
Truſt not this hollow world, ſhe's empty: hark, ſhe
(ſounds.

S. CHRYS.

S. CHRYS. in Ep. ad Heb.

Contemn riches, and thou ſhalt be rich; contemn glory, and thou ſhalt be glorious; contemn injuries, and thou ſhalt be a conqueror; contemn reſt, and thou ſhalt gain reſt; contemn earth, and thou ſhalt find heav'n.

HUGO lib. de vanit. mundi.

The world is a vanity which affordeth neither beauty to the amorous, nor reward to the laborious, nor encouragement to the induſtrious.

EPIG. 10.

This houſe is to be let for life or years;
Her rent is ſorrow, and her income, tears:
Cupid, 't has long ſtood void; her bills make known,
She muſt be dearly let, or let alone.

XI.

Erras hac itur ad illam

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XI.

MATTH. 7. 14.

Narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

PRepoſt'rous fool, thou ſtroul'ſt amiſs;
Thou err'ſt; that's not the way, 'tis this:
Thy hopes, inſtructed by thine eye,
Make thee appear more near than I;
My floor is not ſo flat, ſo fine,
And has more obvious rubs than thine:
'Tis true; my way is hard and ſtrait,
And leads me through a thorny gate:
Whoſe rankling pricks are ſharp and fell;
The common way to heav'n's by hell:
'Tis true; thy path is ſhort and fair,
And free from rubs: Ah! fool, beware,
The ſafeſt road's not always ev'n;
The way to hell's a ſeeming heav'n:
Think'ſt thou the crown of glory's had
With idle eaſe, fond *Cyprian* lad?
Think'ſt thou, that mirth, and vain delights,
High feed, and ſhadow-ſhort'ning nights,
Soft knees, full bags and beds of down,
Are proper prologues to a crown?
Or can'ſt thou hope to come and view,
Like proſp'rous *Cæſar*, and ſubdue?
The bond-ſlave uſurer will trudge,
In ſpight of gouts will turn a drudge,
And ſerve his ſoul-condemning purſe,
T'increaſe it with the widow's curſe:

And

And ſhall the crown of glory ſtand
Not worth the waving of an hand?
The fleſhly wanton to obtain
His minute-luſt, will count it gain
To loſe his freedom, his eſtate,
Upon ſo dear, ſo ſweet a rate;
Shall pleaſures thus be priz'd, and muſt
Heav'n's palm be cheaper than a luſt?
The true-bred ſpark, to hoiſe his name
Upon the waxen wings of fame,
Will fight undaunted in a flood
That's rais'd with brackiſh drops and blood.
And ſhall the promis'd crown of life
Be thought a toy, not worth a ſtrife?
An eaſie good brings eaſie gains;
But things of price are bought with pains:
The pleaſing way is not the right:
He that would conquer heav'n muſt fight.

S. HIERON.

S. HIERON. in Ep.

No labour is hard, no time is long, wherein the glory of eternity is the mark we level at.

S. GREG. lib. 8. Mor.

The valour of a just man is to conquer the flesh, to contradict his own will, to quench the delights of this present life, to endure and love the miseries of this world for the reward of a better, to contemn the flatteries of prosperity, and inwardly to overcome the fears of adversity.

EPIG. 11.

O *Cupid*, if thy smoother way were right,
I should mistrust this crown were counterfeit;
The way's not easie where the Prize is great:
I hope no virtues, where I smell no sweat.

XII.

In cruce stat securus amor.

XII.

GALLAT. 6. 14.

God forbid that I ſhould glory, ſave in the croſs.

1

CAN nothing ſettle my uncertain breaſt,
And fix my rambling love?
Can my affections find out nothing beſt,
But ſtill and ſtill remove?
Has earth no mercy? will no ark of reſt
Receive my reſtleſs dove?
Is there no good, than which there's nothing high'r,
To bleſs my full deſire
With joys that never change; with joys that ne'er expire?

2

I wanted wealth; and at my dear requeſt,
Earth lent a quick ſupply;
I wanted mirth to charm my ſullen breaſt;
And who more brisk than I?
I wanted fame to glorifie the reſt;
My fame flew eagle-high:
My joy not fully ripe, but all decay'd,
Wealth vaniſh'd like a ſhade;
My mirth began to flag, my fame began to fade.

3

The world's an ocean, hurried to and fro
With ev'ry blaſt of paſſion:

Her

Her luſtful ſtreams, when either ebb or flow,
Are tides of man's vexation:
They alter daily, and they daily grow
The worſe by alteration:
The earth's a cask full-tunn'd, yet wanting meaſure;
Her precious wine is pleaſure;
Her yeſt is honour's puff; her lees are worldly treaſure.

4

My truſt is in the croſs: let beauty flag
Her looſe, her wanton ſail;
Let count'nance-guilding honour ceaſe to brag
In courtly terms, and vail;
Let ditch-bred wealth henceforth forget to wag
Her baſe, though golden, tail;
Falſe beauties conqueſt is but real loſs,
And wealth but golden droſs;
Beſt honour's but a blaſt: my truſt is in the croſs.

5

My truſt is in the croſs; there lies my reſt:
My faſt, my ſole delight:
Let cold-mouth'd *Boreas*, or the hot-mouth'd *Eaſt*,
Blow till they burſt with ſpight;
Let earth and hell conſpire their worſt, their beſt,
And join their twiſted might;
Let ſhow'rs of thunder-bolts dart down and wound me,
And troops of fiends ſurround me,
All this may well confront; all this ſhall ne'er confound (me.

S. AUGUST.

Christ's crosſ is the christ-crosſ of all our happineſs; it deliverers us from all blindneſs of error, and enriches our darkneſs with light; it reſtoreth the troubled ſoul to reſt; it bringeth ſtrangers to God's acquaintance; it maketh remote foreigners near neighbours; it cutteth off diſcord; concludeth a league of everlaſting peace; and is the bounteous author of all good.

S. BERN. in Ser. de Reſur.

We find glory in the crosſ; to us that are ſaved, it is the power of God, and the fulneſs of all vertues.

EPIG. 12.

I follow'd reſt; reſt fled and ſoon forſook me:
I ran from grief; grief ran and overtook me.
What ſhall I do? leſt I be too much toſt
On worldly croſſes, Lord, let me be croſt.

XIII.

Post vulnera Dæmon

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XIII.

PROV. 26. 11.

As a dog returneth to his vomit, ſo a fool returneth to his folly.

O I am wounded! and my wounds do ſmart
Beyond my patience or great *Chiron*'s art;
I yield, I yield the day, the palm is thine;
Thy bow's more true, thy ſhaft's more fierce, than mine.
Hold, hold, O hold thy conqu'ring hand. What need
To ſend more darts? the firſt has done the deed:
Oft have we ſtruggled, when our equal arms
Shot equal ſhafts, inflicted equal harms;
But this exceeds, and with her flaming head,
Twy-fork'd with death, has ſtruck my conſcience dead.
But muſt I die? ah me! if that were all,
Then, then I'd ſtroke my bleeding wounds, and call
This dart a cordial, and with joy endure
Theſe harſh ingredients, where my grief's my cure.
But ſomething whiſpers in my dying ear,
There is an after-day; which day I fear.
The ſlender debt to nature's quickly paid,
Diſcharg'd perchance with greater eaſe than made;
But if that pale-fac'd Serjeant make arreſt,
Ten thouſand actions would (whereof the leaſt
Is more than all this lower world can bail)
Be entred, and condemn me to the Jail
Of *Stygian* darkneſs, bound in red-hot chains,
And grip'd with tortures worſe than *Tityan* pains.
Farewel my vain, farewel my looſe delights;
Farewel my rambling days, my rev'ling nights;

'Twas you betray'd me firſt, and when ye found
My ſole advantage, gave my ſoul the wound:
Farewel my bullion gods, whoſe ſov'reign looks
So often catch'd me with their golden hooks:
Go ſeek another ſlave; ye muſt all go;
I cannot ſerve my God and bullion too.
Farewel falſe honour; you whoſe airy wings
Did mount my ſoul above the thrones of kings;
Then flatter'd me, took pet, and in diſdain,
Nipt my green buds; then kick'd me down again:
Farewel my bow; farewel my *Cyprian* quiver;
Farewel dear world, farewel dear world for ever.
O, but this moſt delicious world, how ſweet
Her pleaſures reliſh! ah! how jump they meet
The graſping ſoul, and with their ſprightly fire,
Revive and raiſe, and rowze the wrapt deſire!
For ever? O, to part ſo long! what, never
Meet more? another year, and then for ever:
Too quick reſolves do reſolution wrong;
What, part ſo ſoon, to be divorc'd ſo long?
Things to be done, are long to be debated;
Heav'n's not decay'd. Repentance is not dated.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. lib. de util. agen. pœn.

Go up, my ſoul, into the tribunal of thy conſcience: there ſet thy guilty ſelf before thy ſelf: hide not thy ſelf behind thy ſelf, leſt God bring thee forth before thy ſelf.

S. AUGUST. in Soliloq.

In vain is that waſhing, where the next ſin defileth: he hath ill repented, whoſe ſins are repeated: that ſtomach is the worſe for vomiting, that licketh up his vomit.

ANSELM.

God hath promiſed pardon to him that repenteth, but he hath not promiſed repentance to him that ſinneth.

EPIG. 13.

Brain-wounded *Cupid*, had this haſty dart,
As it has prick'd thy fancy, pierc'd thy heart,
'T had been thy friend: O how hath it deceiv'd thee!
For had this dart but kill'd, this dart had ſav'd thee.

XIV.

Post lapsum fortius esto. 116

XIV.

PROV. 24. 16.

A just man falleth seven times, and riseth up again; but the wicked shall fall into mischief.

1

'TIs but a foil at best, and that's the most
Your skill can boast:
My slipp'ry footing fail'd me; and you tript,
Just as I slipt:
My wanton weakness did her self betray
With too much play:
I was too bold; he never yet stood sure,
That stands secure:
Who ever trusted to his native strength,
But fell at length?
The title's craz'd, the tenure is not good,
That claims by th' evidence of flesh and blood.

2

Boast not thy skill, the righteous man falls oft,
Yet falls but soft:
There may be dirt to mire him, but no stones
To crush his bones:
What if he staggers? nay, put case he be
Foil'd on his knee?
That very knee will bend to heav'n, and woo
For mercy too.
The true-bred Gamester ups a fresh, and then
Falls to't agen;
Whereas the leaden-hearted coward lies,
And yields his conquer'd life, or craven'd dies.

3

Boaſt not thy conqueſt; thou that ev'ry hour
Fall'ſt ten times low'r;
Nay, haſt not pow'r to riſe, if not, in caſe,
To fall more baſe:
Thou wallow'ſt where I ſlip; and thou doſt tumble
Where I but ſtumble:
Thou glory'ſt in thy ſlav'ries dirty badges,
And fall'ſt for wages:
Sour grief and ſad repentance ſcours and clears
My ſtains with tears:
Thy falling keeps thy falling ſtill in ure;
But when I ſlip, I ſtand the more ſecure.

4

Lord, what a nothing is this little ſpan,
We call a Man!
What fenny traſh maintains the ſmoth'ring fires
Of his deſires!
How ſlight and ſhort are his reſolves at longeſt!
How weak at ſtrongeſt!
O, if a ſinner held by that faſt hand,
Can hardly ſtand,
Good God! in what a deſp'rate caſe are they,
That have no ſtay?
Man's ſtate implies a neceſſary curſe; (worſe.
When not himſelf, he's mad; when moſt himſelf, he's

S. AMBROS.

S. AMBROS. in Ser. ad vincula.

Peter *ſtood more firmly after he had lamented his fall than before he fell; inſomuch that he found more grace than he loſt grace.*

S. CHRYS. in Ep. ad Heliod. monach.

It is no ſuch hainous matter to fall afflicted, as being down to lie dejected. It is no danger for a Soldier to receive a wound in battel, but after the wound received, through deſpair of recovery to refuſe a remedy; for we often ſee wounded champions wear the palm at laſt, and after fight, crowned with victory.

EPIG. 14.

Triumph not, *Cupid*, his miſchance doth ſhow
Thy trade; doth once, what thou doſt always do:
Brag not too ſoon; has thy prevailing hand
Foil'd him? ah fool, th' haſt taught him how to ſtand.

XV.

Putet æthera. clauditur orbi.

XV.

JER. 32. 40.

I will put fear in their hearts, that they ſhall not depart from me.

SO, now the ſoul's ſublim'd; her ſour deſires
Are recalcin'd in heav'n's well temper'd fires:
The heart reſtor'd and purg'd from droſſy nature,
Now finds the freedom of a new-born creature:
It lives another life, it breaths new breath;
It neither fears nor feels the ſting of death:
Like as the idle vagrant (having none)
That boldly 'dopts each houſe he views, his own;
Makes ev'ry purſe his chequer; and at pleaſure,
Walks forth and taxes all the world like *Cæſar*;
At length by vertue of a juſt command,
His ſides are lent to a ſeverer hand;
Whereon his paſs, not fully underſtood,
Is taxed in a manuſcript of blood;
Thus paſt from town to town; until he come
A ſore repentant to his native home:
Ev'n ſo the rambling heart, that idly roves
From crimes to ſin, and uncontroul'd removes
From luſt to luſt, when wanton fleſh invites
From old worn pleaſures to new choice delights,
At length corrected by the filial rod
Of his offended, but his gracious God,
And laſh'd from ſins to ſighs; and by degrees,
From ſighs to vows, from vows to bended knees;
From bended knees to a true penſive breaſt;
From thence to torments not by tongue expreſt;

Returns;

Returns; and (from his ſinful ſelf exil'd)
Finds a glad father, he a welcome child:
O then it lives; O then it lives involv'd
In ſecret raptures; pants to be diſſolv'd:
The royal off-ſpring of a ſecond birth,
Sets ope to heav'n, and ſhuts the door to earth:
If love-ſick *Jove* commanded clouds ſhould hap
To rain ſuch ſhow'rs as quicken'd *Danae*'s lap:
Or dogs (far kinder than their purple maſter)
Should lick his ſores, he laughs, nor weeps the faſter.
If earth (heav'n's rival) dart her idle ray;
To heav'n, 'tis wax, and to the world, 'tis clay:
If earth preſent delights, it ſcorns to draw,
But like the jet unrub'd, diſdains that ſtraw.
No hope deceives it, and no doubt divides it;
No grief diſturbs it, and no error guides it;
No good contemns it, and no virtue blames it;
No guilt condemns it, and no folly ſhames it;
No ſloth beſots it, and no luſt enthralls it;
No ſcorn afflicts it, and no paſſion galls it:
It is a cark'net of immortal life;
An ark of peace; the liſts of ſacred ſtrife;
A purer piece of endleſs tranſitory;
A ſhrine of grace, a little throne of glory:
A heav'n-born off-ſpring of a new-born birth;
An earthly heav'n; an ounce of heav'nly earth.

1 S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. de Spir. & Anima.

O happy heart, where piety affecteth, where humility subjecteth, where repentance correcteth, where obedience directeth, where perseverance perfecteth, where power protecteth, where devotion projecteth, where charity connecteth.

S. GREG.

Which way soever the heart turneth it self (if carefully) it shall commonly observe, that in those very things we lose God, in those very things we shall find God: it shall find the heat of his power in consideration of those things, in the love of which things he was most cold, and by what things it fell perverted, by those things it is raised converted.

EPIG. 15.

My heart! but wherefore do I call thee so?
I have renounc'd my int'rest long ago:
When thou wert false and fleshly, I was thine;
Mine wert thou never, till thou wert not mine.

Lord all my desire is before the
and my groaning is not hid from thee
Ps. 30

THE THIRD BOOK.

The Entertainment.

ALL you whoſe better thoughts are newly born,
And (rebaptiz'd with holy fire) can ſcorn
The world's baſe traſh, whoſe necks diſdain to bear
Th' imperious yoke of Satan; whoſe chaſt ear
No wanton ſongs of Sirens can ſurprize
With falſe delight; whoſe more than eagle-eyes
Can view the glorious flames of gold, and gaze
On glitt'ring beams of honour, and not daze;
Whoſe ſouls can ſpurn at pleaſure, and deny
The looſe ſuggeſtions of the fleſh, draw nigh:
And you whoſe am'rous, whoſe ſelect deſires
Would feel the warmth of thoſe tranſcendent fires,
Which (like the riſing ſun) put out the light
Of *Venus*' ſtar, and turn her day to night;
You that would love, and have your paſſions crown'd
With greater happineſs than can be found
In your own wiſhes; you that would affect
Where neither ſcorn, nor guile, nor diſreſpect
Shall wound your tortur'd ſouls; that would enjoy,
Where neither want can pinch, nor fulneſs cloy,
Nor double doubt afflicts, nor baſer fear
Unflames your courage in purſuit, draw near,
Shake hands with earth, and let your ſoul reſpect
Her joys no further, than her joys reflect
Upon her maker's glory; if thou ſwim
In wealth, ſee him in all; ſee all in him:

Sink'ſt

Sink'ſt thou in want, and is thy ſmall cruſe ſpent?
See him in want: enjoy him in content:
Conceiv'ſt him lodg'd in croſs, or loſt in pain?
In pray'r and patience find him out again:
Make heav'n thy Miſtreſs, let no change remove
Thy loyal heart, be fond, be ſick of love:
What, if he ſtop his ear, or knit his brow?
At length he'll be as fond, as ſick as thou:
Dart up thy ſoul in groans: thy ſecret groan
Shall pierce his ear, ſhall pierce his ear alone:
Dart up thy ſoul in vows: thy ſacred vow
Shall find him out, where heav'n alone ſhall know:
Dart up thy ſoul in ſighs: thy whiſp'ring ſigh
Shall rouze his ears, and fear no liſt'ner nigh:
Send up thy groans, thy ſighs, thy cloſet-vow; (thou.
There's none, there's none ſhall know but heav'n and
Groans freſh'd with vows, and vows made ſalt with tears,
Unſcale his eyes, and ſcale his conquer'd ears:
Shoot up the boſom-ſhafts of thy deſire,
Feather'd with faith, and double-fork'd with fire;
And they will hit: fear not, where heav'n bids come,
Heav'n's never deaf, but when man's heart is dumb.

1.

My Soul hath desired thee in the night

128 *Esay. 26*

I.

ISAIAH 26. 6.

My ſoul hath deſired thee in the night.

GOod God? what horrid darkneſs doth ſurround
My groping ſoul! how are my ſenſes bound
In utter ſhades, and muffled from the light,
Lurk in the boſom of eternal night!
The bold-fac'd lamp of heav'n can ſet and riſe;
And with his morning glory fill the eyes
Of gazing mortals; his victorious ray
Can chaſe the ſhadows and reſtore the day:
Night's baſhful empreſs, though ſhe often wain,
As oft repeats her darkneſs, primes again;
And with her circling horns doth re-embrace
Her brother's wealth, and orbs her ſilver face.
But ah! my ſun, deep ſwallow'd in his fall,
Is ſet, and cannot ſhine, nor riſe at all:
My bankrupt wain can beg nor borrow light;
Alas! my darkneſs is perpetual night.
Falls have their riſings, wainings have their primes,
And deſp'rate ſorrows wait their better times:
Ebbs have their floods, and autumns have their ſprings:
All ſtates have changes hurried with the ſwings
Of chance and time, ſtill riding to and fro:
Terreſtrial bodies, and celeſtial too.
How often have I vainly grop'd about,
With lengthen'd arms to find a paſſage out,
That I might catch thoſe beams mine eye deſires,
And bathe my ſoul in thoſe celeſtial fires!
Like as the haggard, cloiſter'd in her mew,
To ſcour her downy robes, and to renew

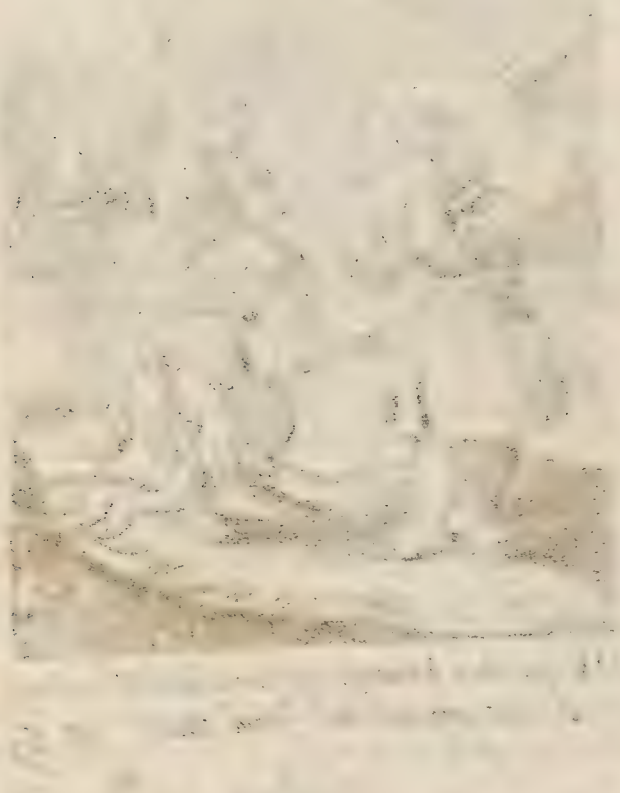
Her

Her broken flags, preparing t'overlook
The tim'rous mallard at the fliding brook,
Jets oft from perch to perch; from ftock to ground;
From ground to window; thus furveying round
Her dove-befeather'd prifon, till at length
(Calling her noble birth to mind, and ftrength
Whereto her wing was born) her ragged beak
Nips off her jangling jeffes, ftrives to break
Her gingling fetters, and begins to bate
At ev'ry glimpfe, and darts at ev'ry grate:
Ev'n fo my weary foul, that long has been
An inmate in this tenement of fin,
Lock'd up by cloud-brow'd error, which invites
My cloifter'd thoughts to feed on black delights,
Now fcorns her fhadows, and begins to dart
Her wing'd defires at thee, that only art
The fun fhe feeks, whofe rifing beams can fright
Thefe dusky clouds that make fo dark a night:
Shine forth, great glory, fhine; that I may fee
Both how to loath my felf, and honour thee:
But if my weaknefs force thee to deny
Thy flames, yet lend the twilight of thine eye:
If I muft want thofe beams, I wifh; yet grant,
That I, at leaft, may wifh thofe beams, I want.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Soliloqu. cap. 33.

There was a great dark cloud of vanity before mine eyes, ſo that I could not ſee the ſun of juſtice and the light of truth: I being the ſon of darkneſs, was involved in darkneſs: I loved my darkneſs, becauſe I knew not thy light: I was blind, and loved my blindneſs, and did walk from darkneſs to darkneſs: but, Lord, thou art my God, who haſt led me from darkneſs and the ſhadow of death; haſt called me into this glorious light, and behold, I ſee.



EPIG. 1.

My ſoul, chear up; what if the night be long?
Heav'n finds an ear when ſinners find a tongue;
Thy tears are morning ſhow'rs: heav'n bid me ſay,
When *Peter*'s cock begins to crow, 'tis day.

II.

O Lord thou knowest my foolishnesse and my Sinns are not hid from thee Ps: 69. 5.

II.

PSALM 69. 3.

O Lord, thou knoweſt my fooliſhneſs, and my ſins are not hid from thee.

SEeſt thou this fulſom ideot? in what meaſure
He ſeems tranſported with the antick pleaſure
Of childiſh baubles? Can'ſt thou but admire
The empty fulneſs of his vain deſire?
Can'ſt thou conceive ſuch poor delights as theſe
Can fill th' inſatiate ſoul of man, or pleaſe
The fond aſpect of his deluded eye?
Reader, ſuch very fools are thou and I:
Falſe puffs of honour; the deceitful ſtreams
Of wealth; the idle, vain, and empty dreams
Of pleaſure, are our traffick, and enſnare
Our ſouls, the threefold ſubject of our care;
We toil for traſh, we barter ſolid joys
For airy trifles, ſell our heav'n for toys:
We catch at barley-grains, whilſt pearls ſtand by
Deſpis'd; ſuch very fools are thou and I.
Aim'ſt thou at honour? does not th' ideot ſhake it
In his left hand? fond man, ſtep forth and take it:
Or would'ſt thou wealth? ſee now the fool preſents thee
With a full basket, if ſuch wealth contents thee:
Would'ſt thou take pleaſure? if the fool unſtride
His prauncing ſtallion, thou may'ſt up and ride:
Fond man, ſuch is the pleaſure, wealth, and honour
The earth affords ſuch fools, as doat upon her;
Such is the game whereat earth's ideots fly;
Such ideots, ah! ſuch fools are thou and I:

Had rebel man's fool-hardineſs extended
No farther than himſelf, and there had ended,
It had been juſt; but thus enrag'd to fly
Upon th' eternal eyes of majeſty,
And drag the ſon of glory from the breaſt
Of his indulgent father; to arreſt
His great and ſacred perſon; in diſgrace
To ſpit and ſpawl upon his ſun-bright face;
To taunt him with baſe terms, and being bound
To ſcourge his ſoft, his trembling ſides; to wound
His head with thorns; his heart with humane fears;
His hands with nails, and his pale flank with ſpears;
And then to paddle in the purer ſtream
Of his ſpilt blood, is more than moſt extream:
Great builder of mankind, can'ſt thou propound
All this to thy bright eyes, and not confound
Thy handy-work? O! can'ſt thou chuſe but ſee,
That mad'ſt the tie? can ought be hid from thee?
Thou ſeeſt our perſons, Lord, and not our guilt;
Thou ſeeſt not what thou may'ſt, but what thou wilt:
The hand that form'd us is inforc'd to be
A ſcreen ſet up betwixt thy work and thee:
Look, look upon that hand, and thou ſhalt ſpie
An open wound, a through-fare for thine eye;
Or if that wound be clos'd, that paſſage be
Deny'd between thy gracious eye and me,
Yet view the ſcar; that ſcar will countermand
Thy wrath: O read my fortune in thy hand.

S. CHRYS.

S. CHRYS. Hom. 4. in Joan.

Fools seem to abound in wealth, when they want all things; they seem to enjoy happiness, when indeed they are only most miserable; neither do they understand that they are deluded by their fancy, till they be delivered from their folly.

S. GREG. in Mor.

By so much the more are we inwardly foolish, by how much we strive to seem outwardly wise.

EPIG. 2.

Rebellious fool, what has thy folly done?
Control'd thy God, and crucify'd his Son?
How sweetly has the Lord of life deceiv'd thee! (thee
Thou shedd'st his blood, and that shed blood has sav'd

III.

Have mercy on me O Lord for I am weake
O L.d heale me for my bones are vexed Ps: 6 2.
136

III.

PSALM 6. 2.

Have mercy, Lord, upon me, for I am weak;
O Lord, heal me, for my bones are vexed.

Soul. *Jesus.*

Soul. AH! son of *David*, help: *Jes.* What sinful cry
Implores the Son of *David*? *Soul.* It is I.
Jes. Who art thou? *Soul.* Oh! a deeply wounded breast
That's heavy laden, and would fain have rest.
Jes. I have no scraps, and dogs must not be fed,
Like houshold children, with the childrens bread.
Soul. True, Lord; yet tolerate a hungry whelp
To lick their crums: O son of *David*, help.
Jes. Poor soul, what ail'st thou? *Soul.* O I burn, I fry,
I cannot rest, I know not where to fly
To find some ease; I turn my blubber'd face
From man to man; I rowl from place to place
T'avoid my tortures, to obtain relief,
But still am dogg'd and haunted with my grief:
My mid-night torments call the sluggish light,
And when the morning's come, they woo the night.
Jes. Surcease thy tears, and speak thy free desires.
So. Quench, quench my flames, & swage those scorching fires.
Jes. Canst thou believe, my hand can cure thy grief?
Soul. Lord, I believe; Lord, help my unbelief.
Jes. Hold forth thine arm and let my fingers try
Thy pulse; where chiefly doth thy torment lie?
Soul. From head to foot; it reigns in ev'ry part,
But plays the self-law'd tyrant in my heart.

Jes. Can'ſt thou digeſt, can'ſt reliſh wholſome food?
How ſtands thy taſte? *Soul.* To nothing that is good:
All ſinful traſh, and earth's unſav'ry ſtuff
I can digeſt, and reliſh well enough.
Jeſus. Is not thy blood as cold as hot, by turns?
Soul. Cold to what's good; to what is bad it burns.
Jeſus. How old's thy grief? *Soul.* I took it at the fall
With eating fruit. *Jes.* 'Tis epidemical:
Thy blood's infected, and th' infection ſprung
From a bad liver: 'tis a fever ſtrong
And full of death, unleſs, with preſent ſpeed,
A vein be open'd: thou muſt die, or bleed.
Soul. O I am faint and ſpent: that launce that ſhall
Let forth my blood, lets forth my life withal:
My ſoul wants cordials, and has greater need
Of blood, than (being ſpent ſo far) to bleed:
I faint already, if I bleed, I die.
Jes. 'Tis either you muſt bleed, ſick ſoul, or I:
My blood's a cordial. He that ſucks my veins,
Shall cleanſe his own, and conquer greater pains
Than theſe: chear up; this precious blood of mine
Shall cure thy grief; my heart ſhall bleed for thine.
Believe, and view me with a faithful eye,
Thy ſoul ſhall neither languiſh, bleed, nor die.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. lib. 10. Confeſſ.

Lord, be merciful unto me: ah me! behold, I hide not my wounds: thou art a phyſician, and I am ſick; thou art merciful, and I am miſerable.

S. GREG. in Paſtoral.

O wiſdom, with how ſweet an art doth thy wine and oil reſtore health to my healthleſs ſoul! how powerfully merciful, how mercifully powerful art thou! powerful for me, merciful to me!

EPIG. 3.

Can'ſt thou be ſick, and ſuch a doctor by?
Thou can'ſt not live, unleſs thy doctor die:
Strange kind of grief, that finds no med'cine good
To 'ſwage her pains, but the phyſician's blood!

IV.

Look upon my affliction, and misery and forgive me all my Sinns

IV.

PSAL. 25. 18.

Look upon my affliction and my pain, and forgive all my ſins.

BOth work and ſtrokes? both laſh and labour too?
What more could *Edom*, or proud *Aſhur* do?
Stripes after ſtripes; and blows ſucceeding blows!
Lord, has thy ſcourge no mercy, and my woes
No end? my pains no eaſe? no intermiſſion?
Is this the ſtate, is this the ſad condition
Of thoſe that truſt thee? will thy goodneſs pleaſe
T' allow no other favours? none but theſe?
Will not the rhet'rick of my torments move?
Are theſe the ſymptoms, theſe the ſigns of love?
Is't not enough, enough that I fulfil
The toilſome task of thy laborious will?
May not this labour expiate and purge
My ſin without th' addition of a ſcourge?
Look on my cloudy brow, how faſt it rains
Sad ſhow'rs of ſweat, the fruits of fruitleſs pains:
Behold theſe ridges, ſee what purple furrows
Thy plow has made; O think upon thoſe ſorrows
That once were thine; O wilt thou not be woo'd
To mercy by the charms of ſweat and blood?
Can'ſt thou forget that drowſy mount wherein
Thy dull diſciples ſlept? was not my ſin
There puniſh'd in thy ſoul? did not this brow
Then ſweat in thine? were not thoſe drops enow?
Remember *Golgotha*, where that ſpring-tide
O'erflow'd thy ſov'reign ſacramental ſide:

There was no ſin, there was no guilt in thee,
That caus'd thoſe pains; thou ſweat'ſt, thou bled'ſt for me.
Was there not blood enough, when one ſmall drop
Had pow'r to ranſom thouſand worlds, and ſtop
The mouth of juſtice? Lord, I bled before
In thy deep wounds; can juſtice challenge more?
Or doſt thou vainly labour to hedge in
Thy loſſes from my ſides? my blood is thin,
And thy free bounty ſcorns ſuch eaſy thrift;
No, no, thy blood came not as love but gift.
But muſt I ever grind? and muſt I earn
Nothing but ſtripes? O wilt thou diſaltern
The reſt thou gav'ſt? haſt thou perus'd the curſe
Thou laid'ſt on *Adam*'s fall, and made it worſe?
Can'ſt thou repent of mercy? heav'n thought good
Loſt man ſhould feed in ſweat; not work in blood:
Why doſt thou wound th' already wounded breaſt?
Ah me! my life is but a pain at beſt:
I am but dying duſt: my day's a ſpan;
What pleaſure tak'ſt thou in the blood of man?
Spare, ſpare thy ſcourge, and be not ſo auſtere:
Send fewer ſtrokes, or lend more ſtrength to bear.

S. BERN.

S. BERN. Hom. 81. in Cant.

Miſerable man! who ſhall deliver me from the reproach of this ſhameful bondage? I am a miſerable man, but a free man; free, becauſe a man; miſerable, becauſe a ſervant: in regard of my bondage, miſerable; in regard of my will, inexcuſable: for my will, that was free, beſlaved it ſelf to ſin, by aſſenting to ſin; for he that commiteth ſin, is the ſervant to ſin.

EPIG. 4.

Tax not thy God: thine own defaults did urge
This two-fold puniſhment; the mill, the ſcourge.
Thy ſin's the author of thy ſelf-tormenting:
Thou grind'ſt for ſinning; ſcourg'd for not repenting.

V.

Remember I beseech thee that thou hast made me as the Clay. Wilt thou bring me into dust again. Job. 10. 9. 144

V.

JOB 10. 9.

Remember I beſeech thee, that thou haſt made me as the clay, and wilt thou bring me to duſt again?

THus from the boſom of the new-made earth
Poor man was delv'd and had his unborn birth;
The ſame the ſtuff, the ſelf-ſame hand doth trim
The plant that fades, the beaſt that dies, and him:
One was their fire, one was their common mother,
Plants are his ſiſters, and the beaſt his brother,
The elder too; beaſts draw the ſelf-ſame breath,
Wax old alike, and die the ſelf-ſame death:
Plants grow as he, with fairer robes array'd:
Alike they flouriſh, and alike they fade:
The beaſt in ſenſe exceeds him, and in growth,
The three-ag'd oak doth thrice exceed them both:
Why look'ſt thou then ſo big, thou little ſpan
Of earth? what art thou more in being man?
I, but my great creator did inſpire
My choſen earth, with the diviner fire
Of reaſon; gave me judgment and a will;
That, to know good; this, to chooſe good from ill:
He puts the reins of pow'r in my free hand,
A juriſdiction over ſea and land,
He gave me art to lengthen out my ſpan
Of life, and made me all, in being man:
I, but thy paſſion has committed treaſon
Againſt the ſacred perſon of thy reaſon:
Thy judgment is corrupt, perverſe thy will;
That knows no good, and this makes choice of ill:

The

The greater height ſends down the deeper fall;
And good declin'd turns bad, turns worſt of all.
Say then, proud inch of living earth, what can
Thy greatneſs claim the more in being man?
O but my ſoul tranſcends the pitch of nature,
Born up by th' image of her high creator;
Out-braves the life of reaſon, and bears down
Her waxen wings, kicks off her brazen crown.
My heart's a living temple t'entertain
The king of glory, and his glorious train:
How can I mend my title then? where can
Ambition find a higher ſtyle than man?
Ah! but that image is defac'd and ſoil'd;
Her temple's raz'd, her altars all defil'd;
Her veſſels are polluted and diſtain'd
With loathed luſt, her ornaments prophan'd;
Her oil-forſaken lamps, and hallow'd tapers
Put out; her incenſe breaths unſav'ry vapours:
Why ſwell'ſt thou then ſo big, thou little ſpan
Of earth? what art thou more in being man?
Eternal potter, whoſe bleſt hands did lay
My coarſe foundation from a ſod of clay,
Thou know'ſt my ſlender veſſel's apt to leak;
Thou know'ſt my brittle temper's prone to break;
Are my bones brazil, or my fleſh of oak?
O, mend what thou haſt made, what I have broke:
Look, look with gentle eyes, and in thy day
Of vengeance, Lord, remember I am clay.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. 32.

Shall I ask, who made me? It was thou that madeſt me, without whom nothing was made: thou art my maker, and I thy work. I thank thee, my Lord God, by whom I live, and by whom all things ſubſiſt, becauſe thou madeſt me: I thank thee, O my potter, becauſe thy hands have made me, becauſe thy hands have formed me.

EPIG. 5.

Why ſwell'ſt thou, man, puſt up with fame and purſe?
Th'art better earth, but born to dig the worſe:
Thou cam'ſt from earth, to earth thou muſt return,
And art but earth caſt from the womb to th'urn.

VI.

(What shall I do vnto thee, O thou preserver of men why hast thou set me as a marke against thee. Iob

VI.

JOB 7. 20.

I have ſinned: what ſhall I do unto thee, O thou preſerver of men? why doſt thou ſet me as a mark againſt thee?

LOrd, I have done; and, Lord, I have miſdone;
'Tis folly to conteſt, to ſtrive with one
That is too ſtrong; 'tis folly to aſſail
Or prove an arm, that will, that muſt, prevail.
I've done, I've done; theſe trembling hands have thrown
Their daring weapons down: the day's thine own:
Forbear to ſtrike where thou haſt won the field,
The palm, the palm is thine: I yield, I yield.
Theſe treach'rous hands that were ſo vainly bold
To try a thriveleſs combat, and to hold
Self-wounding weapons up, are now extended
For mercy from thy hand; that knee that bended
Upon her guardleſs guard, doth now repent
Upon this naked floor; ſee both are bent,
And ſue for pity: O my ragged wound
Is deep and deſp'rate, it is drench'd and drown'd
In blood and briny tears: it doth begin
To ſtink without, and putrify within.
Let that victorious hand that now appears
Juſt in my blood, prove gracious to my tears:
Thou great preſerver of preſumptuous man,
What ſhall I do? what ſatisfaction can
Poor duſt and aſhes make? O if that blood
That yet remains unſhed, were half as good
As blood of oxen, if my death might be
An off'ring to atone my God and me,

I would disdain injurious life, and stand
A suitor to be wounded from thy hand.
But may thy wrongs be measur'd by the span
Of life, or balanc'd with the blood of man?
No, no, eternal sin expects for guerdon,
Eternal penance, or eternal pardon:
Lay down thy weapons, turn thy wrath away,
And pardon him that hath no price to pay;
Enlarge that soul, which base presumption binds;
Thy justice cannot loose what mercy finds:
O thou that wilt not bruise the broken reed,
Rub not my sores, nor prick the wounds that bleed.
Lord, if thy peevish infant fights and flies,
With unpar'd weapons, at his mother's eyes,
Her frowns (half mix'd with smiles) may chance to shew
An angry love-trick on his arm, or so;
Where, if the babe but make a lip and cry,
Her heart begins to melt, and by and by
She coaks his dewy cheeks; her babe she blisses,
And choaks her language with a thousand kisses;
I am that child; lo, here I prostrate lie,
Pleading for mercy; I repent and cry
For gracious pardon: let thy gentle ears
Hear that in words, what mothers judge in tears:
See not my frailties, Lord, but through my fear,
And look on ev'ry trespass through a tear:
Then calm thine anger, and appear more mild;
Remember, th'art a father, I a child.

S. BERN.

S. BERN. Ser. 21. in Cant.

Miſerable man! who ſhall deliver me from the reproach of this ſhameful bondage? I am a miſerable man, but a free man: free, becauſe like to God; miſerable, becauſe againſt God: O keeper of mankind, why haſt thou ſet me as a mark againſt thee? thou haſt ſet me, becauſe thou haſt not hindred me: It is juſt that thy enemy ſhould be my enemy, and that he who repugneth thee, ſhould repugn me: I who am againſt thee, am againſt my ſelf.

EPIG. 6.

But form'd, and fight! but born, and then rebel!
How ſmall a blaſt will make a bubble ſwell?
But dares the floor affront the hand that laid it?
So apt is duſt to fly in's face that made it.

VII.

Wherefore hidest thou thy face, & holdest mee for thine Enemy? Iob: 13. 24

VII.

JOB 13. 24.

Wherefore hideſt thou thy face, and holdeſt me for thine enemy?

WHy doſt thou ſhade thy lovely face? O why
Does that eclipſing hand ſo long deny
The ſun-ſhine of thy ſoul-enliv'ning eye?

Without that light, what light remains in me?
Thou art my life, my way, my light, in thee
I live, I move, and by thy beams I ſee.

Thou art my life; if thou but turn away,
My life's a thouſand deaths: thou art my way:
Without thee, Lord, I travel not, but ſtray.

My light thou art; without thy glorious ſight,
Mine eyes are darken'd with perpetual night.
My God, thou art my way, my life, my light.

Thou art my way; I wander, if thou flie:
Thou art my light; if hid, how blind am I?
Thou art my life; if thou withdraw, I die.

Mine eyes are blind and dark, I cannot ſee;
To whom, or whither ſhould my darkneſs flee,
But to the light? and who's that light but thee?

My path is loſt, my wand'ring ſteps do ſtray;
I cannot ſafely go, nor ſafely ſtay;
Whom ſhould I ſeek but thee, my path, my way?

O, I am dead: to whom ſhall I, poor I,
Repair? to whom ſhall my ſad aſhes fly,
But life? and where is life but in thine eye?

And yet thou turn'ſt away thy face, and fly'ſt me;
And yet I ſue for grace, and thou deny'ſt me;
Speak, art thou angry, Lord, or only try'ſt me?

Unskreen thoſe heav'nly lamps, or tell me why
Thou ſhad'ſt thy face? perhaps thou think'ſt no eye
Can view thoſe flames, and not drop down and die.

If that be all, ſhine forth and draw thee nigh'r;
Let me behold and die, for my deſire
Is, *Phœnix*-like, to periſh in that fire.

Death-conquer'd *Laz'rus* was redeem'd by thee;
If I am dead, Lord, ſet death's pris'ner free;
Am I more ſpent, or ſtink I worſe than he?

If my puſt life be out, give leave to tine
My ſhameleſs ſnuff at that bright lamp of thine;
O what's thy light the leſs for light'ning mine?

If I have loſt my path, great Shepherd, ſay,
Shall I ſtill wander in a doubtful way?
Lord, ſhall a lamb of *Iſr'els* ſheep-fold ſtray?

Thou art the pilgrim's path, the blind man's eye;
The dead man's life: on thee my hopes rely;
If thou remove, I err, I grope, I die.

Diſcloſe thy ſun-beams, cloſe thy wings and ſtay;
See, ſee how I am blind, and dead, and ſtray,
O thou that art my light, my life, my way.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. cap. 1.

Why doſt thou hide thy face? happily thou wilt ſay, none can ſee thy face and live: ah! Lord, let me die, that I may ſee thee; let me ſee thee, that I may die: I would not live, but die; that I may ſee Chriſt, I deſire death; that I may live with Chriſt, I deſpiſe life.

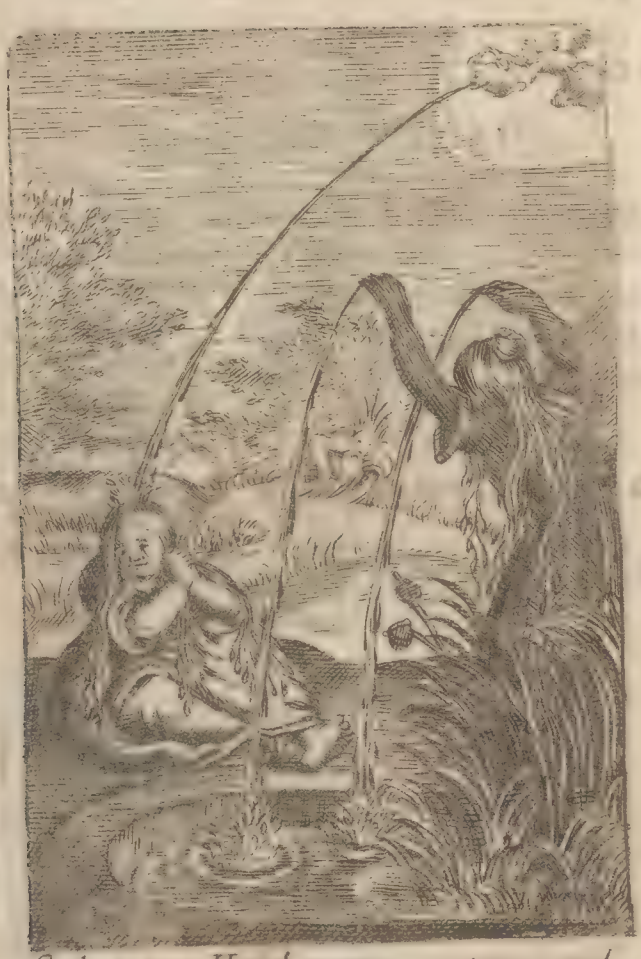
ANSELM. Med. cap. 5.

O excellent hiding, which is become my perfection! my God, thou hideſt thy treaſure, to kindle my deſire! thou hideſt thy pearl, to inflame the ſeeker; thou delay'ſt to give, that thou may'ſt teach me to importune; ſeem'ſt not to hear, to make me perſevere.

EPIG. 7.

If heav'n's all-quick'ning eyes vouchſafe to ſhine
Upon our ſouls, we ſlight; if not, we whine:
Our equinoctial hearts can never lie
Secure, beneath the tropicks of that eye.

VIII.



O that my Head were waters, and mine eyes a fountaine of teares!

Ier. 9.1

VIII.

JER. 9. 1.

O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night.

O That mine eyes were ſprings, and could transform
Their drops to ſeas; my ſighs into a ſtorm
Of zeal, and ſacred violence, wherein
This lab'ring veſſel, laden with her ſin,
Might ſuffer ſudden ſhipwrack, and be ſplit
Upon that rock, where my drench'd ſoul may ſit,
O'erwhelm'd with plenteous paſſion: O, and there
Drop, drop, into an everlaſting tear!
Ah me! that ev'ry ſliding vein that wanders
Through this vaſt iſle, did work her wild meanders
In brackiſh tears inſtead of blood, and ſwell
This fleſh with holy dropſies, from whoſe well,
Made warm with ſighs, may fume my waſting breath,
Whilſt I diſſolve in ſteams, and reek to death!
Theſe narrow ſluices of my dribbling eyes
Are much too ſtreight for thoſe quick ſprings that riſe,
And hourly fill my temples to the top;
I cannot ſhed for ev'ry ſin a drop;
Great builder of mankind, why haſt thou ſent,
Such ſwelling floods, and made ſo ſmall a vent?
O that this fleſh had been compos'd of ſnow,
Inſtead of earth; and bones of ice, that ſo,

Feeling the fervor of my ſin; and loathing
The fire I feel, I might have thaw'd to nothing!
O thou that didſt, with hopeful joy, entomb
Me thrice three Moons in thy laborious womb,
And then, with joyful pain, brought'ſt forth a ſon,
What worth thy labour has thy labour done?
What was there, ah! what was there in my birth
That could deſerve the eaſieſt ſmile of mirth?
A man was born: alas! and what's a man?
A ſcuttle full of duſt, a meaſur'd ſpan
Of flitting time; a furniſh'd pack, whoſe wares
Are ſullen griefs, and ſoul-tormenting cares:
A vale of tears, a veſſel tunn'd with breath,
By ſickneſs broacht, to be drawn out by death:
A hapleſs helpleſs thing, that born does cry
To feed, that feeds to live, that lives to die.
Great God and Man, whoſe eye ſpent drops ſo often
For me that cannot weep enough; O ſoften
Theſe marble brains, and ſtrike this flinty rock;
Or, if the muſick of thy *Peter*'s cock
Will more prevail, fill, fill my heark'ning ears
With that ſweet ſound, that I may melt in tears!
I cannot weep until thou broach mine eye;
O give me vent, or elſe I burſt, and die.

S. AMBROS. in Pſal. 118.

He that commits ſins to be wept for, cannot weep for ſins committed; and being himſelf moſt lamentable, hath no tears to lament his offences.

NAZIANZ. Orat. 3.

Tears are the deluge of ſin, and the world's ſacrifice.

S. HIERON. in Eſaiam.

Prayer appeaſes God, but a tear compels him: That moves him, but this conſtrains him.

EPIG. 8.

Earth is an iſland ported round with fears;
Thy way to heav'n is through the ſea of tears.
It is a ſtormy paſſage, where is found
The wrack of many a ſhip, but no man drown'd.

IX.

The ſorrowes of hell haue encompaſsed me the ſnares of death haue ouertaken me. pſa: 17

IX.

PSALM 18. 5.

The ſorrows of hell compaſſed me about, and the ſnares of death prevented me.

IS not this type well cut, in ev'ry part
Full of rich cunning? fil'd with *Zeuxian* art?
Are not the hunters, and their *Stygian* hounds
Limn'd full to th' life? didſt ever hear the ſounds
Of muſick, and the lip-dividing breaths
Of the ſtrong-winded horn, recheats, and deaths,
Done more exact? th' infernal *Nimrods* hollow?
The lawleſs purlieus? and the game they follow?
The hidden engines, and the ſnares that lie
So undiſcover'd, ſo obſcure to th' eye?
The new-drawn net, and her intangled prey?
And him that cloſes it? Beholder, ſay,
Is't not well done? ſeems not an em'lous ſtrife
Betwixt the rare-cut picture and the life?
Theſe purlieu-men are devils; and the hounds,
(Thoſe quick-nos'd canibals, that ſcour the grounds)
Temptations; and the game, the fiends purſue,
Are humane ſouls, which ſtill they have in view;
Whoſe fury if they chance to ſcape, by flying
The skilful hunter plants his net, cloſe lying
On th'unſuſpected earth, baited with treaſure,
Ambitious honour, and ſelf-waſting pleaſure:
Where, if the ſoul but ſtoop, death ſtands prepar'd
To draw the net, and drown the ſouls enſnar'd.

Poor ſoul! how art thou hurried to and fro?
Where canſt thou ſafely ſtay? where ſafely go?
If ſtay; theſe hot-mouth'd hounds are apt to tear thee:
If go; the ſnares encloſe, the nets enſnare thee:
What good in this bad world has pow'r t'invite thee
A willing gueſt? wherein can earth delight thee?
Her pleaſures are but itch; her wealth, but cares:
A world of dangers, and a world of ſnares:
The cloſe purſuers buſie hands do plant
Snares in thy ſubſtance; ſnares attend thy want;
Snares in thy credit; ſnares in thy diſgrace;
Snares in thy high eſtate; ſnares in thy baſe;
Snares tuck thy bed; and ſnares ſurround thy board;
Snares watch thy thoughts; and ſnares attach thy word;
Snares in thy quiet; ſnares in thy commotion;
Snares in thy diet; ſnares in thy devotion;
Snares lurk in thy reſolves, ſnares in thy doubt;
Snares lie within thy heart, and ſnares without,
Snares are above thy head, and ſnares beneath,
Snares in thy ſickneſs, ſnares are in thy death:
O! if theſe purlieus be ſo full of danger,
Great God of hearts, the world's ſole ſov'reign ranger,
Preſerve thy deer, and let my ſoul be bleſt
In thy ſafe foreſt, where I ſeek for reſt:
Then let the hell-hounds roar, I fear no ill,
Rouze me they may, but have no pow'r to kill.

S. AMBROS.

S. AMBROS. lib. 4. in cap. 4. in Luc.

The reward of honours, the height of power, the delicacy of diet, and the beauty of an harlot, are the snares of the devil.

S. AMBROS. de bono mortis.

Whilst thou seekest pleasures, thou runnest into snares, for the eye of the harlot is the snare of the adulterer.

SAVANAR.

In eating he sets before us gluttony; in generation luxury; in labour, sluggishness; in conversing, envy; in governing covetousness; in correcting, anger; in honour, pride: in the heart, he sets evil thoughts; in the mouth, evil words; in actions, evil works; when awake, he moves us to evil actions; when asleep, to filthy dreams.

EPIG. 9.

Be sad, my heart, deep dangers wait thy mirth:
Thy soul's way-laid by sea, by hell, by earth:
Hell has her hounds; earth, snares; the sea, a shelf;
But most of all, my heart, beware thy self.

X

Enter not vnto iudgment with thy seruant for no man liuing shall be iustified in thy sight

X.

PSALM. 143. 2.

Enter not into judgment with thy servant, for in thy sight shall no man living be justified.

Jesus. Justice. Sinner.

Jes. BRing forth the pris'ner, Justice. *Ju.* Thy com-
Are done, just judge: See here the pris'ner stands. (mands
Jes. What has the pris'ner done? Say; what's the cause
Of his commitment? *Just.* He hath broke the laws
Of his too gracious God; conspir'd the death
Of that great Majesty that gave him breath,
And heaps transgression, Lord, upon transgression.
Jes. How know'st thou this? *Ju.* Ev'n by his own con-
His sins are crying; and they cry'd aloud: (fession:
They cry'd to heav'n, they cry'd to heav'n for blood.
Jes. What say'st thou sinner? hast thou ought to plead,
That sentence should not pass? hold up thy head,
And shew thy braz'n, thy rebellious face.
Sin. Ah me! I dare not: I'm too vile and base
To tread upon the earth, much more, to lift
Mine eyes to heav'n; I need no other shrift
Than mine own conscience; Lord, I must confess,
I am no more than dust, and no whit less
Than my indictment styles me; Ah! if thou
Search too severe, with too severe a brow,
What flesh can stand? I have transgrest thy laws;
My merits plead thy vengeance; not my cause:

Juſt. Lord, ſhall I ſtrike the blow? *Jeſ.* Hold, Juſtice,
Sinner, ſpeak on; what haſt thou more to ſay? (ſtay:
Sin. Vile as I am, and of my ſelf abhorr'd,
I am thy handy-work, thy creature, Lord,
Stampt with thy glorious image, and at firſt
Moſt like to thee, though now a poor accurſt,
Convicted caitiff, and degen'rous creature,
Here trembling at thy bar. *Juſt.* Thy fault's the greater.
Lord, ſhall I ſtrike the blow? *Jeſ* Hold, Juſtice, ſtay:
Speak ſinner; haſt thou nothing elſe to ſay?
Sin. Nothing but *mercy, mercy*, Lord; my ſtate
Is miſerably poor and deſperate;
I quite renounce my ſelf, the world, and flee
From Lord to *Jeſus*, from thy ſelf to thee.
Juſt. Ceaſe thy vain hopes; my angry God has vow'd;
Abuſed mercy muſt have blood for blood:
Shall I yet ſtrike the blow? *Jeſ.* Stay, Juſtice, hold;
My bowels yearn, my fainting blood grows cold,
To view the trembling wretch; methinks, I ſpie,
My father's Image in the pris'ner's eye.
Juſt. I cannot hold. *Jeſ.* Then turn thy thirſty blade
Into my ſides, let there the wound be made:
Chear up, dear ſoul; redeem thy life with mine:
My ſoul ſhall ſmart, my heart ſhall bleed for thine.
Sin O groundleſs deeps! O love beyond degree!
Th' offended dies to ſet th' offender free.

S. AUG-

S. AUGUST.

Lord, If I have done that, for which thou mayest damn me; thou hast not lost that, whereby thou mayest save me: remember not, sweet Jesus, thy justice against the sinner, but thy benignity towards thy creature: remember not to proceed against a guilty soul, but remember thy mercy towards a miserable wretch: forget the insolence of the provoker, and behold the misery of the invoker; for what is Jesus but a Saviour?

ANSELM.

Have respect to what thy son hath done for me, and forget what my sins have done against thee: my flesh hath provoked thee to vengeance; let the flesh of Christ move thee to mercy: It is much that my rebellions have deserved; but it is more that my redeemer hath merited.

EPIG. 10.

Mercy of mercies! He that was my drudge
Is now my advocate, is now my judge:
He suffers, pleads, and sentences alone:
Three I adore, and yet adore but one.

XI.

Let not the water flood overflow me neither let the deep swallow me up
Ps 69.15

XI.

PSAL. 69. 15.

Let not the water-floods overflow me, neither let the deeps ſwallow me up.

THe world's a ſea; my fleſh a ſhip that's mann'd
With lab'ring thoughts, and ſteer'd by reaſon's hand:
My heart's the ſea-man's card, whereby ſhe ſails;
My looſe affections are the greater ſails:
The top-ſail is my fancy, and the guſts
That fill theſe wanton ſheets, are worldly luſts.
Pray'r is the cable, at whoſe end appears
The anchor hope, ne'er ſlip'd but in our fears:
My will's th' unconſtant pilot, that commands
The ſtagg'ring keel; my ſins are like the ſands:
Repentance is the bucket, and mine eye
The pump unus'd (but in extreams) and dry:
My conſcience is the plummet that does preſs
The deeps, but ſeldom cries, O *fathom leſs*:
Smooth calm's ſecurity; the gulf, deſpair;
My freight's corruption, and this life's my fare:
My ſoul's the paſſenger, confus'dly driv'n
From fear to fright; her landing port is heav'n.
My ſeas are ſtormy, and my ſhip doth leak;
My ſailers rude; my ſteers-man faint and weake
My canvaſs torn, it flaps from ſide to ſide;
My cable's crackt, my anchor's ſlightly ty'd;
My pilot's craz'd; my ſhipwrack-ſands are cloak'd;
My bucket's broken, and my pump is choak'd;
My calm's deceitful; and my gulf too near;
My wares are ſlubber'd, and my fare's too dear:
My plummet's light; it cannot ſink nor ſound;
O, ſhall my rock-bethreaten'd ſoul be drown'd?

Lord

Lord, ſtill the ſeas, and ſhield my ſhip from harm;
Inſtruct my ſailors, guide my ſteerſman's arm:
Touch thou my compaſs, and renew my ſails,
Send ſtiffer courage or ſend milder gales;
Make ſtrong my cable, bind my anchor faſter;
Direct my pilot, and be thou his maſter;
Object the ſands to my more ſerious view,
Make ſound my bucket, bore my pump anew:
New-caſt my plummet, make it apt to try
Where the rocks lurk, and where the quick-ſands lie;
Guard thou the gulf with love, my calms with care;
Cleanſe thou my fraight; accept my ſlender fare;
Refreſh the ſea-ſick paſſenger; cut ſhort
His voyage; land him in his wiſhed port:
Thou, thou, whom winds and ſtormy ſeas obey,
That through the deep gav'ſt grumbling *Iſr'el* way,
Say to my ſoul, be ſafe; and then mine eye
Shall ſcorn grim death, although grim death ſtand by.
O thou whoſe ſtrength-reviving arm did cheriſh
Thy ſinking *Peter*, at the point to periſh,
Reach forth thy hand, or bid me tread the wave,
I'll come, I'll come: the voice that calls will ſave.

S. AMBROS.

S. AMBROS. Apol. poſt. pro David. Cap. 3.

The confluence of luſt makes a great tempeſt, which in this ſea disturbeth the ſea faring ſoul, that reaſon cannot govern it.

S. AUGUST. Soliloqu. cap. 35.

We labour in the boiſterous ſea; thou ſtandeſt upon the ſhore and ſeeſt our dangers; give us grace to hold a middle courſe betwixt Scylla *and* Charybdis, *that both dangers eſcaped, we may arrive at the port ſecure.*

EPIG. 11.

My ſoul, the ſeas are rough, and thou a ſtranger
In theſe falſe coaſts; O keep aloof; there's danger:
Caſt forth thy plummet; ſee a rock appears;
Thy ſhip wants ſea-room; make it with thy tears.

XII.

O that thou wouldst protect me in the grave and hide me untill thy fury be past. Job. 14.

XII.

JOB 14. 13.

O that thou wouldſt hide me in the grave, that thou wouldſt keep me in ſecret until thy wrath be paſt!

O Whither ſhall I flie? what path untrod
Shall I ſeek out to ſcape the flaming rod
Of my offended, of my angry God?

Where ſhall I ſojourn? what kind ſea will hide
My head from thunder? where ſhall I abide,
Until his flames be quench'd or laid aſide?

What, if my feet ſhould take their haſty flight,
And ſeek protection in the ſhades of night?
Alas! no ſhades can blind the God of light.

What, if my ſoul ſhould take the wings of day,
And find ſome deſert? If ſhe ſprings away,
The wings of vengeance clip as faſt as they.

What, if ſome ſolid rock ſhould entertain
My frighted ſoul? can ſolid rocks reſtrain
The ſtroke of Juſtice and not cleave in twain?

Nor ſea, nor ſhade, nor ſhield, nor rock, nor cave,
Nor ſilent deſerts, nor the ſullen grave,
What flame-ey'd fury means to ſmite, can ſave.

The ſeas will part, graves open, rocks will ſplit;
The ſhield will cleave; the frighted ſhadows flit;
Where Juſtice aims, her fiery darts muſt hit.

No, no, if ſtern-brow'd vengeance means to thunder,
There is no place above, beneath, or under,
So cloſe, but will unlock, or rive in ſunder.

'Tis vain to flee; 'tis neither here nor there
Can 'ſcape that hand, until that hand forbear;
Ah me! where is he not, that's ev'ry where?

'Tis vain to flee, till gentle mercy ſhew
Her better eye; the farther off we go,
The ſwing of juſtice deals the mightier blow.

Th' ingenuous child, corrected, doth not flie
His angry mother's hand, but clings more nigh,
And quenches with his tears her flaming eye.

Shadows are faithleſs, and the rocks are falſe;
No truſt in braſs, no truſt in marble walls;
Poor cots are ev'n as ſafe as princes halls.

Great God! there is no ſafety here below;
Thou art my fortreſs, thou that ſeem'ſt my foe,
'Tis thou, that ſtrik'ſt the ſtroke, muſt guard the blow.

Thou art my God, by thee I fall or ſtand;
Thy grace hath giv'n me courage to withſtand
All tortures, but my conſcience and thy hand.

I know thy juſtice is thy ſelf; I know,
Juſt God, thy very ſelf is mercy too;
If not to thee, where, whither ſhall I go?

Then work thy will; if paſſion bid me flee,
My reaſon ſhall obey; my wings ſhall be
Stretcht out no further than from thee to thee.

S. AUGUST. in Pſal. 33.

Whither flie I? to what place can I ſafely fly? to what mountain? to what den? to what ſtrong houſe? what caſtle ſhall I hold? what walls ſhall hold me? whitherſoever I go, my ſelf followeth me: For whatſoever thou flieſt, O man, thou may'ſt, but thy own conſcience: wherefoever, O Lord, I go, I find thee; if angry, a revenger; if appeaſed, a redeemer: what way have I, but to flie from thee to thee: that thou may'ſt avoid thy God, addreſs to thy Lord.

EPIG. 12.

Hath vengeance found thee? can thy fears command
No rocks to ſhield thee from her thund'ring hand?
Know'ſt thou not where to 'ſcape? I'll tell thee where;
My ſoul, make clean thy conſcience; hide thee there.

XIII.

Are not my dayes few? Cease then, and let me alone that I may bewayle me a little. Iob. 10. 20

P. 176

XIII.

JOB. 10. 20.

Are not my days few? Ceaſe then, and let me alone, that I may bewail my ſelf a little.

MY glaſs is half unſpent; forbear t'arreſt
My thriftleſs day too ſoon: my poor requeſt
Is that my glaſs may run but out the reſt.

My time-devoured minutes will be done
Without thy help; ſee, ſee how ſwift they run:
Cut not my thread before my thread be ſpun.

The gain's not great I purchaſe by this ſtay;
What loſs ſuſtain'ſt thou by ſo ſmall delay,
To whom ten thouſand years are but a day?

My foll'wing eye can hardly make a ſhift
To count my winged hours; they fly ſo ſwift,
They ſcarce deſerve the bounteous name of gift.

The ſecret wheels of hurrying time do give
So ſhort a warning, and ſo faſt they drive,
That I am dead before I ſeem to live.

And what's a life? a weary pilgrimage,
Whoſe glory in one day doth fill the ſtage
With child-hood, man-hood, and decrepit age.

And what's a life? the flouriſhing array
Of the proud ſummer-meadow, which to day
Wears her green pluſh, and is to morrow hay.

And what's a life? A blaſt ſuſtain'd with cloathing,
Maintain'd with food, retain'd with vile ſelf-loathing,
Then weary of it ſelf, a gain to nothing.

Read

Read on this dial, how the ſhades devour
My ſhort-liv'd winter's day; hour eats up hour;
Alas! the total's but from eight to four.

Behold theſe lillies (which thy hands have made
Fair copies of my life, and open laid
To view) how ſoon they droop, how ſoon they fade!

Shade not that dial night will blind too ſoon;
My non-ag'd day already points to noon;
How ſimple is my ſuit! how ſmall my boon!

Nor do I beg this ſlender inch, to while
The time away, or ſafely to beguile
My thoughts with joy; here's nothing worth a ſmile.

No, no: 'tis not to pleaſe my wanton ears
With frantick mirth, I beg but hours, not years:
And what thou giv'ſt me, I will give to tears.

Draw not that ſoul which would be rather led!
That Seed has yet not broke my ſerpent's head;
O ſhall I die before my ſins are dead?

Behold theſe rags; am I a fitting gueſt
To taſte the dainties of thy royal feaſt,
With hands and face unwaſh'd, ungirt, unbleſt?

Firſt, let the *Jordan* ſtreams, that find ſupplies
From the deep fountain of my heart, ariſe,
And cleanſe my ſpots, and clear my lep'rous eyes.

I have a world of ſins to be lamented;
I have a ſea of tears that muſt be vented:
O ſpare till then; and then I die contented.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. lib. de Civit. Dei, Cap. 10.

The time wherein we live, is taken from the ſpace of our life; and what remaineth, is daily made leſs and leſs, inſomuch that the time of our life is nothing but a paſſage to death.

S. GREG. lib. 9. cap. 44. in Job.

As moderate afflictions bring tears, ſo immoderate take away tears; inſomuch that ſorrow becometh no ſorrow, which ſwallowing up the mind of the afflicted, taketh away the ſenſe of the affliction.

EPIG. 13.

Fear'ſt thou to go, when ſuch an arm invites thee?
Dread'ſt thou thy loads of ſin? or what affrights thee?
If thou begin to fear, thy fear begins:
Fool, can he bear thee hence, and not thy ſins?

XIV.

Oh that they were wise, then they would under--stand this; They would consider their latter end
Deuteron. 32 180

XIV.

DEUT. 32. 29.

O that men were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end.

Flesh. Spirit.

Fl. WHat means my sister's eye so oft to pass
Through the long entry of that optick glass?
Tell me; what secret virtue doth invite
Thy wrinkled eye to such unknown delight?
Sp. It helps the sight, makes things remote appear
In perfect view; it draws the objects near.
Fl. What sense-delighting objects dost thou spie?
What doth that glass present before thine eye?
Sp. I see thy foe, my reconciled friend,
Grim death, even standing at the Glasses end:
His left hand holds a branch of palm; his right
Holds forth a two edg'd sword. *Fl.* A proper sight.
And is this all? doth thy prospective please
Th' abused fancie with no shapes but these?
Sp. Yes, I behold the darken'd sun bereav'n
Of all his light, the battlements of heav'n
Swelt'ring in flames; the angel-guarded son
Of glory on his high tribunal-throne;
I see a brimstone sea of boiling fire,
And fiends, with knotted whips of flaming wire,
Tort'ring poor souls, that gnash their teeth in vain,
And gnaw their flame-tormented tongues for pain.
Look, sister, how the queazy-stomach'd graves
Vomit their dead, and how the purple waves

Scald

Scald their consumeless bodies, strongly cursing
All wombs for bearing, and all paps for nursing.
Fl. Can thy distemper'd fancy take delight
In view of tortures? these are shows t'affright:
Look in this glass triangular; look here,
Here's that will ravish eyes. *Sp.* What seest thou there?
Fl. The world in colours; colours that distain
The cheeks of *Proteus* or the silken train
Of *Flora*'s Nymphs; such various sorts of hew,
As sun-confronting *Iris* never knew:
Here, if thou please to beautifie a town,
Thou may'st; or with a hand, turn't upside down;
Here may'st thou scant or widen by the measure
Of thine own will; make short or long at pleasure:
Here may'st thou tire thy fancy, and advise
With shows more apt to please more curious eyes.
Sp. Ah fool! that doat'st on vain, on present toys,
And disrespect'st those true, those future joys:
How strongly are thy thoughts befool'd, alas!
To doat on goods that perish with thy glass!
Nay, vanish with the turning of a hand:
Were they but painted colours, it might stand
With painted reason that they might devote thee;
But things that have no being to besot thee?
Foresight of future torments is the way
To baulk those ills which present joys bewray.
As thou hast fool'd thy self, so now come hither,
Break that fond glass, and let's be wise together.

S. BONA-

S. BONAVENT. de contemptu ſeculi.

O that men would be wiſe, underſtand, and foreſee. Be wiſe, to know three things, the multitude of thoſe that are to be damned; the few number of thoſe that are to be ſaved; and the vanity of tranſitory things: underſtand three things, the multitude of ſins, the omiſſion of good things, and the loſs of time: foreſee three things, the danger of death, the laſt judgment, and eternal puniſhment.

EPIG. 14.

What, ſoul, no further yet? what, ne'er commence
Maſter in faith? ſtill batchelour of ſenſe?
Is't inſufficiency? or what has made thee
O'erſlip thy loſt degree? thy luſts have ſtaid thee.

XV.

My life is ſpent with greiſ and my yeares with ſighting Pſ: 30: 10:

XV.

PSALM 30. 10.

My life is ſpent with grief, and my years with ſighing.

WHat ſullen ſtar rul'd my untimely birth,
That would not lend my days one hour of mirth?
How oft have theſe bare knees been bent to gain
The ſlender alms of one poor ſmile in vain?
How often, tir'd with the faſtidious light,
Have my faint lips implor'd the ſhades of night?
How often have my nightly torments pray'd
For ling'ring twilight, glutted with the ſhade?
Day worſe than night, night worſe than day appears,
In fears I ſpend my nights, my days in tears:
I moan unpity'd, groan without relief,
There is no end nor meaſure of my grief.
The ſmiling flow'r ſalutes the day; it grows
Untouch'd with care; it neither ſpins nor ſows:
O that my tedious life were like this flow'r,
Or freed from grief, or finiſh'd with an hour:
Why was I born? why was I born a man?
And why proportion'd by ſo large a ſpan;
Or why ſuſpended by the common lot,
And being born to die why die I not?
Ah me! Why is my ſorrow-waſted breath
Deny'd the eaſy privilege of death?
The branded ſlave, that tugs the weary oar,
Obtains the ſabbath of a welcome ſhore?
His ranſom'd ſtripes are heal'd; his native ſoil
Sweetens the mem'ry of his foreign toil:

But ah! my ſorrows are not half ſo bleſt;
My labour finds no point, my pains no reſt:
I barter ſighs for tears, and tears for groans,
Still vainly rolling *Siſyphean* ſtones.
Thou juſt obſerver of our flying hours,
That with thy adamantine fangs, devours
The brazen mon'ments of renowned kings,
Doth thy glaſs ſtand? or be thy moulting wings
Unapt to flie? if not, why doſt thou ſpare
A willing breaſt; a breaſt that ſtands ſo fair?
A dying breaſt, that hath but only breath
To beg a wound, and ſtrength to crave a death?
O that the pleaſed heav'ns would once diſſolve
Theſe fleſhly fetters, that ſo faſt involve
My hamper'd ſoul; then would my ſoul be bleſt
From all thoſe ills, and wrap her thoughts in reſt:
Till then, my days are months, my months are years,
My years are ages to be ſpent in tears:
My grief's entailed upon my waſteful breath,
Which no recov'ry can cut off but death,
Breath drawn in cottages, puft out in moans,
Begins, continues, and concludes in groans.

INNOCENT.

INNOCENT. de vilitate condit. humanæ.

O who will give mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I may bewail my miserable ingress of man's condition; the sinful progress of man's conversation, the damnable egress in man's dissolution? I will consider with tears, whereof man was made, what man doth, and what man is to do: alas! he is formed of earth, conceived in sin, born to punishment: he doth evil things which are not lawful; he doth filthy things, which are not decent; he doth vain things, which are not expedient.

EPIG. 15.

My heart, thy life's a debt by bond, which bears
A secret date; the use is groans and tears:
Plead not; usurious nature will have all,
As well the int'rest as the principal.

I.

My soule hath coueted to desire thy judgments. psal. 119. 188

THE FOURTH BOOK.

I.

ROM. 7. 23.

I ſee another law in my members warring againſt the law of my mind, and bringing me iuto captivity to the law of ſin.

1

O How my will is hurried to and fro,
And how my unreſolv'd reſolves do vary!
I know not where to fix, ſometimes I go
This way, then that, and then the quite contrary:
I like, diſlike; lament for what I could not;
I do, undo; yet ſtill do what I ſhould not.
And at the ſelf ſame inſtant will the thing I would not.

2

Thus are my weather-beaten thoughts oppreſt
With th' earth-bread winds of my prodigious will;
Thus am I hourly toſt from eaſt to weſt
Upon the rowling ſtreams of good and ill:
Thus am I driv'n upon the ſlipp'ry ſuds
From real ills to falſe apparent goods:
My life's a troubled ſea, compos'd of ebbs and floods,

3

The curious penman, having trimm'd his page
With the dead language of his dabbled quill,
Lets fall a heedleſs drop, then in a rage
Caſhiers the fruits of his unlucky skill;
Ev'n ſo my pregnant ſoul in th' infant bud
Of her beſt thoughts ſhowr's down a cole-black flood
Of unadviſed ills, and cancels all her good.

4

Sometimes a ſudden flaſh of ſacred heat
  Warms my chill ſoul, and ſets my thoughts in frame;
But ſoon that fire is ſhoulder'd from her ſeat
  By luſtful *Cupid's* much inferiour flame.
  I feel two flames, and yet no flame entire;
  Thus are the mungrel thoughts of mixt deſire,
Conſum'd between that heav'nly and this earthly fire.

5

Sometimes my traſh-diſdaining thoughts out-paſs
  The common period of terrene conceit;
O then methinks I ſcorn the thing I was,
  Whilſt I ſtand raviſh'd at my new eſtate:
    But when th' *Icarian* wings of my deſire
    Feel but the warmth of their own native fire,
O then they melt and plunge within their wonted mire.

6

I know the nature of my wav'ring mind;
  I know the frailty of my fleſhly will:
My paſſion's eagle-ey'd; my judgment blind;
  I know what's good, but yet make choice of ill.
    When th' oſtrich wings of my deſires ſhall be
    So dull, they cannot mount the leaſt degree,
Yet grant my ſoul deſire, but of deſiring thee.

S. BERN.

S. BERN. Med. 9.

My heart is a vain heart, a vagabond and instable heart; while it is led by its own judgment, and wanting divine counsel cannot subsist in it self; and whilst it divers ways seeketh rest, findeth none, but remaineth miserable through labour, and void of peace: it agreeth not with it self; it dissenteth from it self; it altereth resolutions, changeth the judgment, frameth new thoughts, pulleth down the old, and buildeth them up again: it willeth and willeth not; and never remaineth in the same state.

S. AUGUST. de verb. apost.

When it would, it cannot; because when it might, it would not: therefore by an evil will man lost his good power.

EPIG 1.

My soul, how are thy thoughts disturb'd, confin'd,
Enlarg'd betwixt thy members and thy mind!
Fix here or there; thy doubt-depending cause
Can ne'er expect one verdict 'twixt two laws.

II.

Oh that my wayes were directed to keep thy statutes. psal. 119. 5

II.

PSALM 119. 5.

O that my ways were directed to keep thy ſtatutes!

1

THus I, the object of the world's diſdain,
With pilgrim pace ſurround the weary earth:
I only reliſh what the world counts vain;
Her mirth's my grief; her ſullen grief, my mirth;
Her light my darkneſs; and her truth my errour.
Her freedom is my goal; and her delight my terrour.

2

Fond earth! proportion not my ſeeming love
To my long ſtay; let not my thoughts deceive thee;
Thou art my priſon, and my home's above;
My life's a preparation but to leave thee:
Like one that ſeeks a door, I walk about thee:
With thee I cannot live; I cannot live without thee.

3

The world's a lab'rinth, whoſe anfractuous ways
Are all compos'd of rubs and crook'd meanders:
No reſting here; he's hurried back that ſtays
A thought; and he that goes unguided wanders:
Her way is dark, her path untrod, unev'n;
So hard's the way from earth; ſo hard's the way to heav'n.

4

This gyring lab'rinth is betrench'd about
On either hand with ſtreams of ſulph'rous fire,
Streams cloſely ſliding, erring in and out,
But ſeeming pleaſant to the fond deſcrier;
Where, if his footſteps truſt their own invention,
He falls without redreſs, and ſinks without dimenſion.

Where

5

Where ſhall I ſeek a guide? where ſhall I meet
  Some lucky hand to lead my trembling paces?
What truſty lantern will direct my feet
  To ſcape the danger of theſe dang'rous places?
    What hopes have I to paſs without a guide?
Where one gets ſafely through, a thouſand fall beſide.

6

An unrequeſted ſtar did gently ſlide
  Before the wiſe-men to a greater light;
Back-ſliding *Iſr'el* found a double guide;
  A pillar and a cloud; by day, by night:
    Yet in my deſp'rate dangers, which be far
More great than theirs, I have no pillar, cloud, nor ſtar.

7

O that the pinions of a clipping dove
  Would cut my paſſage through the empty air;
Mine eyes being ſeal'd, how would I mount above
  The reach of danger and forgotten care!
    My backward eyes ſhould ne'er commit that fault,
Whoſe laſting guilt ſhould build a monument of ſalt.

8

Great God, that art the flowing ſpring of light,
  Enrich mine eyes with thy refulgent ray:
Thou art my path; direct my ſteps aright;
  I have no other light, no other way:
    I'll truſt my God, and him alone purſue;
His law ſhall be my path; his heavenly light, my clue.

S. AUGUST. Solioq. cap. 4.

O Lord; who art the light, the way, the truth, the life; in whom there is no darkness, errour, vanity nor death: the light, without which there is darkness; the way, without which there is wandring; the truth, without which there is errour; the life, without which there is death: say, Lord, let there be light, and I shall see light, and eschew darkness; I shall see the way, and avoid wandring; I shall see the truth, and shun errour; I shall see life, and escape death: illuminate, O illuminate my blind soul, which sitteth in darkness, and the shadow of death; and direct my feet in the way of peace.

EPIG. 2.

Pilgrim trudge on: what makes thy soul complain,
Crowns thy complaint; the way to rest is pain:
The road to resolution lies by doubt:
The next way home's the fartheſt way about.

III.

Stay my stepps in thy Pathes that my feet do not slide. Ps. 17. 5.

III.

PSALM 17. 5.

Stay my ſteps in thy paths, that my feet do not ſlide.

1

WHen ee'r the old exchange of profit rings
Her ſilver ſaints-bell of uncertain gains;
My merchant-ſoul can ſtretch both legs and wings,
How I can run, and take unwearied pains!
The charms of profit are ſo ſtrong, that I,
Who wanted legs to go, find wings to flie.

2

If time-beguiling pleaſure but advance
Her luſtful trump, and blow her bold alarms
O how my ſportful ſoul can friſk and dance,
And hug that ſiren in her twined arms!
The ſprightly voice of ſinew-ſtrength'ning pleaſure
Can lend my bed-rid ſoul, both legs and leiſure.

3

If blazing honour chance to fill my veins
With flat'ring warmth, and flaſh of courtly fire,
My ſoul can take a pleaſure in her pains:
My lofty ſtrutting ſteps diſdain to tire;
My antick knees can turn upon the hinges
Of complement, and ſcrue a thouſand cringes.

4

But when I come to thee, my God, that art
The royal mine of everlaſting treaſure,
The real honour of my better part,
And living fountain of eternal pleaſure,
How nerveleſs are my limbs! how faint and ſlow!
I have no wings to flie, nor legs to go.

5

So when the ſtreams of ſwift-foot *Rhene* convey
Her upland riches to the *Belgick* ſhore,
The idle veſſel ſlides the wat'ry way,
Without the blaſt or tug, of wind, or oar:
Her ſlipp'ry keel divides the ſilver foam
With eaſe; ſo facile is the way from home.

6

But when the home-bound veſſel turns her ſails
Againſt the breaſt of the reſiſting ſtream,
O then ſhe ſlugs; nor ſail, nor oar prevails;
The ſtream is ſturdy, and her tide's extream:
Each ſtroke is loſs, and ev'ry tug is vain:
A boat-length's purchaſe is a league of pain.

7

Great all in all, that art my reſt, my home;
My way is tedious and my ſteps are ſlow:
Reach forth thy helpful hand, or bid me come;
I am thy child, O teach thy child to go:
Conjoyn thy ſweet commands to my deſire,
And I will venture, though I fall or tire.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Ser. 15. de Verb. Apoſt.

Be always diſpleaſed at what thou art, if thou deſireſt to attain to what thou art not: for where thou haſt pleaſed thy ſelf, there thou abideſt. But if thou ſayeſt, I have enough, thou periſheſt: always add, always walk, always proceed; neither ſtand ſtill, nor go back, nor deviate: he that ſtandeth ſtill proceedeth not; he goeth back that continueth not; he deviateth, that revolteth; he goeth better that creepeth in his way, than he that runneth out of his way.

EPIG. 3.

Fear not, my ſoul, to loſe for want of cunning;
Weep not; heav'n is not always got by running:
Thy thoughts are ſwift, although thy legs be ſlow;
True love will creep not having ſtrength to go.

IV.

My flesh trembleth for feare of thee: & I am afraide of thy Iudgments. Ps: 119. 120.

IV.

PSALM 119. 120.

My flesh trembleth for fear of thee, and I am afraid of thy judgments.

LEt others boast of luck, and go their ways
With their fair game; know vengeance seldom plays
To be too forward, but doth wisely frame
Her backward tables for an after-game:
She gives thee leave to venture many a blot;
And, for her own advantage, hits thee not;
But when her pointed tables are made fair,
That she be ready for thee, then beware;
Then, if a necessary blot be set,
She hits thee; wins the game; perchance the set:
If prosp'rous chances make thy casting high,
Be wisely temp'rate; cast a serious eye
On after-dangers, and keep back thy game;
Too forward seed-times make thy harvest lame.
If left-hand fortune give thee left-hand chances
Be wisely patient; let not envious glances
Repine to view thy gamesters heap so fair;
The hindmost hound oft takes the doubling hare.
The world's great dice are false; sometimes they go
Extreamly high, sometimes extreamly low:
Of all her gamesters he that plays the least,
Lives most at ease, plays most secure and best:
The way to win, is to play fair, and swear
Thy self a servant to the crown of fear:

Fear

Fear is the primer of a gameſter's skill:
Who fears not bad ſtands moſt unarm'd to ill.
The ill that's wiſely fear'd, is half withſtood;
And fear of bad is the beſt foil to good.
True fear's the *Elixir*, which in days of old
Turn'd leaden croſſes into crowns of gold:
The world's the tables; ſtakes, eternal life;
The gameſters, heav'n and I; unequal ſtrife!
My fortunes are the dice whereby I frame
My indiſpoſed life: this life's the game;
My ſins are ſeveral blots; the lookers on
Are angels; and in death the game is done.
Lord, I'm a bungler, and my game doth grow
Still more and more unſhap'd; my dice run low:
The ſtakes are great; my careleſs blots are many:
And yet thou paſſeſt by and hit'ſt not any:
Thou art too ſtrong; and I have none to guide me
With the leaſt jog; the lookers on deride me:
It is a conqueſt undeſerving thee,
To win a ſtake from ſuch a worm as me:
I have no more to loſe; if we perſever,
'Tis loſt: and that once loſt I'm loſt for ever.
Lord, wink at faults, and be not too ſevere,
And I will ply my game with greater fear;
O give me fear, ere fear has paſt her date:
Whoſe blot being hit, then fears, fears then too late.

S. BERN.

S. BERN. Ser. 54. in Cant.

There is nothing ſo effectual to obtain grace, to retain grace, and to regain grace, as always to be found before God not overwiſe, but to fear: happy art thou if thy heart be repleniſhed with three fears; a fear for received grace, a greater fear for loſt grace, a greateſt fear to recover grace.

S. AUGUST. ſuper Pſal.

Preſent fear begetteth eternal ſecurity: fear God, which is above all, and no need to fear man at all.

EPIG. 4.

Lord, ſhall we grumble, when thy flames do ſcourge us?
Our ſins breath fire; that fire returns to purge us.
Lord, what an alchymiſt art thou, whoſe skill
Tranſmutes to perfect good from perfect ill!

V.

Turne away myne eyes least they behold vanity. psal: 118. 204

V.

PSALM 119. 37.

Turn away mine eyes from regarding vanity.

1

HOw like the threds of flax
That touch the flame, are my inflam'd desires!
How like to yielding wax,
My soul dissolves before these wanton fires!
The fire but touch'd, the flame but felt,
Like flax, I burn; like wax, I melt.

2

O how this flesh doth draw
My fetter'd soul to that deceitful fire!
And how th' eternal law
Is baffled by the law of my desire!
How truly bad, how seeming good
Are all the laws of flesh and blood!

3

O wretched state of men,
The height of whose ambition is to borrow
What must be paid again
With griping int'rest of the next day's sorrow!
How wild his thoughts! how apt to range!
How apt to vary! apt to change!

4

How intricate and nice
Is man's perplexed way to man's desire;
Sometimes upon the ice
He slips, and sometimes falls into the fire;
His progress is extream and bold,
Or very hot, or very cold.

The

5

The common food he doth
Sustain his soul-tormenting thoughts withal,
Is honey in his mouth
To night, and in his heart to morrow gall;
'Tis oftentimes, within an hour,
Both very sweet and very sour.

6

If sweet *Corinna* smile,
A heav'n of joys breaks down into his heart:
Corinna frown a while,
Hell's torments are but copies of his smart.
Within a lustful heart doth dwell
A seeming heav'n, a very hell.

7

Thus worthless, vain, and void
Of comfort, are the fruits of earth's employment,
Which ere they be enjoy'd
Distract us, and destroy us in th' enjoyment;
These be the pleasures that are priz'd,
When heav'n's cheap pen'worth stands despis'd.

8

Lord, quench these hasty flashes,
Which dart as lightning from the thund'ring skies,
And ev'ry minute dashes
Against the wanton windows of mine eyes:
Lord, close the casement, whilst I stand
Behind the curtain of thy hand.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. cap. 4.

O thou ſon, that illuminateſt both heaven and earth! wo be unto thoſe eyes which do not behold thee: wo be unto thoſe blind eyes which cannot behold thee: wo be unto thoſe which turn away their eyes that they will not behold thee: wo be unto thoſe that turn away their eyes that they may behold vanity.

S. CHRYS. ſup. Mat. 19.

What is the evil woman but the enemy of friendſhip, an unavoidable pain, a neceſſary miſchief, a natural temptation, a deſirable calamity, a domeſtick danger, a delectable inconvenience, and the nature of evil, painted over with the colour of good?

EPIG. 5.

'Tis vain, great God! to cloſe mine eyes from ill,
When I reſolve to keep the old man ſtill;
My rambling heart muſt cov'nant firſt with thee,
Or none can paſs betwixt mine eye and me.

VI.

If I have found favour in thy sight let, my life be given me at my petition. Ester. 7.3

VI.

ESTHER 7. 3.

If I have found favour in thy ſight, and if it pleaſe the king, let my life be given me at my petition.

THou art the great *Ahaſuerus*, whoſe command
Doth ſtretch from pole to pole; the world's thy (land;
Rebellious *Vaſhti*'s the corrupted will,
Which being call'd, refuſes to fulfil
Thy juſt command; *Eſther*, whoſe tears condole
The razed City, 's the regen'rate ſoul;
A captive maid, whom thou wilt pleaſe to grace
With nuptial honours in ſtout *Vaſhti*'s place:
Her kinſman, whoſe unbended knee did thwart
Proud *Haman*'s glory, is the fleſhly part;
The ſober eunuch, that recall'd to mind
The new-built gibbet (*Haman* had divin'd
For his own ruin) fifty cubits high,
Is luſtful-thought-controlling chaſtity;
Inſulting *Haman* is that fleſhly luſt
Whoſe red-hot fury, for a ſeaſon, muſt
Triumph in pride, and ſtudy how to tread
On *Mordecai*, till royal *Eſther* plead.
Great king, thy ſent-for *Vaſhti* will not come;
O let the oil o'th' bleſſed virgin's womb,
Cleanſe my poor *Eſther*; look, O look upon her
With gracious eyes; and let thy beam of honour
So ſcour her captive ſtains, that ſhe may prove
An holy object of thy heav'nly love:

Anoint her with the ſpikenard of thy graces,
Then try the ſweetneſs of her chaſt embraces:
Make her the partner of thy nuptial bed,
And ſet thy royal crown upon her head;
If then ambitious *Haman* chance to ſpend
His ſpleen on *Mordecai*, that ſcorns to bend
The wilful ſtiffneſs of his ſtubborn knee,
Or baſely crouch to any Lord but thee;
If weeping *Eſther* ſhould prefer a groan
Before the high tribunal of thy throne,
Hold forth thy golden ſceptre, and afford
The gentle audience of a gracious Lord:
And let thy royal *Eſther* be poſſeſt
Of half thy kingdom, at her dear requeſt:
Curb luſtful *Haman*, him that would diſgrace,
Nay, raviſh thy fair queen before thy face:
And as proud *Haman* was himſelf enſnar'd
On that ſelf-gibbet that himſelf prepar'd;
So nail my luſt, both puniſhment and guilt,
On that dear croſs that mine own luſts have built.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. in Ep.

O holy ſpirit, always inſpire me with holy works. Conſtrain me, that I may do: counſel me, that I may love thee; confirm me, that I may hold thee; conſerve me, that I may not loſe thee.

S. AUGUST. ſup. Joan.

The ſpirit luſts where the fleſh reſteth: for as the fleſh is nouriſhed with ſweet things, the ſpirit is refreſhed with ſour.

Ibidem.

Wouldſt thou that thy fleſh obey thy ſpirit? then let thy ſpirit obey thy God. Thou muſt be governed, that thou may'ſt govern.

EPIG. 7.

Of mercy and juſtice is thy kingdom built;
This plagues my ſin, and that removes my guilt;
When-e'er I ſue, *Ahaſuerus*-like, decline
Thy ſceptre; Lord, ſay, half my kingdom's thine.

VII.

Come my beloved, let us goe forth into the fields, let us remaine in the villages. Cant: 7. 11. 212

VII.

CANTICLES 7. 11.

Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field, and let us remain in the villages.

1

Christ. *Soul.*

Chr. COme, come, my dear, and let us both retire,
And whiff the dainties of the fragrant field:
Where warb'ling *Phil'mel*, and the shrill-mouth'd quire
Chaunt forth their raptures; where the turtle builds
Her lovely nest; and where the new-born brier
Breaths forth the sweetness that her *April* yields:
Come, come, my lovely fair, and let us try
These rural delicates; where thou and I
May melt in private flames, and fear no stander by.

2

Soul. My heart's eternal joy, in lieu of whom
The earth's a blast, and all the world's a bubble;
Our city-mansion is the fairest home,
But country sweets are ting'd with lesser trouble:
Let's try them both, and chuse the better; come;
A change in pleasure makes the pleasure double;
On thy commands depends my go or tarry,
I'll stir with *Martha*, or I'll stay with *Mary*:
Our hearts are firmly fix, although our pleasures vary.

3

Chr. Our country-manſion (ſituate on high)
With various objects, ſtill renews delight;
Her arched roof's of unſtain'd ivory:
Her walls of fiery-ſparkling chryſolite;
Her pavement is of hardeſt porphyry;
Her ſpacious windows are all glaz'd with bright
And flaming carbuncles; no need require
Titan's faint rays, or *Vulcan*'s feeble fire;
And ev'ry gate's a pearl; and ev'ry pearl entire.

4

Soul. Fool that I was! how were my thoughts deceiv'd!
How falſly was my fond conceit poſſeſt!
I took it for an hermitage, but pav'd
And daub'd with neighb'ring dirt, and thatcht at (beſt.
Alas! I ne'er expected more nor crav'd;
A turtle hop'd but for a turtle's neſt:
Come, come, my dear, and let no idle ſtay
Neglect th' advantage of the head-ſtrong day;
How pleaſure grates, that feels the curb of full delay!

5

Chr. Come then, my joy; let our divided paces
Conduct us to our faireſt territory;
O there we'll twine our ſouls in ſweet embraces;
Soul. And in thine arms I'll tell my paſſions' ſtory:
Chr. O there I'll crown thy head with all my graces;
Soul. And all theſe graces ſhall reflect thy glory:
Chr. O there I'll feed thee with celeſtial *Manna*;
I'll be thy *Elkanah*. *Soul.* And I, thy *Hannah*.
C I'll ſound my trump of joy. *S.* And I'll reſound *Hoſannah*.

S. BERN.

S. BERN.

O blessed contemplation! the death of vices, and the life of virtues! thee the law and the prophets admire: who ever attained perfection, if not by thee! O blessed solitude, the magazine of celestial treasure! by thee things earthly, and transitory, are changed into heavenly and eternal.

S. BERN. in Ep.

Happy is that house, and blessed is that congregation, where Martha *still complaineth of* Mary.

EPIG. 7.

Mechanick soul, thou must not only do
With *Martha*, but with *Mary* ponder too:
Happy's that house where these fair sisters vary;
But most, when *Martha*'s reconcil'd to *Mary*.

VIII.

Draw me we will run after thee because of the savour of thy good Oyntments.
Cant. 1:3.

VIII.

CANTICLES I. 4.

Draw me; we will follow after thee by the ſavour of thy good ointments.

THus, like a lump of the corrupted maſs,
I lie ſecure, long loſt before I was:
And like a block, beneath whoſe burthen lies
That undiſcover'd worm that never dies,
I have no will to rouze, I have no power to riſe.

Can ſtinking *Lazarus* compound or ſtrive
With death's entangling fetters, and revive?
Or can the water-buried axe implore
A hand to raiſe it, or it ſelf reſtore,
And from her ſandy deeps approach the dry-foot ſhore?

So hard's the task for ſinful fleſh and blood
To lend the ſmalleſt ſtep to what is good.
My God! I cannot move the leaſt degree:
Ah! if, but only thoſe that active be,
None ſhould thy glory ſee, none ſhould thy glory ſee.

But if the potter pleaſe t'inform the clay:
Or ſome ſtrong hand remove the block away:
Their lowly fortunes ſoon are mounted higher;
That proves a veſſel, which before was mire;
And this, being hewn, may ſerve for better uſe than fire.

And

And if that life-restoring voice command
Dead *Laz'rus* forth; or that great prophet's hand
  Should charm the sullen waters, and begin
  To beckon, or to dart a stick but in,
Dead *Laz'rus* must revive, and th' axe must float again.

Lord, as I am, I have no pow'r at all
To hear thy voice, or echo to thy call;
  The gloomy clouds of mine own guilt benight me;
  Thy glorious beams, not dainty sweets invite me;
They neither can direct, nor these at all delight me.

See how my sin-bemangled body lies,
Not having pow'r to will, nor will to rise!
  Shine home upon thy creature, and inspire
  My lifeless will with thy regen'rate fire;
The first degree to do, is only to desire.

Give me the pow'r to will, the will to do;
O raise me up, and I will strive to go:
  Draw me, O draw me with thy treble twist,
  That have no pow'r but meerly to resist;
O lend me strength to do, and then command thy list!

My soul's a clock, whose wheels (for want of use
And winding up, being subject to th' abuse
  Of eating rust) want vigour to fulfil
  Her twelve hours task, and shew her maker's skill,
But idly sleeps unmov'd, and standeth vainly still.

Great God, it is thy work, and therefore good,
If thou be pleas'd to cleanse it with thy blood,
  And wind it up with thy soul-moving keys,
  Her busy wheels shall serve thee all her days; (praise.
Her hand shall point thy pow'r, her hammer strike thy

S. BERN.

S. BERN. Serm. 21. in Cant.

Let us run, let us run but in the ſavour of thy ointment, not in the confidence of our merits, nor in the greatneſs of our ſtrength: we truſt to run, but in the multitude of thy mercies, for though we run and are willing, it is not in him that willeth, nor in him that runneth, but in God that ſheweth mercy. O let thy mercy return, and we will run: thou, like a Giant, runneſt by thy own power; we, unleſs thy ointment breath upon us, cannot run.

EPIG. 8.

Look not, my watch, being once repair'd, to ſtand
Expecting motion from thy maker's hand.
He 'as wound thee up, and cleans'd thy cogs with blood:
If now thy wheels ſtand ſtill, thou art not good.

IX.

O that thou wert as my Brother, that Sucked the Brests of my Mother. Cant: 8

IX.

CANTICLES 8. 1.

O that thou wert as my brother, that ſucked the breaſts of my mother; when I ſhould find thee without, I would kiſs thee.

1

COme, come, my bleſſed infant, and immure thee
Within the temple of my ſacred arms;
Secure mine arms, mine arms ſhall then ſecure thee
From *Herod*'s fury, or the high-prieſt's harms:
Or if thy danger'd life ſuſtain a loſs,
My folded arms ſhall turn thy dying croſs.

2

But ah! what ſavage tyrant can behold
The beauty of ſo ſweet a face as this is,
And not himſelf be by himſelf controul'd,
And change his fury to a thouſand kiſſes?
One ſmile of thine is worth more mines of treaſure
Than there were myriads in the days of *Cæſar*.

3

O had the tetrarch, as he knew thy birth,
So known thy ſtock, he had not thought to paddle
In thy dear blood; but proſtrate on the earth,
Had vail'd his crown before thy royal cradle,
And laid the ſceptre of his glory down,
And beg'd a heav'nly for an earthly crown.

4

Illuſtrious babe! how is thy handmaid grac'd
With a rich armful! how doſt thou decline
Thy majeſty, that wert ſo late embrac'd
In thy great Father's arms, and now in mine!
How humbly gracious art thou, to refreſh
Me with thy ſpirit, and aſſume my fleſh!

5

But muſt the treaſon of a traitor's hail
Abuſe the ſweetneſs of theſe ruby lips?
Shall marble-hearted cruelty aſſail
Theſe alabaſter ſides with knotted whips?
And muſt theſe ſmiling roſes entertain
The blows of ſcorn, and flurts of baſe diſdain?

6

Ah! muſt theſe dainty little ſprings that twine
So faſt about thy neck, be pierc'd and torn
With ragged nails? and muſt theſe brows reſign
Their crown of glory for a crown of thorn?
Ah! muſt the bleſſed infant taſte the pain
Of death's injurious pangs; nay, worſe, be ſlain?

7

Sweet babe! at what dear rates do wretched I
Commit a ſin! Lord, ev'ry ſin's a dart;
And ev'ry treſpaſs lets a jav'lin fly;
And ev'ry jav'lin wounds thy bleeding heart:
Pardon, ſweet babe, what I have done amiſs;
And ſeal that granted pardon with a kiſs.

S. BONA-

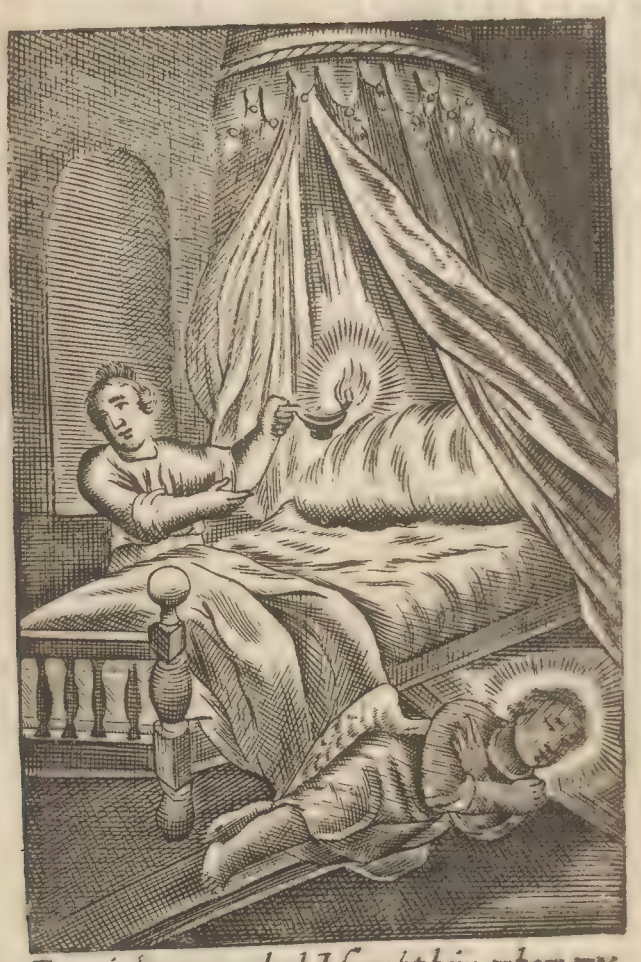
S. BONAVENT. Soliloqu. cap. 1.

O sweet Jesu, I knew not that thy kisses were so sweet, nor thy society so delectable, nor thy attraction so virtuous: for when I love thee, I am clean; when I touch thee, I am chaste; when I receive thee, I am a virgin: O most sweet Jesu, thy embraces defile not, but cleanse; thy attraction polluteth not, but sanctifieth: O Jesu, the fountain of universal sweetness, pardon me that I believed so late, that so much sweetness is in thy embraces.

EPIG. 9.

My burthen's greatest: let not *Atlas* boast:
Impartial reader, judge which bears the most:
He bears but heav'n, my folded arms sustain
Heav'n's maker, whom heav'n's heav'n cannot contain.

X.



By night on my bed I sought him whom my soule loveth; I sought him but I found him not.
Cant: 3: 1. 224.

X.

CANTICLES 3. 1.

In my bed by night I ſought him that my ſoul loveth; I ſought him, but I found him not.

THe learned *Cynick* having loſt the way
To honeſt men, did in the height of day,
By taper-light divide his ſteps about
The peopled ſtreets to find this dainty out;
But fail'd: the *Cynick* ſearch'd not where he ought;
The thing he ſought for, was not where he ſought.
The wiſe-men's task ſeem'd harder to be done,
The wiſe-men did by ſtar-light ſeek the ſun,
And found: the wiſe-men ſearch'd it where they ought;
The thing they hop'd to find was where they ſought.
One ſeeks his wiſhes where he ſhould; but then
Perchance he ſeeks not as he ſhould, nor when.
Another ſearches when he ſhould; but there
He fails; not ſeeking as he ſhould, nor where.
Whoſe ſoul deſires the good it wants, and would
Obtain, muſt ſeek where, as, and when he ſhould.
How often have my wild affections led
My waſted ſoul to this my widow'd bed,
To ſeek my lover, whom my ſoul deſires?
(I ſpeak not, *Cupid*, of thy wanton fires:
Thy fires are all but dying ſparks to mine;
My flames are full of heav'n, and all divine)
How often have I ſought this bed by night,
To find that greater by this leſſer light?

How

How oft have my unwitnefs'd groans lamented
Thy dearest abſence! ah! how often vented
The bitter tempeſts of deſpairing breath,
And toſt my ſoul upon the waves of death!
How often has my melting heart made choice
Of ſilent tears (tears louder than a voice)
To plead my grief, and woo thy abſent ear!
And yet thou wilt not come, thou wilt not hear.
O is thy wonted love become ſo cold?
Or do mine eyes not ſeek thee where they ſhould?
Why do I ſeek thee, if thou art not here?
Or find thee not, if thou art ev'ry where?
I ſee my errour, 'tis not ſtrange I could not
Find out my love: I ſought him where I ſhould not.
Thou art not found in downy beds of eaſe;
Alas! thy muſick ſtrikes on harder keys:
Nor art thou found by that falſe feeble light
Of nature's candle; our *Egyptian* night
Is more than common darkneſs; nor can we
Expect a morning but what breaks from thee.
Well may my empty bed bewail thy loſs,
When thou art lodg'd upon thy ſhameful croſs:
If thou refuſe to ſhare a bed with me,
We'll never part, I'll ſhare a croſs with thee.

ANSELM.

ANSELM. in Protolog. 1.

Lord, if thou art not present, where shall I seek thee absent? if every where, why do I not see thee present? thou dwellest in light inaccessible; and where is that inaccessible light? or how shall I have access to light inaccessible? I beseech thee, Lord, teach me to seek thee, and shew thy self to the seeker; because I can neither seek thee, unless thou teach me; nor find thee, unless thou shew thy self to me: let me seek thee in desiring thee, and desire thee in seeking thee: let me find thee in loving thee, and love thee in finding thee.

EPIG. 10.

Where shoul'd thou seek for rest, but in thy bed?
But now thy rest is gone, thy rest is fled:
'Tis vain to seek him there: my soul, be wise;
Go ask thy sins, they'll tell thee where he lies.

XI.

I will rise now, and goe about the City in the streets, and in the broad ways I will seek him whom my soul loveth: I sought him but found him not. Cant. 3. 2.

XI.

CANTICLES 3. 2.

I will rise, and go about the city, and will seek him that my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not.

1

O How my disappointed soul's perplext! (breast!
How restless thoughts swarm in my troubled
How vainly pleas'd with hopes, then crosly vext
With fears! and how betwixt them both distrest!
What place is left unransack'd? oh! where next
Shall I go seek the author of my rest?
Of what bless'd angel shall my lips enquire
The undiscover'd way to that entire
And everlasting solace of my heart's desire?

2

Look how the stricken hart that wounded flies
O'er hills and dales, and seeks the lower grounds
For running streams, the whil'st his weeping eyes
Beg silent mercy from the foll'wing hounds;
At length, emboss't, he droops, drops down, and lies
Beneath the burthen of his bleeding wounds:
Ev'n so my gasping soul, dissolv'd in tears,
Doth search for thee, my God, whose deafen'd ears,
Leave me th' unransom'd pris'ner to my panick fears.

Where

3

Where have my buſy eyes not pry'd? O where,
Of whom hath not my thred-bare tongue demanded?
I ſearch'd this glorious city; he's not here:
I ſought the Country; ſhe ſtands empty-handed;
I ſearch'd the court; he is a ſtranger there:
I ask'd the land; he's ſhipp'd: the ſea; he's landed:
I climb the air, my thoughts began t'aſpire;
But ah! the wings of my too bold deſire,
Soaring too near the Sun, were ſindg'd with ſacred fire.

4

I mov'd the merchant's ear, alas! but he
Knew neither what I ſaid, nor what to ſay:
I ask'd the lawyer, he demands a fee,
And then demurs me with a vain delay:
I ask'd the ſchoolman, his advice was free,
But ſcor'd me out too intricate a way:
I ask'd the watch-man (beſt of all the four)
Whoſe gentle anſwer could reſolve no more,
But that he lately left him at the temple-door.

5

Thus having ſought, and made my great inqueſt
In ev'ry place, and ſearch'd in ev'ry ear:
I threw me on my bed; but ah! my reſt
Was poiſon'd with th'extreams of grief and fear;
Where looking down into my troubled breaſt,
The magazine of wounds, I found him there:
Let others hunt, and ſhew their ſportful art;
I wiſh to catch the hare before ſhe ſtart,
As poachers uſe to do; heav'n's form's a troubled heart.

S. AMBROS. lib. 3. de Virg.

Christ is not in the market, nor in the streets: for Christ is peace, in the market are strifes: Christ is justice, in the market is iniquity: Christ is a labourer, in the market is idleness: Christ is charity, in the market is slander: Christ is faith, in the market is fraud. Let us not therefore seek Christ, where we cannot find Christ.

S. HIEROM. Ser. 9. Ep. 22. ad Eustoch.

Jesus is jealous: he will not have thy face seen: let foolish virgins ramble abroad, seek thou thy love at home.

EPIG. 11.

What, lost thy love? will neither bed nor board
Receive him? not by tears to be implor'd?
It is the ship that moves, and not the coast;
I fear, I fear, my soul, 'tis thou art lost.

XII.

Saw ye him whom my Soule loveth, it was but a little ẏ I passed from them but I found him whom my soule loveth I held him etc: Cant: 3:4

XII.

CANTICLES 3. 3, 4.

Have you ſeen him whom my ſoul loveth? When I had paſt a little from them, then I found him, I took hold on him, and left him not.

1

WHat ſecret corner? what unwonted way
Has 'ſcap'd the ranſack of my rambling thought?
The fox by night, nor the dull owl by day,
Have never ſearch'd thoſe places I have ſought.
Whilſt they lamented, abſence taught my breaſt
The ready road to grief, without requeſt;
My day had neither comfort, nor my night had reſt.

2

How hath my unregarded language vented
The ſad tautologies of laviſh paſſion!
How often have I languiſh'd unlamented!
How oft have I complain'd, without compaſſion!
I ask'd the city-watch, but ſome deny'd me (me;
The common ſtreet, whilſt others would miſguide
Some would debar me; ſome divert me; ſome deride me.

3

Mark how the widow'd turtle, having loſt
The faithful partner of her loyal heart,
Stretches her feeble wings from coaſt to coaſt,
Hunts ev'ry path; thinks ev'ry ſhade doth part
Her abſent love and her; at length, unſped,
She re-betakes her to her lonely bed,
And there bewails her everlaſting widow-head.

4

So when my ſoul had progreſt ev'ry place,
That love and dear affection could contrive,
I threw me on my couch, reſolv'd t'embrace
A death for him in whom I ceas'd to live:
But there injurious *Hymen* did preſent
His landskip joys; my pickled eyes did vent
Full ſtreams of briny tears, tears never to be ſpent.

5

Whilſt thus my ſorrow-waſting ſoul was feeding
Upon the rad'cal humour of her thought,
Ev'n whilſt mine eyes were blind, and heart was bleeding,
He that was ſought, unfound, was found, unſought:
As if the ſun ſhould dart his orb of light
Into the ſecrets of the black-brow'd night:
Ev'n ſo appear'd my love, my ſole, my ſoul's, delight.

6

O how mine eyes, now raviſh'd at the ſight
Of my bright ſun, ſhot flames of equal fire!
Ah! how my ſoul diſſolv'd with o'er-delight,
To re-enjoy the crown of chaſte deſire!
How ſov'reign joy depos'd and diſpoſſeſt
Rebellious grief! and how my raviſh'd breaſt——
But who can 'expreſs thoſe heights, that cannot be ex-
(preſt?

7

O how theſe arms, theſe greedy arms did twine,
And ſtrongly twiſt about his yielding waiſt!
The ſappy branches of the *Theſpian* vine,
Ne'er cling'd their leſs beloved elm ſo faſt;
Boaſt not thy flames, blind boy, thy feather'd ſhot;
Let *Hymen*'s eaſy ſnarls be quite forgot: (knot.
Time cannot quench our fires, nor death diſſolve our

ORIG.

ORIG. Hom. 10. in diverſ.

O moſt holy Lord, and ſweeteſt maſter, how good art thou to thoſe that are of upright heart, and humble ſpirit! O how bleſſed are they that ſeek thee with a ſimple heart! how happy that truſt in thee! it is a moſt certain truth, that thou loveſt all that love thee, and never forſakeſt thoſe that truſt in thee: for behold thy love ſimply ſought thee, and undoubtedly found thee: ſhe truſted in thee, and is not forſaken of thee, but hath obtained more by thee, than ſhe expected from thee.

BEDA in cap. 3. Cant.

The longer I was in finding whom I ſought, the more earneſtly I held him being found.

EPIG. 12.

What? found him out? let ſtrong embraces bind him;
He'll fly perchance, where tears can never find him:
New ſins will loſe, what old repentance gains.
Wiſdom not only gets, but got retains.

XIII.

It is good for me to draw neare to the Lord, I have put my trust in ye Lord God.
Psal: 72: 28

XIII.

PSALM 73. 28.

It is good for me to draw near to God, I have put my trust in the Lord God.

WHere is that good, which wise-men please to call
The chiefest? doth there any such befal
Within man's reach? or is there such a good at all?

If such there be, it neither must expire,
Nor change; than which there can be nothing high'r:
Such good must be the utter point of man's desire.

It is the mark, to which all hearts must tend;
Can be desired for no other end,
Than for it self, on which all other goods depend.

What may this excellent be? doth it subsist
A real essence clouded in the mist
Of curious art, or clear to ev'ry eye that list?

Or is't a tart idea, to procure
An edge, and keep the practick soul in ure,
Like that dear chymick dust, or puzzling quadrature?

Where shall I seek this good? where shall I find
This cath'lick pleasure, whose extreams may bind
My thoughts? and fill the gulf of my insatiate mind?

Lies it in treasure? in full heaps untold?
Doth gouty *Mammon*'s griping hand infold
This sacred saint in sacred shrines of sov'reign gold?

No, no, ſhe lies not there; wealth often ſours
In keeping; makes us hers, in ſeeming ours;
She ſlides from heav'n indeed, but not in *Danae*'s ſhow'rs.

Lives ſhe in honour? no. The royal crown
Builds up a creature, and then batters down:
Kings raiſe thee with a ſmile, and raze thee with a frown.

In pleaſure? no. Pleaſure begins in rage;
Acts the fool's part on earth's uncertain ſtage;
Begins the play in youth, and epilogues in age.

Theſe, theſe are baſtard goods; the beſt of theſe
Torment the ſoul with pleaſing it; and pleaſe,
Like waters gulp'd in fevers, with deceitful eaſe.

Earth's flatt'ring dainties are but ſweet diſtreſſes:
Mole-hills perform the mountains ſhe profeſſes,
Alas! can earth confer more good than earth poſſeſſes?

Mount, mount, my ſoul, and let my thoughts caſhier
Earth's vain delights, and make thy full career
At heav'n's eternal joys; ſtop, ſtop, thy courſer there.

There ſhall thy ſoul poſſeſs uncareful treaſure,
There ſhalt thou ſwim in never-fading pleaſure:
And blaze in honour far above the frowns of *Cæſar*.

Lord, if my hope dare let her anchor fall
On thee, the chiefeſt good, no need to call
For earth's inferiour traſh; thou, thou art all in all.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Soliloqu. cap. 13.

I follow this thing, I purſue that, but I am filled with nothing. But when I found thee, who art that immutable, individed, and only good in thy ſelf, what I obtained, I wanted not; for what I obtained not, I grieved not; with what I was poſſeſt, my whole deſire was ſatisfied.

S. BERN. Ser. 9. ſup. Beati qui habent, &c.

Let others pretend merit; let him brag of the burthen of the day; let him boaſt of his ſabbath-faſts, and let him glory that he is not as other men: but for me, it is good to cleave unto the Lord, and to put my truſt in my Lord God.

EPIG. 13.

Let *Boreas*' blaſts, and *Neptune*'s waves be join'd,
Thy *Æolus* commands the waves, the wind:
Fear not the rocks or world's imperious waves;
Thou climb'ſt a rock, my ſoul, a rock that ſaves.

XIV.

I sat vnder the shadow of him whome I have desired. Cant: 2.

XIV.

CANTICLES 2. 3.

I ſat under his ſhadow with great delight, and his fruit was ſweet to my taſte.

1

LOok how the ſheep, whoſe rambling ſteps do ſtray
From the ſafe bleſſing of her ſhepherd's eyes,
Eft-ſoon becomes the unprotected prey
To the wing'd ſquadron of beleag'ring flies;
Where ſwelter'd with the ſcorching beams of day,
She friſks from buſh to brake, and wildly flies away
From her own ſelf, ev'n of her ſelf afraid;
She ſhrouds her troubled brows in ev'ry glade,
And craves the mercy of the ſoft removing ſhade.

2

Ev'n ſo my wand'ring ſoul, that hath digreſt
From her great ſhepherd, is the hourly prey
Of all my ſins; theſe vultures in my breaſt
Gripe my *Promethean* heart; both night and day
I hunt from place to place, but find no reſt;
I know not where to go, nor where to ſtay:
The eye of vengeance burns, her flames invade
My ſwelt'ring ſoul: my ſoul hath oft aſſay'd,
Yet ſhe can find no ſhroud, yet can ſhe feel no ſhade?

3

I ſought the ſhades of mirth, to wear away
My ſlow-pac'd hours of ſoul-conſuming grief;
I ſearch'd the ſhades of ſleep, to eaſe my day
Of griping ſorrows with a night's reprieve.
I ſought the ſhades of death; thought there t'allay
My final torments with a full relief:
But mirth, nor ſleep, nor death, can hide my hours
In the falſe ſhades of their deceitful bow'rs;
The firſt diſtracts, the next diſturbs, the laſt devours.

4

Where ſhall I turn? to whom ſhall I apply me?
Are there no ſtreams where a faint ſoul may wade?
Thy God-head, Jeſus, are the flames that fry me;
Hath thy all-glorious Deity ne'er a ſhade,
Where I may ſit and vengeance never eye me,
Where I might ſit refreſh'd or unafraid?
Is there no comfort? is there no refection?
Is there no cover that will give protection
T' a fainting ſoul, the ſubject of thy wrath's reflection?

5

Look up, my ſoul, advance the lowly ſtature
Of thy ſad thoughts; advance thy humble eye:
See, here's a ſhadow found: the humane nature
Is made th'umbrella to the Deity,
To catch the ſun-beams of thy juſt creator:
Beneath this covert thou may'ſt ſafely lie:
Permit thine eyes to climb this fruitful tree,
As quick *Zacheus* did, and thou ſhalt ſee
A cloud of dying fleſh betwixt thoſe beams and thee.

GUIL. in cap. 2. Cant.

Who can endure the fierce rays of the ſun of juſtice? who ſhall not be conſumed by his beams? therefore the ſun of juſtice took fleſh, that, through the conjunction of that ſun and this humane body, a ſhadow may be made.

S. AUGUST. Med. cap 37.

Lord, let my ſoul flee from the ſcorching thoughts of the world, under the covert of thy wings, that being refreſhed by the moderation of thy ſhadow, ſhe may ſing merrily, In peace will I lay me down and reſt.

EPIG. 14.

Ah! treach'rous ſoul, would not thy pleaſures give
That Lord, which made the living, leave to live?
See what thy ſins have done: thy ſins have made
The ſun of glory now become thy ſhade.

XV.

How shall we sing the song of the Lord in a strange Land.

244.

XV.

PSALM 137. 4.

How ſhall we ſing the ſong of the Lord in a ſtrange land?

URge me no more: this airy mirth belongs
To better times: theſe times are not for ſongs.
The ſprightly twang of the melodious lute
Agrees not with my voice: and both unſuit
My untun'd fortunes: the affected meaſure
Of ſtrains, that are conſtrain'd, afford no pleaſure.
Muſick's the child of mirth; where griefs aſſail
The troubled ſoul, both voice and fingers fail:
Let ſuch as revel out their laviſh days,
In honourable riot; that can raiſe
Dejected hearts, and conjure up a ſp'rit
Of madneſs by the magick of delight;
Let thoſe of *Cupid*'s hoſpital, that lie
Impatient patients to a ſmiling eye,
That cannot reſt, until vain hope beguile
Their flatter'd torment with a wanton ſmile:
Let ſuch redeem their peace, and ſalve the wrongs
Of froward fortune with their frolick ſongs:
My grief, my grief's too great for ſmiling eyes
To cure, or counter-charms to exorciſe.
The raven's diſmal croaks, the midnight howls
Of empty wolves mixt with the ſcreech of owls,
The nine ſad knolls of a dull paſſing bell,
With the loud language of a nightly knell,

And horrid out-cries of revenged crimes,
Join'd in a medley's muſick for theſe times;
Theſe are no times to touch the merry ſtring
Of *Orpheus*; no, theſe are no times to ſing.
Can hide-bound pris'ners, that have ſpent their ſouls,
And famiſh'd bodies in the noiſome holes
Of hell-black dungeons, apt their rougher throats,
Grown hoarſe with begging alms, to warble notes?
Can the ſad pilgrim, that hath loſt his way
In the vaſt deſart; there condemn'd a prey
To the wild ſubject, or his ſavage king,
Rouze up his palſy-ſmitten ſp'rits, and ſing?
Can I a pilgrim, and a pris'ner too,
Alas! where I am neither known, nor know
Ought but my torments, an unranſom'd ſtranger
In this ſtrange climate, in a land of danger?
O, can my voice be pleaſant, or my hand,
Thus made a pris'ner to a foreign land?
How can my muſick reliſh in your ears,
That cannot ſpeak for ſobs, nor ſing for tears?
Ah! if my voice could, *Orpheus*-like, unſpel
My poor *Eurydice*, my ſoul, from hell
Of earth's miſconſtru'd heav'n, O, then my breaſt
Should warble airs, whoſe rhapſodies ſhould feaſt
The ears of ſeraphims, and entertain
Heav'n's higheſt Deity with their lofty ſtrain;
A ſtrain well drench'd in the true *Theſpian* well,
Till then, earth's ſemiquaver, mirth, farewel.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Med. cap. 33.

O infinitely happy are those heavenly virtues, which are able to praise thee in holiness and purity, with excessive sweetness, and unutterable exaltation! from thence they praise thee, from whence they rejoice, because they continually see for what they rejoice, for what they praise thee: but we, press'd down with this burthen of flesh, far removed from thy countenance in this pilgrimage, and blown up with worldly vanities, cannot worthily praise thee: we praise thee by faith; not face to face, but these angelical spirits praise thee face to face, and not by faith.

EPIG. 15.

Did I refuse to sing? said I, these times
Were not for songs? nor musick for these climes?
It was my errour: are not groans and tears
Harmonious raptures in th' Almighty's ears?

I.

I charge you, o ye daughters of Ierusalem if ye finde my beloved ye you tell him ye I am sicke of love. Cant: 5. 8.

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THE FIFTH BOOK.

I.

CANTICLES 5. 8.

I charge you, O daughters of Jeruſalem, if you find my beloved, that you tell him that I am ſick of love.

1

YOu holy virgins, that ſo oft ſurround
The city's ſapphire walls, whoſe ſnowy feet
Meaſure the pearly paths of ſacred ground,
And trace the new *Jeruſalem*'s jaſper ſtreet;
Ah! you whoſe care-forſaken hearts are crown'd
With your beſt wiſhes; that enjoy the ſweet
Of all your hopes; if e'er you chance to ſpy
My abſent love, O tell him that I lie (eye.
Deep-wounded with the flames that furnac'd from his

2

I charge you, virgins, as you hope to hear
The heav'nly muſick of your lover's voice;
I charge you by the ſolemn faith you bear
To plighted vows, and to that loyal choice
Of your affections, or, if ought more dear
You hold; by *Hymen*, by your marriage joys,
I charge you tell him, that a flaming dart,
Shot from his eye, hath pierc'd my bleeding heart,
And I am ſick of love, and languiſh in my ſmart.

Tell

3

Tell him, O tell him, how my panting breaſt
Is ſcorch'd with flames, and how my ſoul is pin'd;
Tell him, O tell him, how I lie oppreſt
With the full torments of a troubled mind;
O tell him, tell him, that he loves in jeſt,
But I in earneſt; tell him he's unkind:
But if a diſcontented frown appears
Upon his angry brow, accoſt his ears
With ſoft and fewer words, and act the reſt in tears.

4

O tell him, that his cruelties deprive
My ſoul of peace, while peace in vain ſhe ſeeks;
Tell him, thoſe damask roſes that did ſtrive
With white, both fade upon my ſallow cheeks;
Tell him, no token doth proclaim I live,
But tears, and ſighs, and ſobs, and ſudden ſhrieks;
Thus if your piercing words ſhould chance to bore
His heark'ning ear, and move a ſigh, give o'er
To ſpeak; and tell him, tell him, that I could no more.

5

If your elegious breath ſhould hap to rouze
A happy tear, cloſe harb'ring in his eye,
Then urge his plighted faith, the ſacred vows,
Which neither I can break, nor he deny;
Bewail the torment of his loyal ſpouſe,
That for his ſake would make a ſport to die:
O bleſſed virgins, how my paſſion tires
Beneath the burthen of her fond deſires!
Heav'n never ſhot ſuch flames, earth never felt ſuch fires!

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Med. cap. 40.

What ſhall I ſay? what ſhall I do? whither ſhall I go? where ſhall I ſeek him? or when ſhall I find him? whom ſhall I ask? who will tell my beloved that I am ſick of love?

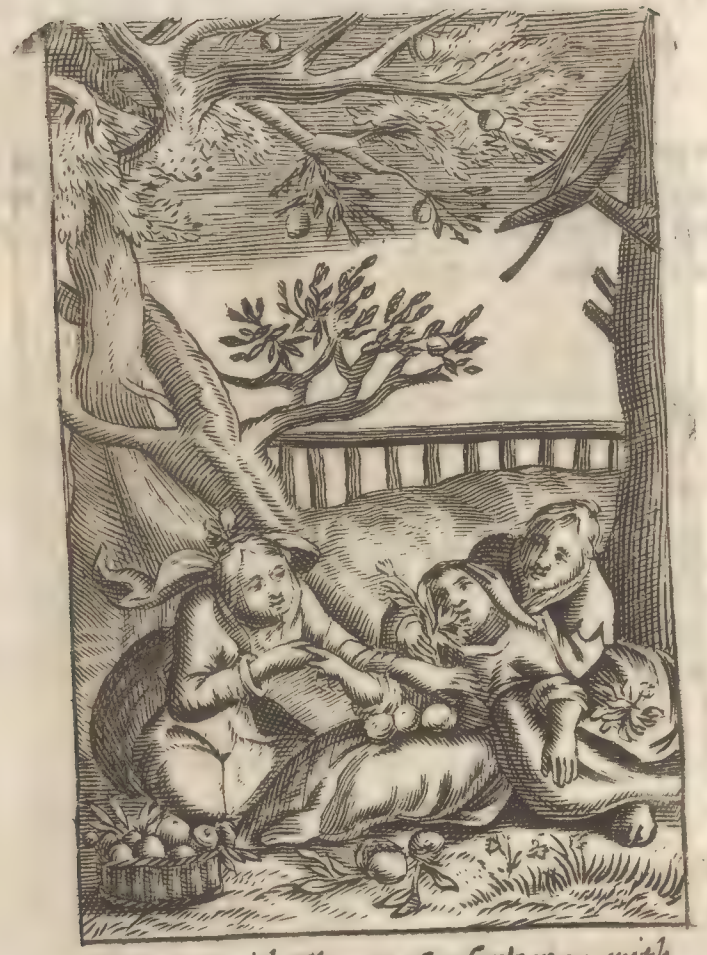
GULIEL. in cap. 5. Cant.

I live, but not I: it is my beloved that liveth in me: I love my ſelf, not with my own love, but with the love of my beloved that loveth me: I love not my ſelf in my ſelf, but my ſelf in him, and him in me.

EPIG. 1.

Grieve not, my ſoul, nor let thy love wax faint:
Weep'ſt thou to loſe the cauſe of thy complaint?
He'll come; love ne'er was bound to times nor laws:
Till then thy tears complain without a cauſe.

II.



Stay me with Flowers; Comfort mee with Apples, for I am sick of loue Cant: 2. 5.

II.

CANTICLES 2. 5.

Stay me with flowers, and comfort me with apples, for I am ſick of love.

1

O Tyrant love! how doth thy ſov'reign pow'r
Subject poor ſouls to thy imperious thrall!
They ſay, thy cup's compos'd of ſweet and ſour;
They ſay, thy diet's honey mixt with gall;
How comes it then to paſs, theſe lips of ours
Still trade in bitter; taſte no ſweet at all?
O tyrant love! ſhall our perpetual toil
Ne'er find a ſabbath to refreſh a while
Our drooping ſouls? art thou all frowns, and ne'er a ſmile?

2

You bleſſed maids of honour, that frequent
The royal courts of our renown'd Jehove,
With flow'rs reſtore my ſpirits faint and ſpent;
O fetch me apples from love's fruitful grove,
To cool my palate, and renew my ſcent,
For I am ſick, for I am ſick of love:
Theſe will revive my dry, my waſted pow'rs,
And they will ſweeten my unſav'ry hours;
Refreſh me then with fruit, and comfort me with flow'rs.

3

O bring me apples to aſſwage that fire,
  Which, *Ætna*-like, inflames my flaming breaſt;
Nor is it ev'ry apple I deſire,
  Nor that which pleaſes ev'ry palate beſt:
'Tis not the laſting deuzan I require,
  Nor yet the red-cheek'd queening I requeſt:
    Nor that which firſt beſhrew'd the name of wife,
      Nor that whoſe beauty caus'd the golden ſtrife;
No, no, bring me an apple from the tree of life.

4

Virgins, tuck up your ſilken laps, and fill ye
  With the fair wealth of *Flora*'s magazine;
The purple violet, and the pale-fac'd lilly:
  The pancy and the organ colombine;
The flow'ring thyme, the gilt-bowl daffadily;
  The lowly pink, the lofty eglantine:
    The bluſhing roſe, the queen of flow'rs, and beſt
      Of *Flora*'s beauty; but above the reſt,
Let *Jeſſe*'s ſovereign flow'r perfume my qualming breaſt.

5

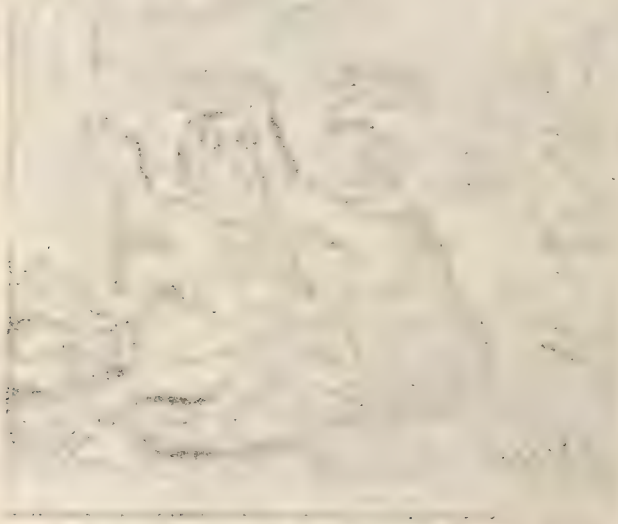
Haſte, virgins, haſte, for I lie weak, and faint
  Beneath the pangs of love; why ſtand ye mute,
As if your ſilence neither car'd to grant,
  Nor yet your language to deny my ſuit?
No key can lock the door of my complaint,
  Until I ſmell this flow'r, or taſte that fruit.
    Go, virgins, ſeek this tree, and ſearch that bow'r;
      O, how my ſoul ſhall bleſs that happy hour,
That brings to me ſuch fruit, that brings me ſuch a flow'r!

GISTEN. in cap. 2. Cant. Expoſ. 3.

O happy ſickneſs, where the infirmity is not to death, but to life, that God may be glorified by it! O happy fever, that proceedeth not from a conſuming, but a calcining fire! O happy diſtemper, wherein the ſoul reliſheth no earthly things, but only ſavoureth divine nouriſhment!

S. BERN. Serm. 51. in Cant.

By flowers, underſtand faith; by fruit, good works: As the flower or bloſſom is before the fruit, ſo is faith before good works: ſo neither is the fruit without the flower, nor good works without faith.



EPIG. 2.

Why apples, O my ſoul? can they remove
The pains of grief, or eaſe the flames of love?
It was that fruit which gave the firſt offence;
That ſent him hither; that remov'd him hence.

III.

My beloued is mine and I am his, hee feedeth among the Lillies. Cant: 2. 16.

III.

CANTICLES. 2. 16.

My beloved is mine, and I am his; he feedeth among the lilies.

1

EV'n like two little bank-dividing brooks,
That wash the pebbles with their wanton streams,
And having rang'd and search'd a thousand nooks,
Meet both at length in silver-breasted *Thames*,
Where in a greater current they conjoin:
So I my best beloved's am, so he is mine.

2

Ev'n so we met; and after long pursuit,
Ev'n so we join'd, we both became entire;
No need for either to renew a suit,
For I was flax, and he was flames of fire.
Our firm united souls did more than twine;
So I my best beloved's am; so he is mine.

3

If all those glitt'ring monarchs that command
The servile quarters of this earthly ball,
Should tender, in exchange, their shares of land,
I would not change my fortunes for them all:
Their wealth is but a counter to my coin;
The world's but theirs; but my beloved's mine.

4

Nay, more; if the fair *Thespian* ladies all
Should heap together their diviner treasure,
That treasure should be deem'd a price too small
To buy a minute's lease of half my pleasure;
'Tis not the sacred wealth of all the nine
Can buy my heart from him, or his from being mine.

5

Nor time, nor place, nor chance, nor death can bow
My least desires unto the least remove;
He's firmly mine by oath; I his by vow;
He's mine by faith; and I am his by love;
He's mine by water; I am his by wine;
Thus I my best beloved's am; thus he is mine.

6

He is mine altar; I, his holy place;
I am his guest; and he my living food;
I'm his by penitence; he mine by grace;
I'm his by purchase; he is mine by blood;
He's my supporting elm: and I his vine:
Thus I my best beloved's am; thus he is mine.

7

He gives me wealth, I give him all my vows:
I give him songs; he gives me length of days:
With wreaths of grace he crowns my conqu'ring brows:
And I his temples with a crown of praise,
Which he accepts; an everlasting sign,
That I my best beloved's am; that he is mine.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Manu. cap. 24.

O my soul, stampt with the image of thy God, love him of whom thou art so much beloved: bend to him that boweth to thee, seek him that seeketh thee: love the lover, by whose love thou art prevented, begin the cause of thy love: be careful with those that are careful, want with those that want; be clean with the clean, and holy with the holy: choose this friend above all friends, who when all are taken away, remaineth only faithful to thee: in the day of thy burial, when all leave thee, he will not deceive thee, but defend thee from the roaring lions prepared for their prey.

EPIG. 3.

Sing, *Hymen*, to my soul: what, lost and found?
Welcom'd, espous'd, enjoy'd so soon and crown'd!
He did but climb the cross, and then came down
To th' gates of hell; triumph'd, and fetch'd a crown.

IV.

I am my beloved's, & his Desire is towards mee. Cant. 7. 10. p. 260

IV.

CANTICLES 7. 10.

I am my beloved's, and his desire is towards me.

1

Like to the arctick needle, that doth guide
The wand'ring shade by his magnetick pow'r,
And leaves his silken gnomon to decide
The question of the controverted hour,
First franticks up and down from side to side,
And restless beats his crystal'd iv'ry case,
With vain impatience jets from place to place,
And seeks the bosom of his frozen bride,
At length he slacks his motion, and doth rest
His trembling point at his bright pole's beloved breast.

2

Ev'n so my soul, being hurried here and there,
By ev'ry object that presents delight,
Fain would be settled, but she knows not where;
She likes at morning what she loaths at night:
She bows to honour; then she lends an ear
To that sweet swan-like voice of dying pleasure,
Then tumbles in the scatter'd heaps of treasure;
Now flatter'd with false hope; now foil'd with fear:
Thus finding all the world's delight to be
But empty toys, good God, she points alone to thee.

3

But hath the vertued ſteel a power to move?
  Or can the untouch'd needle point aright?
Or can my wand'ring thoughts forbear to rove,
  Unguided by the vertue of thy ſp'rit?
O hath my leaden ſoul the art t' improve
    Her waſted talent, and, unrais'd, aſpire
    In this ſad moulting time of her deſire?
Not firſt belov'd have I the power to love;
    I cannot ſtir, but as thou pleaſe to move me,
Nor can my heart return thee love, until thou love me.

4

The ſtill commandreſs of the ſilent night
  Borrows her beams from her bright brother's eye;
His fair aſpect fills her ſharp horns with light,
  If he withdraw, her flames are quench'd and die:
Ev'n ſo the beams of thy enlight'ning ſp'rit,
    Infus'd and ſhot into my dark deſire,
    Inflame my thoughts, and fill my ſoul with fire,
That I am raviſh'd with a new delight;
    But if thou ſhroud thy face, my glory fades,
And I remain a nothing, all compos'd of ſhades.

5

Eternal God! O thou that only art
  The ſacred fountain of eternal light,
And bleſſed load-ſtone of my better part,
  O thou, my heart's deſire, my ſoul's delight!
Reflect upon my ſoul, and touch my heart,
    And then my heart ſhall prize no good above thee;
    And then my ſoul ſhall know thee; knowing, love
And then my trembling thoughts ſhall never ſtart (thee;
    From thy commands, or ſwerve the leaſt degree,
Or once preſume to move, but as they move in thee.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Med. cap. 10.

If man can love man with so entire affection, that the one can scarce brook the other's absence; if a bride can be joined to her bride-groom with so great an ardency of mind, that for the extremity of love she can enjoy no rest, nor suffer his absence without great anxiety, with what affection, with what fervency ought the soul whom thou hast espoused by faith and compassion, to love thee her true God, and glorious bride-groom?

EPIG. 4.

My soul, thy love is dear: 'twas thought a good
And easie pen'worth of thy saviour's blood:
But be not proud; all matters rightly scann'd,
'Twas over-bought: 'twas sold at second hand.

V.

My Soule melted, when my beloved spake. Cant: 5. 6. 264

V.

CANTICLES. 5. 6.

My ſoul melted whil'ſt my beloved ſpake.

LOrd, has the feeble voice of fleſh and blood
The pow'r to work thine ears into a flood
Of melted mercy? or the ſtrength t'unlock
The gates of heav'n, and to diſſolve a rock
Of marble clouds into a morning ſhow'r?
Or hath the breath of whining duſt the pow'r
To ſtop or ſnatch a falling thunder-bolt
From thy fierce hand, and make thy hand revolt
From reſolute confuſion, and inſtead
Of vials, pour full bleſſings on our head?
Or ſhall the wants of famiſh'd ravens cry,
And move thy mercy to a quick ſupply?
Or ſhall the ſilent ſuits of drooping flow'rs,
Woo thee for drops, and be refreſh'd with ſhow'rs?
Alas! what marvel then, great God, what wonder,
If thy hell-rouzing voice, that ſplits in ſunder
The brazen portals of eternal death;
What wonder if that life-reſtoring breath
Which dragg'd me from th' infernal ſhades of night,
Should melt my raviſh'd ſoul with o'er-delight?
O can my frozen gutters chooſe but run,
That feel the warmth of ſuch a glorious ſun?
Methinks his language, like a flaming arrow,
Doth pierce my bones, and melts their wounded marrow.

Thy

Thy flames, O *Cupid*, (though the joyful heart
Feels neither tang of grief, nor fears the ſmart
Of jealous doubts, but drunk with full deſires)
Are torments, weigh'd with theſe celeſtial fires;
Pleaſures that raviſh in ſo high a meaſure,
That O I languiſh in exceſs of pleaſure:
What raviſh'd heart that feels theſe melting joys,
Would not deſpiſe and loath the treach'rous toys
Of dunghil earth? what ſoul would not be proud
Of wry-mouth'd ſcorns, the worſt that fleſh and blood
Had rancour to deviſe? who would not bear
The world's deriſion with a thankful ear?
What palate would refuſe full bowls of ſpight,
To gain a minute's taſte of ſuch delight?
Great ſpring of light, in whom there is no ſhade,
But what my interpoſed ſins have made;
Whoſe marrow-melting fires admit no ſcreen
But what my own rebellions put between
Their precious flames and my obdurate ear;
Diſperſe this plague-diſtilling cloud, and clear
My mungy ſoul into a glorious day:
Tranſplant this ſcreen, remove this bar away;
Then, then my fluent ſoul ſhall feel the fires
Of thy ſweet voice, and my diſſolv'd deſires
Shall turn a ſov'reign balſam, to make whole
Thoſe wounds my ſins inflicted on thy ſoul.

S. AUGUST. Soliloqu. cap. 34.

What fire is this that so warmeth my heart? what light is this that so enlightneth my soul? O fire, that always burnest, and never goest out, kindle me: O light, which ever shinest, and art never darkned, illuminate me: O that I had my heat from thee, most holy fire! how sweetly dost thou burn? how secretly dost thou shine? how desiredly dost thou inflame me!

S. BONAVENT. Stim. amoris cap. 8.

It maketh God man, and man God; things temporal, eternal; mortul, immortal; it maketh an enemy, a friend; a servant, a son; vile things, glorious; cold hearts, fiery; and hard things, liquid.

EPIG. 5.

My soul, thy gold is true, but full of dross;
Thy saviour's breath refines thee with some loss:
His gentle furnace makes thee pure as true;
Thou must be melted ere th'art cast a-new.

VI.

Whom haue I in heaven but thee, & w. desire I on earth in respect of thæ Ps: 73 (25)

F. H. v. Houe Sculp:

VI.

PSALM 73. 25.

Whom have I in heav'n but thee? and what desire I on earth in respect of thee?

1

I Love (and have ſome cauſe to love) the earth:
She is my maker's creature; therefore good:
She is my mother, for ſhe gave me birth;
She is my tender nurſe; ſhe gives me food;
But what's a creature, Lord, compar'd with thee?
Or what's my mother, or my nurſe to me?

2

I love the air, her dainty ſweets refreſh
My drooping ſoul, and to new ſweets invite me;
Her ſhrill-mouth'd choire ſuſtain me with their fleſh,
And with their Polyphonian notes delight me:
But what's the air, or all the ſweets, that ſhe
Can bleſs my ſoul withal, compar'd to thee?

3

I love the ſea: ſhe is my fellow-creature,
My careful purveyor; ſhe provides me ſtore:
She walls me round; ſhe makes my diet greater;
She wafts my treaſure from a foreign ſhore:
But, Lord of oceans, when compar'd with thee,
What is the ocean, or her wealth to me?

To

4

To heav'n's high city I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye;
Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
Transcends the crystal pavement of the skie:
But what is heav'n, great God, compar'd to thee?
Without thy presence heav'n's no heav'n to me.

5

Without thy presence earth gives no refection;
Without thy presence sea affords no treasure;
Without thy presence air's a rank infection;
Without thy presence heav'n it self's no pleasure;
If not possess'd, if not enjoy'd in thee,
What's earth, or sea, or air, or heav'n to me?

6

The highest honours that the world can boast,
Are subjects far too low for my desire;
The brightest beams of glory are (at most)
But dying sparkles of thy living fire:
The proudest flames that earth can kindle, be
But nightly gloe-worms if compar'd to thee.

7

Without thy presence, wealth are bags of cares;
Wisdom, but folly; joy, disquiet sadness:
Friendship is treason, and delights are snares;
Pleasures but pain, and mirth but pleasing madness:
Without thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
Nor have their being, when compar'd with thee.

8

In having all things, and not thee, what have I?
Not having thee, what have my labours got?
Let me enjoy but thee what farther crave I?
And having thee alone, what have I not?
I wish nor sea, nor land; nor would I be
Possest of heav'n, heav'n unpossest of thee.

BONAV-

BONAVENT. Soliloqu. cap. 1.

Alas! my God, now I understand (but blush to confess) that the beauty of thy creatures hath deceived mine eyes, and I have not observed that thou art more amiable than all the creatures; to which thou hast communicated but one drop of thy inestimable beauty: for who hath adorned the heavens with stars? who hath stored the air with fowl, the waters with fish, the earth with plants and flowers? but what are all these but a small spark of divine beauty.

S. CHRY. Hom. 5. in Ep. ad Rom.

In having nothing I have all things, because I have Christ. having therefore all things in him, I seek no other reward; for he is the universal reward.

EPIG. 6.

Who would not throw his better thoughts about him,
And scorn this dross within him; that, without him?
Cast up, my soul, thy clearer eye; behold,
If thou be fully melted, there's the mould.

VII.

Woe is me that I am constrained to dwell with Mesech: & to haue my habitation among the Tents of Cedar Psal: 120. 4. F.H. van Hove sc.

VII.

PSALM 120. 5.

Woe is me, that I remain in Meſheck, and dwell in the tents of Kedar!

IS nature's courſe diſſolv'd? doth time's glaſs ſtand?
Or hath ſome frolick heart ſet back the hand
Of fates perpetual clock? will't never ſtrike?
Is crazy time grown lazy, faint or ſick,
With very age? or hath that great pair-royal
Of adamantine ſiſters late made trial
Of ſome new trade? ſhall mortal hearts grow old
In ſorrow? ſhall my weary arms infold,
And under-prop my panting ſides for ever?
Is there no charitable hand will ſever
My well-ſpun thread, that my impriſon'd ſoul
May be deliver'd from this dull dark hole
Of dungeon fleſh? O ſhall I, ſhall I never
Be ranſom'd, but remain a ſlave for ever?
It is the lot of man but once to die,
But ere that death, how many deaths have I?
What humane madneſs makes the world afraid
To entertain heav'n's joys, becauſe convey'd
By th' hand of death? will nakedneſs refuſe
Rich change of robes, becauſe the man's not ſpruce,
That brought them? or will poverty ſend back
Full bags of gold, becauſe the bringer's black?
Life is a bubble, blown with whining breaths,
Fill'd with the torment of a thouſand deaths;

Which

Which being prick'd by death (while death deprives
One life) presents the soul a thousand lives:
O frantick mortal, how hath earth bewitch'd
Thy bedlam soul, which hath so fondly pitch'd
Upon her false delights! delights that cease
Before enjoyment finds a time to please;
Her fickle joys breed doubtful fears; her fears
Bring hopeful griefs; her griefs weep fearful tears:
Tears coin deceitful hopes; hopes careful doubt,
And surly passion justles passion out:
To day we pamper with a full repast
Of lavish mirth, at night we weep as fast:
To night we swim in wealth, and lend; to morrow,
We sink in want, and find no friend to borrow.
In what a climate doth my soul reside?
Where pale-fac'd murther, the first-born of pride,
Sets up her kingdom in the very smiles,
And plighted faiths of men like crocodiles:
A land, where each embroid'er'd sattin word
Is lin'd with fraud; where *Mars* his lawless sword
Exiles *Astræa*'s balance; where that hand
Now slays his brother, that new-sow'd his land;
O that my days of bondage would expire
In this lewd soil! Lord, how my soul's on fire
To be dissolv'd, that I might once obtain
Those long'd-for joys, long'd-for so oft in vain!
If, *Moses*-like, I may not live possest
Of this fair land; Lord, let me see't at least.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Soliloqu. cap. 12.

My life is a frail life; a corruptible life; a life, which the more it increaſeth, the more it decreaſeth: the farther it goeth, the nearer it cometh to death. A deceitful life, and like a ſhadow, full of the ſnares of death: now I rejoyce, now I languiſh, now I flouriſh, now infirm, now I live, and ſtreight I die; now I ſeem happy, always miſerable; now I laugh, now I weep: Thus all things are ſubject to mutability, that nothing continueth an hour in one eſtate: O joy above joy, exceeding all joy, without which there is no joy, when ſhall I enter into thee, that I may ſee my God that dwelleth in thee?

EPIG. 7.

Art thou ſo weak? O canſt thou not digeſt
An hour of travel for a night of reſt?
Chear up, my ſoul, call home thy ſp'rits, and bear]
One bad good-friday, full mouth'd eaſter's near.

VIII.

O wretched Man that I am who shall deliver me from the body of this death.

VIII.

ROM. 7. 24.

O wretched man that I am! who ſhall deliver me from the body of this death?

BEhold thy darling, which thy luſtful care
Pampers, for which thy reſtleſs thoughts prepare
Such early cares; for whom thy bubbling brow
So often ſweats, and bankrupt eyes do owe
Such midnight ſcores to nature, for whoſe ſake
Baſe earth is ſainted, the infernal lake
Unfear'd, the crown of glory poorly rated:
Thy God neglected, and thy brother hated;
Behold thy darling, whom thy ſoul affects
So dearly; whom thy fond indulgence decks
And puppets up in ſoft, in ſilken weeds:
Behold the darling, whom thy fondneſs feeds
With far-fetch'd delicates, the dear-bought gains
Of ill-ſpent time, the price of half my pains:
Behold thy darling, who, when clad by thee,
Derides thy nakedneſs; and when moſt free,
Proclaims her lover ſlave; and being fed
Moſt full, then ſtrikes th' indulgent feeder dead.
What mean'ſt thou thus, my poor deluded ſoul,
To love ſo fondly? can the burning coal
Of thy affection laſt without the fuel
Of counter-love; is thy compeer ſo cruel,
And thou ſo kind to love, unlov'd again?
Canſt thou ſow favours, and thus reap diſdain?

Remember, O remember thou art born
Of royal blood; remember thou art ſworn
A maid of honour in the court of heav'n;
Remember what a coſtly price was giv'n
To ranſome thee from ſlav'ry thou wert in:
And wilt thou now, my ſoul, turn ſlave again?
The ſon and heir to heav'n's Tri-une JEHOVE
Would fain become a ſuitor for thy love,
And offers for thy dow'r his father's throne,
To ſit for ſeraphims to gaze upon;
He'll give thee honour, pleaſure, wealth, and things
Tranſcending far the majeſty of Kings:
And wilt thou proſtrate to the odious charms
Of this baſe ſcullion? ſhall his hollow arms
Hug thy ſoft ſides? ſhall theſe coarſe hands untie
The ſacred zone of thy virginity?
For ſhame, degen'rous ſoul, let thy deſire
Be quickned up with more heroick fire?
Be wiſely proud, let thy ambitious eye
Read nobler objects; let thy thoughts deſie
Such am'rous baſeneſs; let thy ſoul diſdain
Th'ignoble proffers of ſo baſe a ſwain;
Or if thy vows be paſt, and *Hymen's* bands
Have ceremonied your unequal hands,
Annul, at leaſt avoid, thy lawleſs act
With inſufficiency, or precontract:
Or if the act be good, yet may'ſt thou plead
A ſecond freedom; or the fleſh is dead.

NAZIANZ.

NAZIANZ. Orat. 16.

How I am joyn'd to this body I know not; which when it is healthful, provoketh me to war, and being damaged by war, affecteth me with grief; which I both love as a fellow servant, and hate as an utter enemy: It is a pleasant foe, and a perfidious friend. O strange conjunction and alienation: what I fear I embrace, and what I love I am afraid of; before I make war, I am reconciled; before I enjoy peace, I am at variance.

EPIG. 8.

What need that house be daub'd with flesh and blood?
Hang'd round with silks and gold? repair'd with food?
Cost idly spent! that cost doth but prolong
Thy thraldom. Fool, thou mak'st thy jail too strong.

IX.

I am in a streight betwixt two haueing a Desire to Depart & to be wth Christ.
Phil: 1.23. *F. H. van. Hove. sculp:*

IX.

PHILIPPIANS. 1. 23.

I am in a ſtraight between two, having a deſire to be diſſolved, and to be with Chriſt.

1

WHat meant our careful parents ſo to wear,
And laviſh out their ill-extended hours,
To purchaſe for us large poſſeſſions here,
Which (though unpurchas'd) are too truly ours?
What meant they, ah! what meant they to endure
Such loads of needleſs labour, to procure (ſure?
And make that thing our own, which was our own too

2

What mean theſe liv'ries and poſſeſſive keys?
What mean theſe bargains, and theſe needleſs ſales?
What need theſe jealous, theſe ſuſpicious ways
Of law-devis'd, and law-diſſolv'd entails?
No need to ſweat for gold, wherewith to buy
Eſtates of high-priz'd land; no need to tie
Earth to their heirs, were they but clogg'd with earth, as I.

3

O were their ſouls but clogg'd with earth as I,
They would not purchaſe with ſo ſalt an itch;
They would not take of alms, what now they buy;
Nor call him happy, whom the world counts rich;
They would not take ſuch pains, project and prog,
To charge their ſhoulders with ſo great a log:
Who hath the greater lands, hath but the greater clog.

4

I cannot do an act which earth disdains not;
I cannot think a thought which earth corrupts not;
I cannot speak a word which earth profanes not;
I cannot make a vow earth interrupts not:
If I but offer up an early groan, (throne,
Or spread my wings to heav'n's long long'd-for
She darkens my complaints, and drags my off'ring down.

5

Ev'n like the hawk, (whose keeper's wary hands
Have made a pris'ner to her weath'ring stock)
Forgetting quite the pow'r of her fast bands,
Makes a rank bate from her forsaken block;
But her too faithful leash doth soon retain
Her broken flight, attempted oft in vain;
It gives her loins a twitch, and tugs her back again.

6

So, when my soul directs her better eye
To heav'n's bright palace, where my treasure lies,
I spread my willing wings, but cannot fly;
Earth hales me down, I cannot, cannot rise:
When I but strive to mount the least degree,
Earth gives a jerk, and foils me on my knee;
Lord, how my soul is rack'd betwixt the world and thee!

7

Great God, I spread my feeble wings in vain;
In vain I offer my extended hands:
I cannot mount till thou unlink my chains:
I cannot come till thou release my bands:
Which if thou please to break, and then supply
My wings with spirit, th' eagle shall not flie
A pitch that's half so fair, nor half so swift as I.

S. BONA-

S. BONAVENT. Soliloq. cap. 1.

Ah! ſweet Jeſus, pierce the marrow of my ſoul with the healthful ſhafts of thy love, that it may truly burn and melt and languiſh with the only deſire of thee; that it may deſire to be diſſolved, and to be with thee: let it hunger alone for the bread of life: let it thirſt after thee, the ſpring and fountain of eternal light, the ſtream of true pleaſure: let it always deſire thee, ſeek thee, and find thee, and ſweetly reſt in thee.

EPIG 9.

What, will thy ſhackles neither looſe nor break?
Are they too ſtrong, or is thine arm too weak?
Art will prevail where knotty ſtrength denies;
My ſoul, there's *Aqua-fortis* in thine eyes.

X.

Bring my Soule out of Prison that I may Praise thy Name Ps: 142. 7.

F. H. Van. Hove Sculp:

X.

PSALM 142. 7.

Bring my ſoul out of priſon, that I may praiſe thy name.

MY ſoul is like a bird, my fleſh the cage,
Wherein ſhe wears her weary pilgrimage
Of hours, as few as evil, daily fed
With ſacred wine, and ſacramental bread;
The keys that lock her in and let her out,
Are birth and death; 'twixt both ſhe hops about
From perch to perch, from ſenſe to reaſon; then
From higher reaſon down to ſenſe again:
From ſenſe ſhe climbs to faith; where for a ſeaſon
She ſits and ſings; then down again to reaſon:
From reaſon back to faith, and ſtreight from thence
She rudely flutters to the perch of ſenſe:
From ſenſe to hope; then hops from hope to doubt,
From doubt to dull deſpair; there ſeeks about
For deſp'rate freedom, and at ev'ry grate,
She wildly thruſts, and begs the untimely date
Of th' unexpired thraldom, to releaſe
Th' afflicted captive, that can find no peace.
Thus am I coop'd; within this fleſhly cage
I wear my youth, and waſt my weary age,
Spending that breath which was ordain'd to chant
Heav'n's praiſes forth, in ſighs, and ſad complaint:
Whilſt happier birds can ſpread their nimble wing
From ſhrubs to Cedars, and there chirp and ſing,

In choice of raptures, the harmonious ſtory
Of man's redemption, and his Maker's glory:
You glorious martyrs, you illuſtrious ſtoops,
That once were cloyſter'd in your fleſhly coops
As faſt as I, what rhet'rick had your tongues?
What dextrous art had your elegiac ſongs?
What *Paul*-like pow'r had your admir'd devotion?
What ſhackle-breaking faith infus'd ſuch motion
To your ſtrong pray'r, that could obtain the boon
To be enlarg'd; to be uncag'd ſo ſoon?
Whilſt I, poor I, can ſing my daily tears,
Grown old in bondage, and can find no ears:
You great partakers of eternal glory,
That with your heav'n-prevailing oratory,
Releas'd your ſouls from your terreſtrial cage,
Permit the paſſion of my holy rage
To recommend my ſorrows, dearly known
To you, in days of old, and once your own,
To your beſt thoughts, (but oh't doth not beſit ye
To move your pray'rs; you love joy not pity:)
Great Lord of ſouls, to whom ſhould pris'ners fly,
But thee? thou hadſt a cage as well as I;
And for my ſake, thy pleaſure was to know
The ſorrows that it brought, and felt'ſt them too:
O ſet me free, and I will ſpend thoſe days,
Which now I waſte in begging, in thy praiſe.

ANSELM.

ANSELM. in Protolog. cap. 1.

O miserable condition of mankind, that has lost that for which he was created! alas! what hath he lost? and what hath he found? he hath lost happiness for which he was made, and found misery for which he was not made: what is gone? and what is left? that thing is gone, without which he is unhappy; that thing is left, by which he is miserable: O wretched men! from whence are we expelled? to what are we impelled? whence are we thrown? and whither are we hurried? from our home into banishment; from the sight of God into our own blindness; from the pleasure of immortality to the bitterness of death: miserable change! from how great a good, to how great an evil! ah me! what have I enterprised? what have I done? whither did I go? whither am I come?

EPIG. 10.

Paul's midnight-voice prevail'd; his musick's thunder
Unhing'd the prison-doors, split bolts in sunder:
And sitt'st thou here, and hang'st the feeble wing?
And whin'st to be enlarg'd? soul, learn to sing.

XI.

As the Hart panteth after the waterbrooks
So panteth my soule after thee O Lord.

F. H. van. Hove. sculp.

XI.

PSALM 42. 1.

As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, ſo panteth my ſoul after thee, O God.

1

HOw ſhall my tongue expreſs that hallow'd fire,
Which heav'n hath kindled in my raviſh'd heart?
What muſe ſhall I invoke, that will inſpire
My lowly quill to act a lofty part!
What art ſhall I deviſe t' expreſs deſire,
Too intricate to be expreſs'd by art!
Let all the nine be ſilent; I refuſe
Their aid in this high task; for they abuſe
The flames of love too much: aſſiſt me, *David*'s muſe.

2

Not as the thirſty ſoil deſires ſoft ſhow'rs
To quicken and refreſh her embryon grain;
Nor as the drooping creſts of fading flow'rs
Requeſt the bounty of a morning rain,
Do I deſire my God: Theſe in few hours,
Re-wiſh what late their wiſhes did obtain;
But as the ſwift-foot hart doth wounded fly
To th' much deſired ſtreams, even ſo do I
Pant after thee, my God, whom I muſt find, or die.

Before

3

Before a pack of deep-mouth'd lusts I flee;
O, they have singled out my panting heart,
And wanton *Cupid*, sitting in a tree,
Hath pierc'd my bosom with a flaming dart;
My soul being spent, for refuge seeks to thee,
But cannot find where thou my refuge art:
Like as the swift-foot hart doth wounded fly
To the desired streams, ev'n so do I
Pant after thee, my God, whom I must find, or die.

4

At length by flight, I over-went the pack;
Thou drew'st the wanton dart from out my wound;
The blood that follow'd, left a purple track,
Which brought a serpent, but in shape a hound;
We strove, he bit me; but thou brak'st his back,
I left him grov'ling on th' envenom'd ground:
But as the serpent-bitten hart doth fly
To the long long'd-for streams, ev'n so do I
Pant after thee, my God, whom I must find, or die.

5

If lust should chase my soul, made swift by fright,
Thou art the stream, whereto my soul is bound:
Or if a jav'lin wound my sides in flight,
Thou art the balsam that must cure my wound:
If poison chance t'infest my soul in fight,
Thou art the treacle that must make me sound:
Ev'n as the wounded hart, emboss, doth fly
To th' streams extreamly long'd-for, so do
Pant after thee, my God, whom I must find, or die

S. CYRIL.

S. CYRIL. lib. 5. in Joh. cap. 10.

O precious water, which quencheth the noisom thirst of this world, scoureth all the stains of sinners, that watereth the earth of our souls with heavenly showers, and bringeth back the thirsty heart of man to his only God!

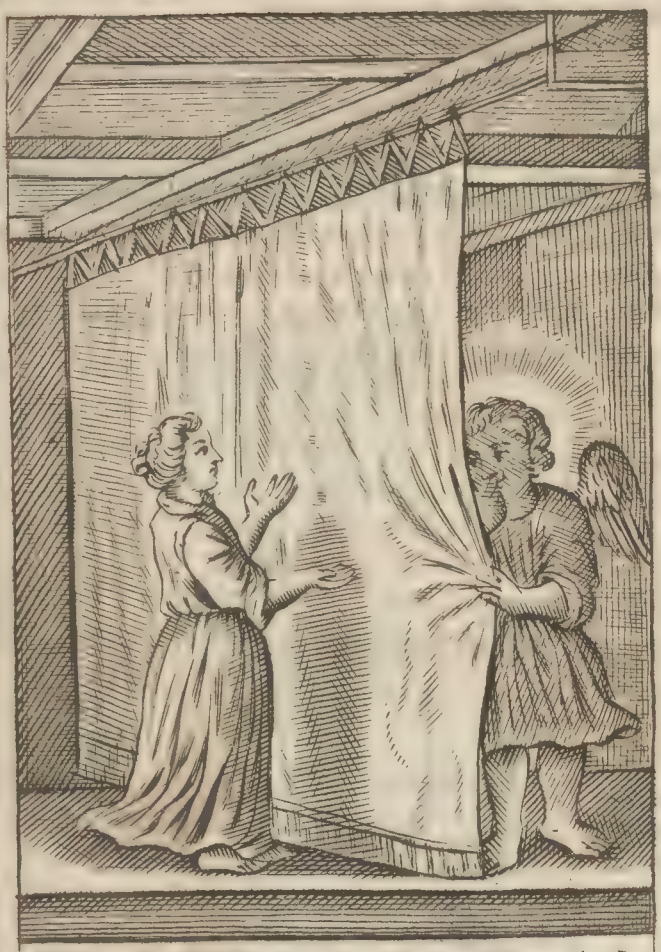
S. AUGUST. Soliloq. 35.

O fountain of life, and vein of living waters, when shall I leave this forsaken, impassible, and dry earth, and taste the waters of thy sweetness, that I may behold thy virtue and thy glory, and slake my thirst with the streams of thy mercy! Lord, I thirst, thou art the spring of life, satisfie me: I thirst, Lord; I thirst after thee the living God!

EPIG. 11.

The arrow-smitten hart, deep wounded, flies
To th' springs, with water in his weeping eyes:
Heav'n is thy spring: if Satan's fiery dart
Pierce thy faint sides: do so, my wounded heart.

XII.



When shall I come and appeare before the Lord. Ps: 42: 2.

292.

XII.

PSALM 42. 1.

When ſhall I come and appear before God?

WHat is my ſoul the better to be tin'd
With holy fire? what boots it to be coin'd
With heav'n's own ſtamp? what 'vantage can there be
To ſouls of heav'n-deſcended pedigree,
More than to beaſts that grovel? are not they
Fed by th' Almighties hand? and ev'ry day,
Fill'd with his bleſſings too? do they not ſee
God in his creatures; as direct as we?
Do they not taſte thee? hear thee? nay, what ſenſe
Is not partaker of thine excellence?
What more do we? alas! what ſerves our reaſon,
But, like dark-lanterns, to accompliſh treaſon
With greater cloſeneſs? it affords no light,
Brings thee no nearer to our purblind ſight:
No pleaſure riſes up the leaſt degree,
Great God, but in the clearer view of thee:
What priv'lege more than ſenſe hath reaſon then?
What 'vantage is it to be born a man?
How often hath my patience built, dear Lord,
Vain towr's of hope upon thy gracious word?
How often hath thy hope-reviving grace
Woo'd my ſuſpicious eyes to ſeek thy face?
How often have I ſought thee? O how long
Hath expectation taught my perfect tongue
Repeated pray'rs, yet pray'rs could ne'er obtain;
In vain I ſeek thee, and I beg in vain:

If it be high presumption to behold
Thy face, why didst thou make mine eyes so bold
To seek it? if that object be too bright
For man's aspect, why did thy lips invite
Mine eye t' expect it? if it might be seen,
Why is this envious curtain drawn between
My darken'd eye and it? O tell me, why
Thou dost command the thing thou dost deny?
Why dost thou give me so unpriz'd a treasure,
And then deny'st my greedy soul the pleasure
To view my gift? alas! that gift is void,
And is no gift, that may not be enjoy'd:
If those refulgent beams of heav'n's great light
Guild not the day, what is the day but night?
The drowzy shepherd sleeps, flow'rs droop and fade;
The birds are sullen, and the beast is sad:
But if bright *Titan* dart his golden ray,
And with his riches glorifie the day,
The jolly shepherd pipes; flow'rs freshly spring;
The beasts grow gamesome, and the birds they sing,
Thou art my sun, great God! O when shall I
View the full beams of thy meridian eye?
Draw, draw this fleshly curtain, that denies
The gracious presence of thy glorious eyes;
Or give me faith; and by the eye of grace,
I shall behold thee, though not face to face.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. in Pſal. 39.

Who created all things is better than all things: who beautified all things is more beautiful than all things: who made ſtrength is ſtronger than all things: who made great things is greater than all things: whatſoever thou loveſt, he is that to thee: learn to love the workman in his work, the Creator in his creature: Let not that which was made by him poſſeſs thee, leſt thou loſe him by whom thy ſelf was made.

S. AUGUST. Med. cap. 37.

O thou moſt ſweet, moſt gracious, moſt amiable, moſt fair, when ſhall I ſee thee? when ſhall I be ſatisfied with thy beauty? when wilt thou lead me from this dark dungeon, that I may confeſs thy name.

EPIG. 12.

How art thou ſhaded in this veil of night,
Behind thy curtain fleſh? thou ſeeſt no light,
But what thy pride doth challenge as her own;
Thy fleſh is high: Soul, take this curtain down.

XIII.

Oh ye I had ye Wings of a Dove for then I would fly away and be at rest Ps: 55: 8.

XIII.

PSALM 55. 6.

O that I had the wings of a dove, for then I would flie away and be at reſt.

1

AND am I ſworn a dunghil-ſlave for ever
To earth's baſe drudg'ry? ſhall I never find
A night of reſt? ſhall my indentures never
Be cancel'd? did injurious nature bind
My ſoul earth's prentice, with no clauſe to leave her?
No day of freedom? muſt I ever grind?
O that I had the pinions of a dove,
That I might quit my bands, and ſoar above,
And pour my juſt complaints before the great *Jehove*!

2

How happy are the doves, that have the pow'r
When e'er they pleaſe, to ſpread their airy wings!
Or cloud-dividing eagles that can tow'r
Above the ſcent of theſe inferiour things!
How happy is the lark, that ev'ry hour
Leaves earth, and then for joy mounts up and ſings!
Had my dull ſoul but wings as well as they,
How I would ſpring from earth, and clip away,
As wife *Aſtræa* did, and ſcorn this ball of clay!

O

3

O how my ſoul would ſpurn this ball of clay,
And loath the dainties of earth's painful pleaſure!
O how I'd laugh to ſee men night and day
Turmoil to gain that traſh, they call their treaſure!
O how I'd ſmile to ſee what plots they lay
To catch a blaſt, or own a ſmile from *Cæſar!*
Had I the pinions of a mounting dove,
How I would ſoar and ſing, and hate the love
Of tranſitory toys, and feed on joys above!

4

There ſhould I find that everlaſting pleaſure,
Which change removes not, and which chance prevents (not;
There ſhould I find that everlaſting treaſure,
Which force deprives not, fortune diſaugments not;
There ſhould I find that everlaſting *Cæſar*,
Whoſe hand recalls not, and whoſe heart repents not;
Had I the pinions of a clipping dove,
How I would climb the skies, and hate the love
Of tranſitory toys, and joy in things above!

5

No rank-mouth'd ſlander there ſhall give offence,
Or blaſt our blooming names, as here they do;
No liver-ſcalding luſt ſhall there incenſe
Our boiling veins; there is no *Cupid*'s bow:
Lord, give my ſoul the milk-white innocence
Of doves, and I ſhall have their pinions too:
Had I the pinions of a clipping dove,
How I would quit this earth, and ſoar above,
And heav'n's bleſt kingdom find, with heav'n's bleſt King
(*Jehove!*

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. in Psal. 138.

What wings should I desire, but the two precepts of love, on which the law, and the prophets depend! O if I could obtain these wings, I could fly from thy face to thy face, from the face of thy Justice, to the face of thy mercy: let us find those wings by love, which we have lost by lust.

S. AUGUST. in Psal. 76.

Let us cast off whatsoever hindreth, entangleth, or burdeneth our flight, until we attain that which satisfieth; beyond which nothing is; beneath which all things are; of which all things are.

EPIG. 13.

Tell me, my wishing soul, did'st ever try
How fast the wings of red-crost faith can fly?
Why begg'st thou then the pinions of a dove?
Faith's wings are swifter, but the swiftest, love.

XIV.

How amiable are thy Tabernacles O Lord of Hosts, my Soule longeth, yea euen fainteth for the courts of the Lord. P. 32.

XIV.

PSALM 84. 1.

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O God of Hosts!

ANcient of days, to whom all times are *Now*,
Before whose glory seraphims do bow
Their blushing cheeks, and veil their blemish'd faces,
That, uncontain'd, at once do'st fill all places;
How glorious, O how far beyond the height
Of puzzled quills, or the obtuse conceit
Of flesh and blood, or the too flat reports
Of mortal tongues, are thy expressless courts!
Whose glory to paint forth with greater art,
Ravish my fancy, and inspire my heart;
Excuse my bold attempt, and pardon me
For shewing sense, what faith alone shonld see.
Ten thousand millions, and ten thousand more
Of angel-measur'd leagues, from th' eastern shore
Of dungeon earth, his glorious palace stands,
Before whose pearly gates ten thousand bands
Of armed angels wait to entertain
Those purged souls, for which the lamb was slain;
Whose guiltless death and voluntary yielding
Of whose giv'n life, gave the brave court her building;
The lukewarm blood of this dear lamb, being spilt,
To rubies turn'd, whereof her posts were built;
And what dropp'd down in a kind gelid gore,
Did turn rich sapphires, and did pave her floor:

The

The brighter flames, that from his eye-balls ray'd,
Grew Chryſolites, whereof her walls were made:
The milder glances ſparkled on the ground,
And groundſil'd ev'ry door with Diamond;
But dying, darted upwards, and did fix
A battlement of pureſt Sardonyx.
Her ſtreets with burniſh'd gold are paved round,
Stars lie like pebbles ſcatter'd on the ground:
Pearl mixt with Onyx, and the Jaſper ſtone,
Made gravel'd cauſeways to be trampled on.
There ſhines no ſun by day, no moon by night;
The palace glory is, the palace light:
There is no time to meaſure motion by,
There time is ſwallow'd in eternity:
Wry-mouth'd diſdain, and corner-hunting luſt,
And twy-fac'd fraud, and beetle-brow'd diſtruſt,
Soul boiling rage, and trouble-ſtate ſedition,
And giddy doubt, and goggle-ey'd ſuſpicion,
And lumpiſh ſorrow, and degen'rous fear,
Are baniſh'd thence, and death's a ſtranger there:
But ſimple love, and ſempiternal Joys
Whoſe ſweetneſs neither gluts, nor fulneſs cloys;
Where face to face our raviſh'd eye ſhall ſee
Great ELOHIM, that glorious One in Three,
And Three in One, and ſeeing him ſhall bleſs him,
And bleſſing, love him, and in love poſſeſs him,
Here ſtay, my ſoul, and, raviſh'd in relation,
The words being ſpent, ſpend now in contemplation.

S. GREG.

S. GREG. in Pſal. 7. pœnitent.

Sweet Jeſus, the word of the father, the brightneſs of paternal glory, whom angels delight to view, teach me to do thy will; that led by thy good ſpirit, I may come to that bleſſed City, where day is eternal, where there is certain ſecurity, and ſecure eternity, and eternal peace, and peaceful happineſs, and happy ſweetneſs, and ſweet pleaſure; where thou, O God, with the Father and the Holy ſpirit, liveſt and reigneſt world without end.

Ibidem.

There is light without darkneſs; joy without grief; deſire without puniſhment; love without ſadneſs; ſatiety without loathing; ſafety without fear; health without diſeaſe; and life without death.

EPIG. 14.

My ſoul, pry not too nearly; the complexion
Of *Sol*'s bright face is ſeen by the reflection:
But would'ſt thou know what's heav'n? I'll tell thee what,
Think what thou canſt not think, and heav'n is that.

XV.

Make hast my beloved and be thou like to a Roe, or to a young Hart upon ye Mountaines of Spices. Cant: 8: 14.

XV.

CANTICLES 8. 14.

Make haste, my beloved, and be like the roe, or the young hart upon the mountains of spices.

GO, gentle tyrant, go; thy flames do pierce
My soul too deep; thy flames are too too fierce;
My marrow melts, my fainting spirits fry
I' th' torrid zone of thy meridian eye:
Away, away, thy sweets are too perfuming:
Turn, turn thy face, thy fires are too consuming:
Hast hence, and let thy winged steps out-go
The frighted roe-buck, and his flying roe.
But wile thou leave me then? O thou, that art
Life of my soul, soul of my dying heart,
Without the sweet aspect of whose fair eyes,
My soul doth languish, and her solace dies?
Art thou so eas'ly woo'd? so apt to hear
The frantick language of my foolish fear?
Leave, leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me;
Look, look upon me, though thine eyes o'ercome me.
O how they wound! but how my wounds content me!
How sweetly these delightful pains torment me!
How am I tortur'd in excessive measure
Of pleasing cruelties! too cruel treasure!
Turn, turn away, remove thy scorching beams;
I languish with these bitter-sweet extreams:

Haſte then, and let thy winged ſteps out-go
The flying roe-buck, and his frighted roe.
Turn back, my dear; O let my raviſh'd eye
Once more behold thy face before thou fly;
What, ſhall we part without a mutual kiſs?
O who can leave ſo ſweet a face as this?
Look full upon me; for my ſoul deſires
To turn a holy martyr in thoſe fires:
O leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me;
Look, look upon me, though thy flames o'ercome me.
If thou becloud the ſun-ſhine of thine eye,
I freeze to death; and if it ſhine, I fry;
Which, like a fever, that my ſoul hath got,
Makes me to burn too cold, or freeze too hot:
Alas! I cannot bear ſo ſweet a ſmart,
Nor canſt thou be leſs glorious than thou art.
Haſte then, and let thy winged ſteps out-go
The frighted roe-buck, and his flying roe:
But go not far beyond the reach of breath;
Too large a diſtance makes another death:
My youth is in her ſpring; autumnal vows
Will make me riper for ſo ſweet a ſpouſe;
When after-times have burniſh'd my deſire,
I'll ſhoot thee flames for flames, and fire for fire.
O leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me;
Look, look upon me, though thy flames o'ercome me.

Autor

Autor ſcalæ Paradiſi. Tom. 9. Aug. cap. 8.

Fear not, O bride, nor deſpair; think not thy ſelf contemned if thy bridegroom withdraw his face a while: All things co-operate for the beſt: both from his abſence, and his preſence thou gaineſt light: he cometh to thee, and he goeth from thee: he cometh, to make thee conſolate; he goeth, to make thee cautious, leſt thy abundant conſolation puff thee up: he cometh, that thy languiſhing ſoul may be comforted; he goeth, leſt his familiarity ſhould be contemned; and being abſent to be more deſired; and being deſired, to be more earneſtly ſought: and being long ſought, to be more acceptably found.

EPIG. 15.

My ſoul, ſin's monſter, whom with greater eaſe
Ten thouſand fold, thy God could make than pleaſe,
What would'ſt thou have? nor pleas'd with ſun, nor ſhade?
Heav'n knows not what to make of what he made.

Fidesq; Coronat ad aras 308.

The FAREWELL.

REV. 2. 10.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life.

1

BE faithful, Lord, what's that?
Believe: 'Tis easie to believe; but what?
That he whom thy hard heart hath wounded,
And whom thy scorn hath spit upon,
Hath paid thy fine, and hath compounded
For these foul deeds thy hands have done:
Believe that he whose gentle palms
Thy needle-pointed sins have nail'd,
Hath born thy slavish load (of alms)
And made supply where thou hast fail'd:
Did ever mis'ry find so strange relief?
It is a love too strange for man's belief.

2

Believe that he whose side
Thy crimes have pierc'd with their rebellions, dy'd
To save thy guilty soul from dying
Ten thousand horrid deaths, from whence
There was no 'scape, there was no flying,
But through his dearest blood's expence:
Believe, his dying friend requires
No other thanks for all his pain,
But ev'n the truth of weak desires,
And for his love, but love again:
Did ever mis'ry find so true a friend?
It is a love too vast to comprehend.

3

With floods of tears baptize
And drench these dry, these unregen'rate eyes;

Lord, whet my dull, my blunt belief,
And break this fleſhly rock in ſunder,
That from this heart, this hell of grief,
May ſpring a heav'n of love and wonder:
O if thy mercies will remove
And melt this lead from my belief,
My grief will then refine my love,
My love will then refreſh my grief:
Then weep, mine eyes, as he hath bled; vouchſafe
To drop for ev'ry drop an epitaph.

4

But is the crown of glory,
The wages of a lamentable ſtory?
Or can ſo great a purchaſe riſe
From a ſalt humour? can mine eyes
Run faſt enough t' obtain this prize?
If ſo, Lord, who's ſo mad to die?
Thy tears are trifles; thou muſt do:
Alas! I cannot then endeavour:
I will; but will a tug or two
Suffice the turn? thou muſt perſever:
I'll ſtrive till death; and ſhall my feeble ſtrife
Be crown'd? I'll crown it with a crown of life.

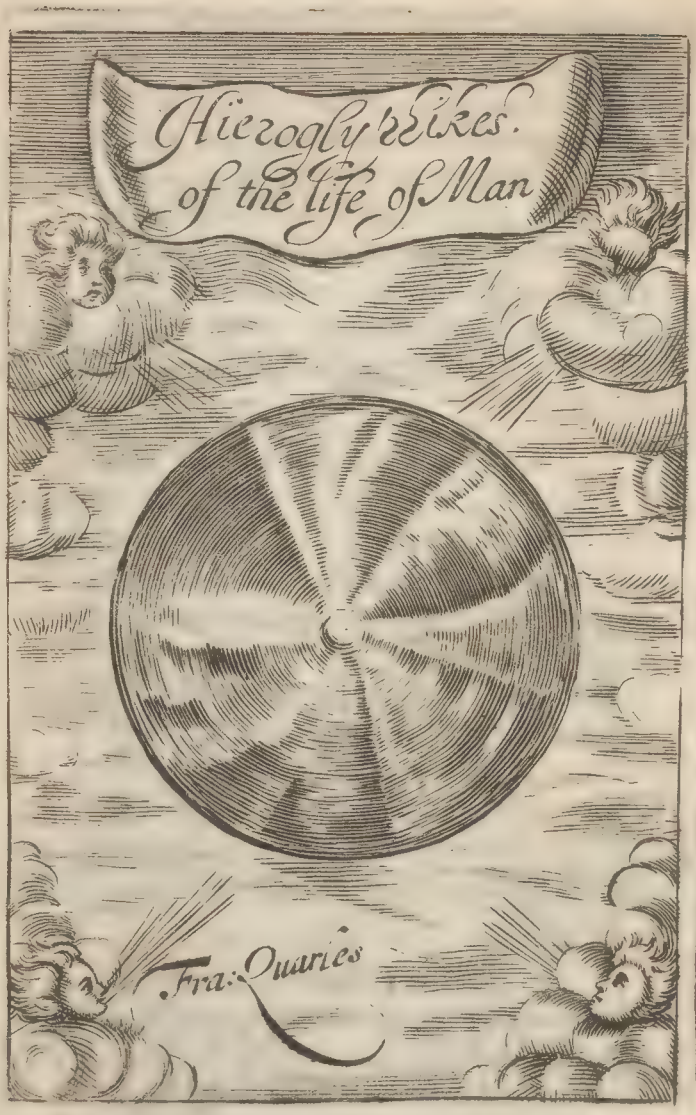
5

But is there ſuch a dearth
That thou muſt buy, what is thy due by birth?
He whom thy hands did form of duſt,
And give him breath upon condition,
To love his great creatour; muſt
He now be thine by compoſition?
Art thou a gracious God and mild,
Or head-ſtrong man rebellious rather?
O, man's a baſe rebellious child,
And thou a very gracious father:
The gift is thine; we ſtrive, thou crown'ſt our ſtrife;
Thou giv'ſt us faith: and faith a crown of life.

FINIS.

The Mind of the Frontispiece.

This bubble's man: hope, fear, falſe joy and trouble,
Are thoſe four winds which daily toſs this bubble.


Hierogly ffikes.
of the life of Man
Fra: Quarles

To the Right Honourable

Both in BLOOD and VIRTUE,

And Most Accomplish'd Lady,

MARY,

Countess of *DORSET*,

Lady Governess to the Most Illustrious

CHARLES,

PRINCE of *GREAT BRITAIN*,

AND

JAMES,

DUKE of *YORK*.

Excellent Lady,

I *Present these Tapers to burn under the safe Protection of your Honourable Name; where, I presume, they stand secure from the Damps of Ignorance, and Blasts of Censure.*

The Epiſtle Dedicatory.

It is a ſmall part of that abundant Service which my thankful Heart oweth your incomparable Goodneſs. Be pleaſed to honour it with your noble Acceptance, which ſhall be nothing but what your own eſteem ſhall make it.

MADAM,

Your Ladyſhip's

Moſt Humble Servant,

Fra. Quarles.

To

To the READER.

IF you are ſatisfied with my *Emblems*, I here ſet before you a ſecond Service. It is an *Ægyptian* Diſh, dreſs'd on the *Engliſh* Faſhion: They, at their Feaſts, uſed to preſent a Death's-Head at their ſecond Courſe: This will ſerve for both. You need not fear a Surfeit: Here is but little, and that light of Digeſtion: If it but pleaſe your Palate, I queſtion not your Stomach: Fall to, and much good may it do you.

Convivio addit Minerval. *E. B.*

Rem, Regem, Regimen, Regionem, Religionem, Exornat, celebrat, laudat, honorat, amat.

Sine Lumine *mane*

PSALM 51. 5.

Behold I was ſhapen in iniquity, and in ſin did my mother conceive me.

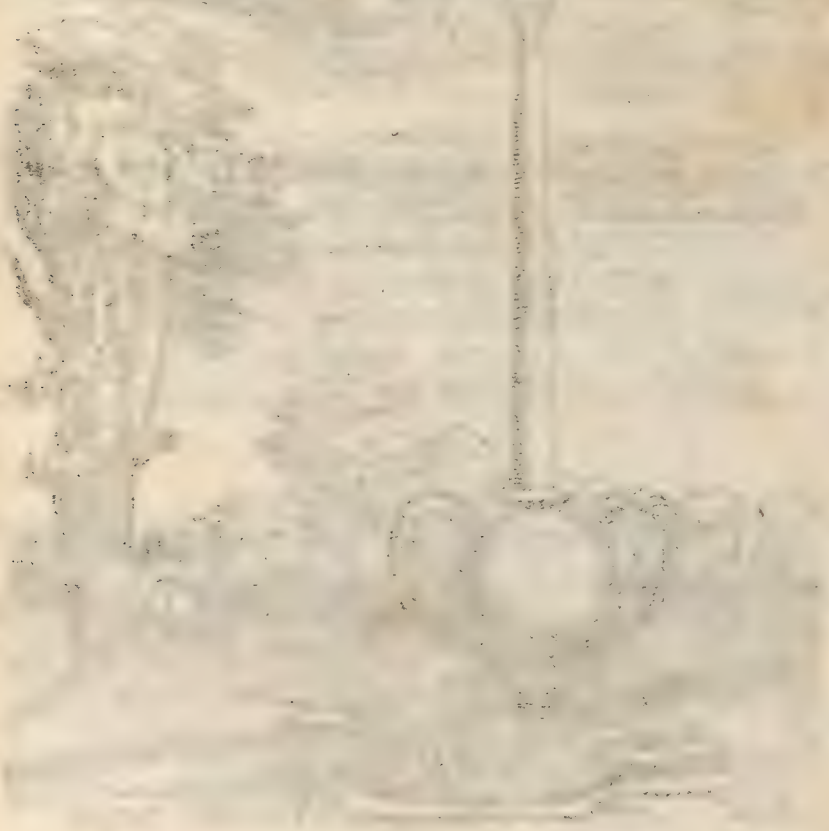
MAn is man's *A. B. C.* There 's none that can
Read God aright, unleſs he firſt ſpell man:
Man is the ſtairs, whereby his knowledge climbs
To his creatour, though it oftentimes
Stumbles for want of light, and ſometimes trips
For want of careful heed; and ſometimes ſlips
Through unadviſed haſte; and when at length
His weary ſteps have reach'd the top, his ſtrength
Oft fails to ſtand; his giddy brains turn round,
And *Phaeton*-like, falls headlong to the ground:
Theſe ſtairs are often dark, and full of danger
To him, whom want of practice makes a ſtranger
To this blind way, the lamp of nature lends
But a falſe light, and lights to her own ends.
Theſe be the ways to heav'n, theſe paths require
A light that ſprings from that diviner fire,
Whoſe human-ſoul-enlight'ning ſun-beams dart
Through the bright crannies of th' immortal part.
And here, thou great original of light,
Whoſe errour-chaſing beams do unbenight
The very ſoul of darkneſs, and untwiſt
The clouds of ignorance, do thou aſſiſt
My feeble quill; reflect thy ſacred rays
Upon theſe lines, that they may light the ways
That lead to thee; ſo guide my heart, my hand,
That I may do what others underſtand.
Let my heart practiſe what my hand ſhall write;
Till then, I am a Taper wanting light.

This

This golden precept, Know thy ſelf, came down
From heav'n's high court: it was an art unknown
To fleſh and blood. The men of nature took
Great journies in it: Their dim eyes did look
But through the miſt; like pilgrims, they did ſpend
Their idle ſteps, but knew no journies end.
The way to know thy ſelf, is firſt to caſt
Thy frail beginning, progreſs, and thy laſt:
This is the ſum of man; but now return
And view this taper ſtanding in this urn.
Behold her ſubſtance ſordid and impure,
Uſeleſs and vain, and (wanting light) obſcure:
'Tis but a ſpan at longeſt, nor can laſt
Beyond that ſpan; ordain'd and made to waſte:
Ev'n ſuch was man (before his ſoul gave light
To this vile ſubſtance) a meer child of night;
Ere he had life, eſtated in his urn,
And markt for death; by nature born to burn:
Thus lifeleſs, lightleſs, worthleſs firſt began
That glorious, that preſumptuous thing, call'd man.

S. AUGUST.

Consider, O man, what thou wert before thy birth, and what thou art from thy birth to thy death, and what thou shalt be after death: thou wert made of an impure substance, cloathed and nourished in thy mother's blood.



EPIG. I.

Forbear, fond taper: what thou seek'st, is fire:
Thy own destruction's lodg'd in thy desire.
Thy wants are far more safe than their supply:
He that begins to live, begins to die.

326 *Venenus unde.*

GEN. I. 3.

And God said, let there be light; and there was light.

1

THis flame-expecting taper hath at length
Received fire, and now begins to burn:
It hath no vigour yet, it hath no strength;
Apt to be puft and quencht at ev'ry turn:
It was a gracious hand that thus endow'd (shroud
This snuff with flame: but mark, this hand doth
It self from mortal eyes, and folds it in a cloud.

2

Thus man begins to live. An unknown flame
Quickens his finish'd organs, now possest
With motion; and which motion doth proclaim
An active soul, though in a feeble breast:
But how, and when infus'd, ask not my pen;
Here flies a cloud before the eyes of men:
I cannot tell thee how, nor canst thou tell me when.

3

Was it a parcel of celestial fire,
Infus'd by heav'n into this fleshly mould?
Or was it (think you) made a soul entire?
Then, was it new created? or of old?
Or is't a propagated spark, rak'd out
From nature's embers? while we go about
By reason to resolve, the more we raise a doubt.

If

4

If it be part of that celeſtial flame,
It muſt be ev'n as pure, as free from ſpot,
As that eternal fountain whence it came:
If pure and ſpotleſs, then whence came the blot?
It ſelf being pure, could not it ſelf defile;
Nor hath unactive matter pow'r to ſoil
Her pure and active form, as jars corrupt their oil.

5

Or if it were created, tell me when?
If in the firſt ſix days, where kept till now?
Or if thy ſoul were new-created, then
Heav'n did not all, at firſt, he had to do:
Six days expired, all creation ceaſt;
All kinds, ev'n from the greateſt to the leaſt,
Were finiſht and compleat before the day of reſt.

6

But why ſhould man, the Lord of creatures, want
That privilege which plants and beaſts obtain?
Beaſts bring forth beaſts, the plant a perfect plant;
And ev'ry like brings forth her like again;
Shall fowls and fiſhes, beaſts and plants convey
Life to their iſſue, and man leſs than they?
Shall theſe get living ſouls, and man dead lumps of clay?

7

Muſt human ſouls be generated then?
My water ebbs; behold, a rock is nigh:
If nature's work produce the ſouls of men,
Man's ſoul is mortal: all that's born muſt die.
What ſhall we then conclude? what ſun-ſhine will
Diſperſe this gloomy cloud? till then, be ſtill,
My vainly ſtriving thoughts; lie down, my puzzled quill.

ISIDOR.

ISIDOR.

Why doſt thou wonder, O man, at the height of the ſtars, or the depth of the ſea; enter into thine own ſoul, and wonder there.

Thy ſoul by creation is infuſed, by infuſion, created.

EPIG. 2.

What art thou now the better by this flame?
Thou know'ſt not how, nor when, nor whence it came:
Poor kind of happineſs! that can return
No more account but this, to ſay, I burn.


330
Quo me cunq; rapit.

PSALM 103. 16.

The wind passeth over it, and it is gone.

1

NO sooner is this lighted taper set
Upon the transitory stage
Of eye-bedark'ning night,
But it is straight subjected to the threat
Of envious winds, whose wasteful rage
Disturbs her peaceful light,
And makes her substance waste, and makes her flames less (bright.

2

No sooner are we born, no sooner come
To take possession of this vast,
This soul-afflicting earth,
But danger meets us at the very womb,
And sorrow with her full-mouth'd blast
Salutes our painful birth,
To put out all our joys, and puff out all our mirth.

3

Nor infant innocence, nor childish tears,
Nor youthful wit, nor manly pow'r,
Nor politick old age,
Nor virgins pleading, nor the widows pray'rs,
Nor lowly cell, nor lofty tow'r,
Nor prince, nor peer, nor page,
Can 'scape this common blast, or curb her stormy rage.

4

Our life is but a pilgrimage of blasts,
And ev'ry blast brings forth a fear;
And ev'ry fear, a death;
The more it lengthens, ah! the more it wastes:
Were, were we to continue here
The days of long-liv'd *Seth*,
Our sorrows would renew, as we renew our breath.

5

Tost to and fro, our frighted thoughts are driv'n
With ev'ry puff, with ev'ry tide
Of life-consuming care;
Our peaceful flame, that would point up to heav'n,
Is still disturb'd, and turn'd aside;
And ev'ry blast of air
Commits such waste in man as man cannot repair.

6

W' are all born debtors, and we firmly stand
Oblig'd for our first parents debt,
Besides our interest;
Alas! we have no harmless counter-bond:
And we are ev'ry hour beset
With threat'nings of arrest,
And till we pay the debt, we can expect no rest.

7

What may this sorrow-shaken life present
To the false relish of our taste
That's worth the name of sweet?
Her minutes pleasure's choak'd with discontent,
Her glory soil'd with ev'ry blast;
How many dangers meet
Poor man betwixt the biggin and the winding sheet?

S. AUGUST.

In this world, not to be grieved, not to be afflicted, not to be in danger, is impossible.

Ibidem.

Behold, the world is full of trouble, yet beloved: what if it were a pleasing world? how would'st thou delight in her calms, that canst so well endure her storms?

EPIG. 3.

Art thou consum'd with soul-afflicting crosses?
Disturb'd with grief? annoy'd with worldly losses?
Hold up thy head; the taper lifted high,
Will brook the wind, when lower tapers die.

Curando Labascit. 334.

MATTHEW 9. 12.

The whole need not the physician.

1

ALways pruning, always cropping?
Is her brightness still obscur'd?
Ever dressing, ever topping?
Always curing, never cur'd?
Too much snuffing makes a waste;
When the spirits spend too fast,
They will shrink at ev'ry blast.

2

You that always are bestowing
Costly pains in life repairing,
Are but always overthrowing
Nature's work by over-caring:
Nature meeting with her so,
In a work she hath to do,
Takes a pride to over-throw.

3

Nature knows her own perfection,
And her pride disdains a tutor,
Cannot stoop to art's correction,
And she scorns a co-adjutor.
Saucy art should not appear
Till she whisper in her ear:
Hagar flees, if *Sarah* bear.

4

Nature worketh for the better,
If not hinder'd that she cannot;
Art stands by as her abetter,
Ending nothing she began not;
If distemper chance to seize
Nature foil'd with the disease,
Art may help her if she please.

5

But to make a trade of trying
Drugs and doſes, always pruning,
Is to die for fear of dying;
He's untun'd, that's always tuning.
He that often loves to lack
Dear-bought drugs, hath found a knack
To foil the man, and feed the quack.

6

O the ſad, the frail condition
Of the pride of nature's glory!
How infirm his compoſition,
And at beſt how tranſitory!
When this riot doth impair
Nature's weakneſs, then his care
Adds more ruin by repair.

7

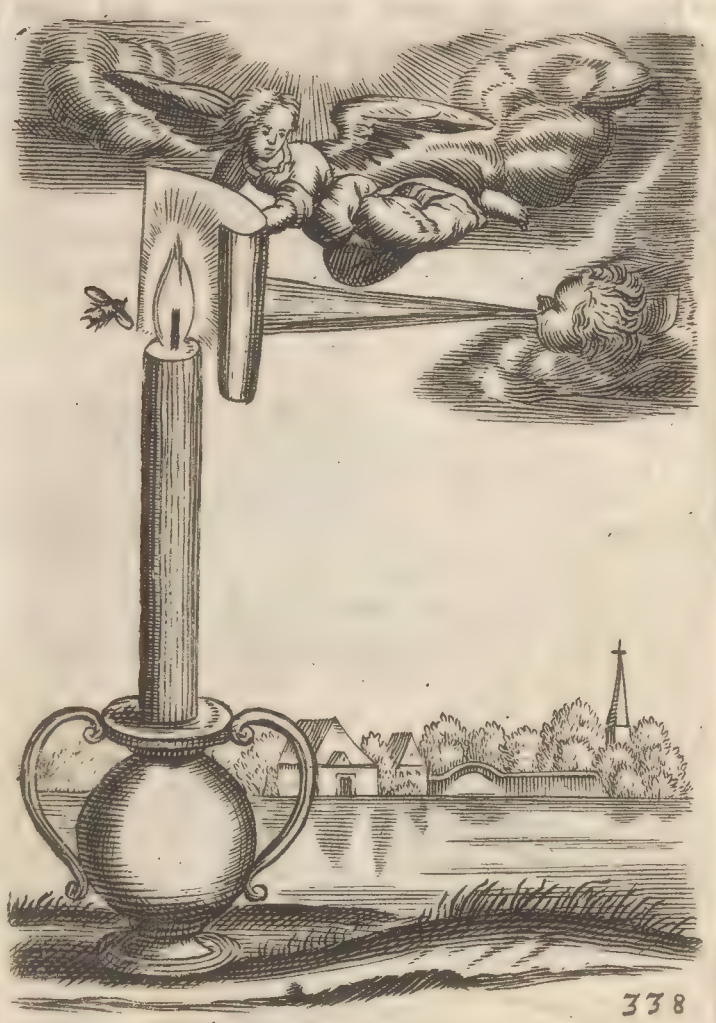
Hold thy hand, health's dear maintainer,
Life perchance may burn the ſtronger:
Having ſubſtance to ſuſtain her,
She untouch'd, may laſt the longer:
When the artiſt goes about,
To redreſs her flame, I doubt,
Oftentimes he ſnuffs it out.

NICOCLES.

Physicians of all men are most happy; what good success soever they have, the world proclaimeth; and what faults they commit, the earth covereth.

EPIG. 4.

My purse being heavy, if my light appear
But dim, quack comes to make all clear;
Quack, leave thy trade; thy dealings are not right,
Thou tak'st our weighty gold to give us light.



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Te auxiliante resurgo.

PSALM 91. 11.

And he will give his angels charge over thee.

1

O How mine eyes could pleaſe themſelves, and ſpend
Perpetual ages in this precious ſight!
How I could woo eternity, to lend
My waſting day, an antidote for night!
And how my fleſh could with my fleſh contend,
That views this object with no more delight!
My work is great, my taper ſpends too faſt:
'Tis all I have, and ſoon would out or waſte,
Did not this bleſſed ſcreen protect it from this blaſt.

2

O, I have loſt the jewel of my ſoul,
And I muſt find it out, or I muſt die:
Alas! my ſin-made darkneſs doth controul
The bright endeavour of my careful eye:
I muſt go ſearch and ranſack ev'ry hole;
Nor have I other light to ſeek it by:
O if this light be ſpent, my work not done,
My labour's worſe than loſt; my jewel's gone,
And I am quite forlorn, and I am quite undone.

3

You bleſſed angels, you that do enjoy
The full fruition of eternal glory,
Will you be pleas'd to fancy ſuch a toy
As man, and quit your glorious territory,
And ſtoop to earth, vouchſafing to employ
Your care to guard the duſt that lies before ye?
Diſdain you not theſe lumps of dying clay,
That for your pains do oftentimes repay
Neglect, if not diſdain, and ſend you griev'd away?

4

This taper of our lives, that once was plac'd
  In the fair ſuburbs of eternity,
Is now, alas! confin'd to ev'ry blaſt,
  And turn'd a may-pole for the ſporting fly;
And will you, ſacred ſpirits, pleaſe to caſt
  Your care on us, and lend a gracious eye?
    How had this ſlender inch of taper been
    Blaſted and blaz'd, had not this heav'nly ſcreen
Curb'd the proud blaſt, and timely ſtept between!

5

O goodneſs, far tranſcending the report
  Of laviſh tongues! too vaſt to comprehend!
Amazed quill, how far doſt thou come ſhort
  T' expreſs expreſſions that ſo far tranſcend!
You bleſſed courtiers of th' eternal court,
  Whoſe full-mouth'd hallelujahs have no end,
    Receive that world of praiſes that belongs
    To your great ſov'reign; fill your holy tongues
With our hoſanna's mix'd with your ſeraphick ſongs.

S. BERN.

S. BERN.

If thou desirest the help of angels, fly the comforts of the world, and resist the temptations of the devil.

He will give his angels charge over thee. O what reverence, what love, what confidence deserveth so sweet a saying? for their presence, reverence; for their good will, love; for their tuition, confidence.

EPIG. 5.

My flame, art thou disturb'd, diseas'd and driv'n
To death with storms of grief? point thou to heav'n:
One angel there shall ease thee more alone,
Than thrice as many thousands of thy own.

Tempus erit.

ECCLESIASTES 3. 1.

To every thing there is an appointed time.

1

Time. *Death.*

Time. BEhold the frailty of this ſlender ſnuff;
Alas! it hath not long to laſt;
Without the help of either thief or puff,
Her weakneſs knows the way to waſte:
Nature hath made her ſubſtance apt enough
To ſpend it ſelf, and ſpend too faſt:
It needs the help of none
That is ſo prone
To laviſh out untouch'd, and languiſh all alone.

2

Death. Time, hold thy peace, and ſhake thy ſlow-pac'd (ſand;
Thine idle minutes make no way:
Thy glaſs exceeds her hour, or elſe doth ſtand,
I cannot hold, I cannot ſtay.
Surceaſe thy pleading, and enlarge my hand,
I ſurfeit with too long delay:
This brisk, this bold-fac'd light
Doth burn too bright;
Darkneſs adorns my throne, my day is darkeſt night.

3

Time. Great prince of darkneſs, hold thy needleſs hand;
Thy captive's faſt and cannot flee:
What arm can reſcue? who can countermand?
What pow'r can ſet thy pris'ner free?
Or if they could, what cloſe, what foreign land
Can hide that head that flees from thee?
But if her harmleſs light
Offend thy ſight, (at night?
What need'ſt thou ſnatch at noon, what will be thine

4

Death. I have out-ſtaid my patience; my quick trade
Grows dull and makes too ſlow return:
This long-liv'd debt is due, and ſhould been paid
When firſt her flame began to burn:
But I have ſtaid too long, I have delay'd
To ſtore my vaſt, my craving urn.
My patient gives me pow'r
Each day, each hour, (tow'r.
To ſtrike the peaſant's thatch, and ſhake the princely

5

Time. Thou count'ſt too faſt: thy patient gives no pow'r
Till Time ſhall pleaſe to ſay, Amen. (hour?
Death. Canſt thou appoint my ſhaft? *Time.* Or thou my
Death. 'Tis I bid, do. *Time.* 'Tis I bid, when;
Alas! thou canſt not make the pooreſt flow'r
To hang the drooping head till then:
Thy ſhafts can neither kill,
Nor ſtrike, until (will.
My power gives them wings, and pleaſure arms thy

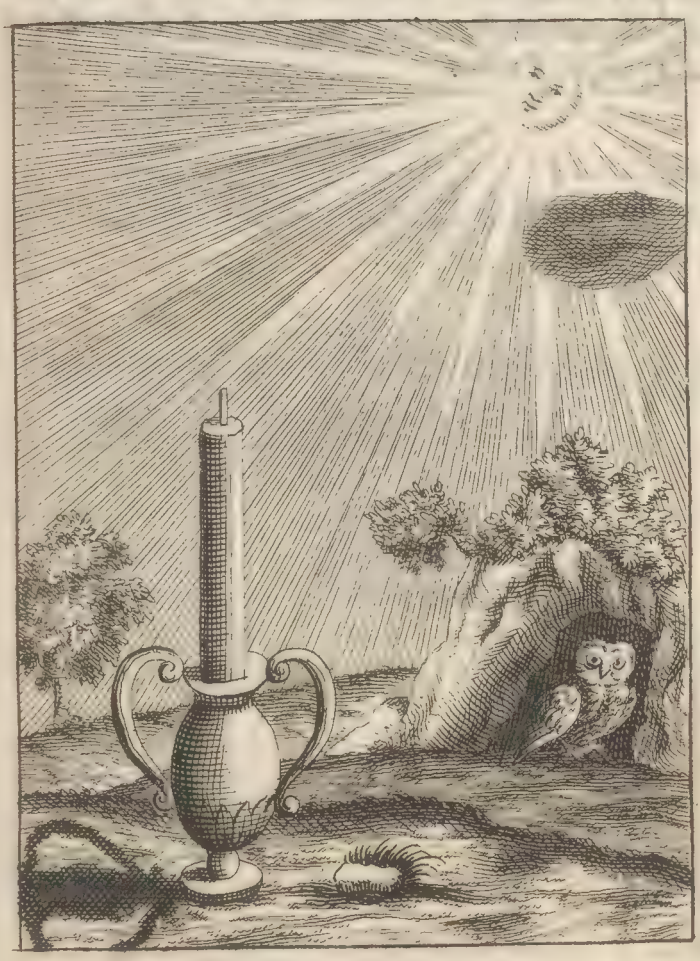
S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST.

Thou knoweſt not what time he will come: wait always, that becauſe thou knoweſt not the time of his coming, thou mayeſt be prepared againſt the time he cometh. And for this perchance, thou knoweſt not the time, becauſe thou mayeſt be prepared againſt all times.

EPIG. 6.

Expect, but fear not death: death cannot kill,
Till time, (that firſt muſt ſeal her patent) will:
Would'ſt thou live long? keep time in high eſteem;
Whom gone, if thou canſt not recall, redeem.



Nec sine nec tecum. 346.

JOB 18. 6.

His light ſhall be dark, and his candle ſhall be put out.

1

WHat ails our taper? is her luſtre fled,
Or foil'd? what dire diſaſter bred
This change, that thus ſhe veils her golden head?

2

It was but very now ſhe ſhin'd as fair
As *Venus'* ſtar; her glory might compare
With *Cynthia*, burniſh'd with her brother's hair.

3

There was no cave-begotten damp that mought
Abuſe her beams; no wind that went about
To break her peace; no puff to put her out.

4

Lift up thy wond'ring thoughts, and thou ſhalt ſpy
A cauſe will clear thy doubts, but cloud thine eye:
Subjects muſt veil, when as their ſov'reign's by.

5

Canſt thou behold bright *Phœbus*, and thy ſight
No whit impair'd? the object is too bright;
The weaker yields unto the ſtronger light.

6

Great God, I am thy taper, thou my ſun;
From thee, the ſpring of light, my light begun;
Yet if thy light but ſhine, my light is done.

7

If thou withdraw thy light, my light will ſhine,
If thine appear, how poor a light is mine?
My light is darkneſs if compar'd to thine.

Thy

8

Thy ſun-beams are too ſtrong for my weak eye;
If thou but ſhine, how nothing, Lord, am I!
Ah! who can ſee thy viſage and not die?

9

If intervening earth ſhould make a night,
My wanton flame would then ſhine forth too bright;
My earth would ev'n preſume t' eclipſe thy light.

10

And if thy light be ſhadow'd, and mine fade,
If thine be dark, and my dark light decay'd,
I ſhould be cloathed with a double ſhade.

11

What ſhall I do? O what ſhall I deſire?
What help can my diſtracted thoughts require,
That thus am waſted 'twixt a double fire?

12

In what a ſtrait, in what a ſtrait am I?
'Twixt two extreams how my rackt fortunes lie?
See I thy face, or ſee it not, I die.

13

O let the ſteams of my redeemer's blood,
That breaths from my ſick ſoul, be made a cloud,
To interpoſe theſe lights, and be my ſhroud.

14

Lord, what am I? or what's the light I have?
May it but light my aſhes to their grave,
And ſo from thence to thee; 'tis all I crave.

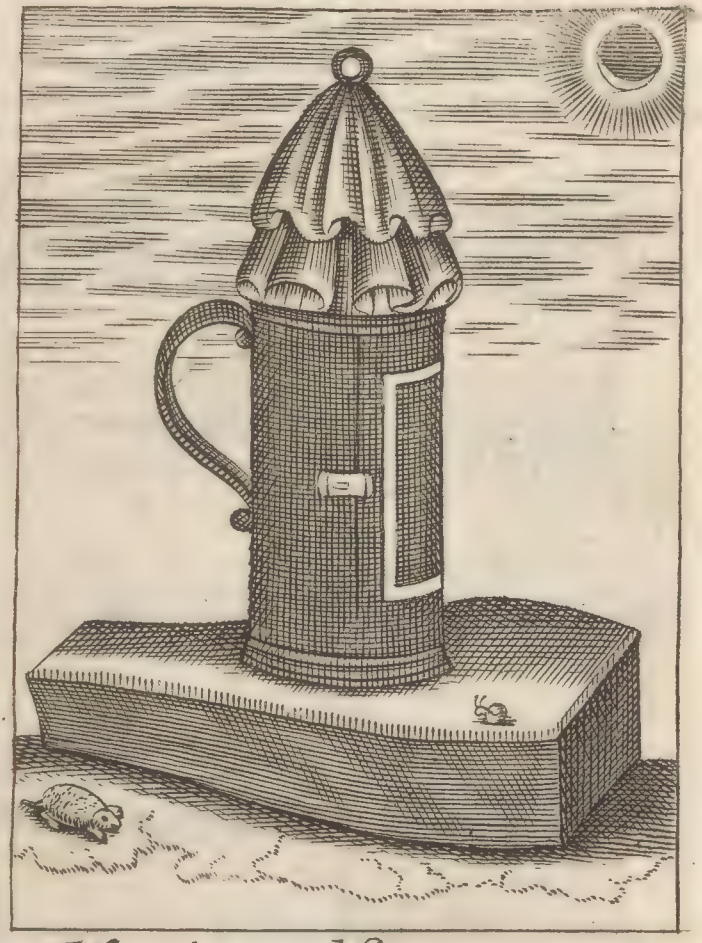
15

O make my light, that all the world may ſee
Thy glory by 't: if not, it ſeems to me
Honour enough to be put out by thee.

O light inaccessible, in respect of which my light is utter darkness; so reflect upon my weakness, that all the world may behold thy strength: O majesty incomprehensible, in respect of which my glory is mere shame: so shine upon my misery that all the world may behold thy glory.

EPIG. 7.

Wilt thou complain, because thou art bereav'n
Of all thy light? wilt thou vie lights with heav'n?
Can thy bright eye not brook the daily light?
Take heed: I fear thou art a child of night.



Nec virtus obscura petit. 350.

MATTHEW 5. 16.

Let your light ſo ſhine, that men ſeeing your good works may glorify your father which is in heaven.

1

WAs it for this, the breath of heav'n was blown
Into the noſtrils of this heav'nly creature?
Was it for this, that ſacred Three in One
Conſpir'd to make this quinteſſence of nature?
Did heav'nly prov'dence intend
So rare a fabrick for ſo poor an end?

2

Was man, the higheſt maſter-piece of nature,
The curious abſtract of the whole creation,
Whoſe ſoul was copied from his great creator,
Made to give light, and ſet for obſervation,
Ordain'd for this? to ſpend his light
In a dark-lantern cloiſter'd up in night?

3

Tell me, recluſe monaſtick, can it be
A diſadvantage to thy beams to ſhine?
A thouſand tapers may gain light from thee:
Is thy light leſs or worſe for light'ning mine?
If wanting light, I ſtumble, ſhall
Thy darkneſs not be guilty of my fall?

4

Why doſt thou lurk ſo cloſe? is it for fear
Some buſy eye ſhould pry into thy flame,
And ſpy a thief, or elſe ſome blemiſh there?
Or being ſpy'd, ſhrink'ſt thou thy head for ſhame?
Come, come, fond taper, ſhine but clear,
Thou need'ſt not ſhrink for ſhame, nor ſhroud for fear.

Remem-

5

Remember, O remember, thou wert ſet
For men to ſee the great creator by;
Thy flame is not thine own: it is a debt
Thou ow'ſt thy Maſter. And wilt thou deny
To pay the int'reſt of thy light?
And skulk in corners, and play leaſt in ſight?

6

Art thou afraid to truſt thy eaſy flame
To the injurious waſt of fortune's puff?
Ah! coward, rouze, and quit thy ſelf for ſhame:
Who dies in ſervice, hath liv'd long enough:
Who ſhines, and makes no eye partaker,
Uſurps himſelf, and cloſely robs his maker.

7

Make not thy ſelf a pris'ner, that art free:
Why doſt thou turn thy palace to a jail?
Thou art an eagle: and befits it thee
To live immured like a cloyſter'd ſnail?
Let toys ſeek corners; things of coſt
Gain worth by view: hid jewels are but loſt.

8

My God, my light is dark enough at lighteſt,
Encreaſe her flame, and give her ſtrength to ſhine:
'Tis frail at beſt; 'tis dim enough at brighteſt;
But 'tis his glory to be foil'd by thine:
Let others lurk: my light ſhall be
Propos'd to all men; and by them to thee.

S. BERN.

S. BERN.

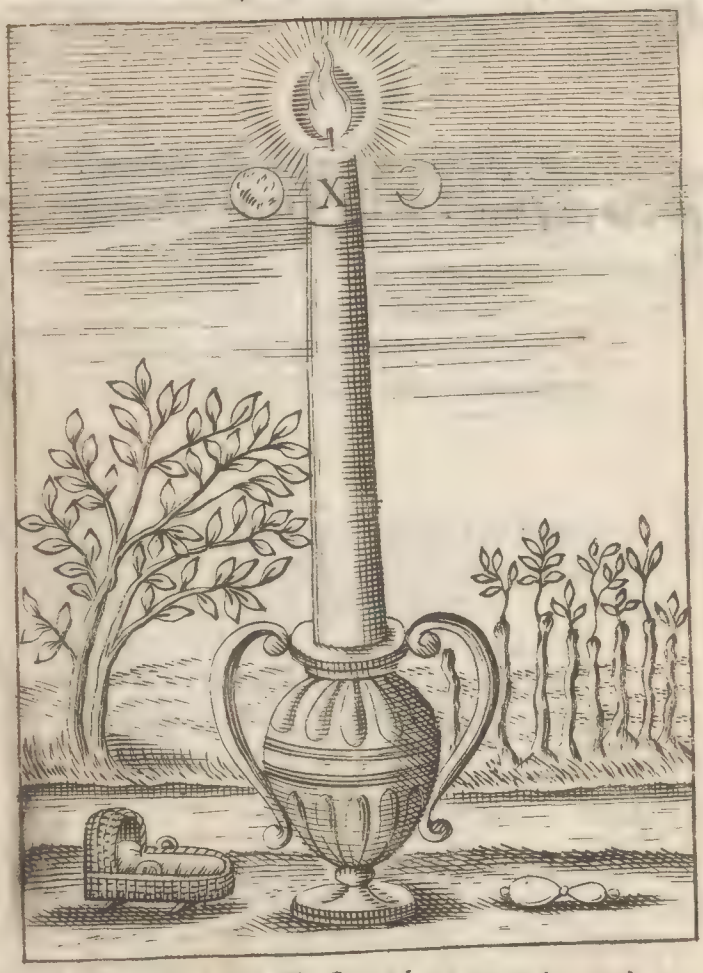
If thou be one of the foolish virgins, the congregation is necessary for thee; if thou be one of the wise virgins, thou art necessary for the congregation.

HUGO.

Monasticks make cloysters to inclose the outward man: O would to God they would do the like to restrain the inward man.

EPIG. 8.

Afraid of eyes? what, still play least in sight?
'Tis much to be presum'd all is not right:
Too close endeavours bring forth dark events:
Come forth, monastick; here's no parliaments.



Vt Luna Infantia torpet. 354.

JOB 14. 2.

He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down.

1

Behold
How ſhort a ſpan
Was long enough of old
To meaſure out the life of man;
In thoſe well temper'd days! his time was then
Survey'd, caſt up, and found but threeſcore years and ten.

2

Alas!
And what is that?
They come, and ſlide, and paſs,
Before my pen can tell thee what.
The poſts of time are ſwift, which having run
Their ſev'n ſhort ſtages o'er, their ſhort-liv'd task is done.

3

Our days
Begun we lend
To ſleep, to antick plays
And toys, until the firſt ſtage end:
12 waining moons, twice 5 times told, we give
To unrecover'd loſs: we rather breath than live.

4

We ſpend
A ten years breath
Before we apprehend
What 'tis to live or fear a death:
Our childiſh dreams are fill'd with painted joys,
Which pleaſe our ſenſe a while, and waking, prove but (toys.

5

How vain,
How wretched is
Poor man, that doth remain
A ſlave to ſuch a ſtate as this!
His days are ſhort, at longeſt; few, at moſt:
They are but bad, at beſt; yet laviſh'd out, or loſt

6

They be
The ſecret ſprings
That make our minutes flee
On wheels more ſwift than eagles wings:
Our life 's a clock, and ev'ry gaſp of breath
Breaths forth a warning grief, till time ſhall ſtrike a
(death.

7

How ſoon
Our new-born light
Attains to full-ag'd noon!
And this, how ſoon to grey-hair'd night!
We ſpring, we bud, we bloſſom, and we blaſt
Ere we can count our days, our days they flee ſo faſt.

8

They end
When ſcarce begun;
And ere we apprehend
That we begin to live, our life is done:
Man, count thy days; and if they fly too faſt
For thy dull thoughts to count, count ev'ry day the laſt.

Our

Our infancy is consumed in eating and sleeping; in all which time what differ we from beasts, but by a possibility of reason, and a necessity of sin?

O misery of mankind, in whom no sooner the image of God appeareth in the act of his reason, but the devil blurs it in the corruption of his will!

EPIG. 9.

To the decrepit man.

Thus was the first seventh part of thy few days
Consum'd in sleep, in food, in toyish plays:
Know'st thou what tears thine eyes imparted then?
Review thy loss, and weep them o'er agen.

Proles tua Maia. Iuventus

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JOB 20. 11.

His bones are full of the sins of his youth.

1

THe swift-foot post of time hath now begun
His second stage;
The dawning of our age
Is lost and spent without a sun:
The light of reason did not yet appear
Within th' horizon of this hemisphere.

2

The infant will had yet no other guide
But twilight sense;
And what is gain'd from thence,
But doubtful steps that tread aside?
Reason now draws her curtains; her clos'd eyes
Begin to open, and she calls to rise.

3

Youth's now disclosing buds peep out, and shew
Her *April* head;
And, from her grass-green bed,
Her virgin primrose early blows;
Whilst waking *Philomel* prepares to sing
Her warbling sonnets to the wanton spring.

4

His stage is pleasant, and the way seems short,
All strew'd with flow'rs;
The days appear but hours
Being spent in time-beguiling sport.
Her griefs do neither press, nor doubts perplex;
Here's neither fear to curb, nor care to vex.

5

His downy cheeks grow proud, and now diſdains
The tutor's hand;
He glories to command
The proud-neck'd ſteed with prouder reins:
The ſtrong-breath'd horn muſt now ſalute his ear
With the glad downfal of the falling deer.

6

His quick-nos'd army, with their deep-mouth'd ſounds,
Muſt now prepare
To chaſe the tim'rous hare,
About his yet unmortgag'd grounds;
The ill he hates, is counſel and delay;
And fears no miſchief but a rainy day.

7

The thought he takes, is how to take no thought
For bale nor bliſs;
And late repentance is
The laſt dear pen'worth that he bought:
He is a dainty morning, and he may,
If luſt o'ercaſt him not, be' as fair a day.

8

Proud bloſſom, uſe thy time: time's headſtrong horſe
Will poſt away.
Truſt not the foll'wing day,
For ev'ry day brings forth a worſe:
Take time at beſt: believe't, thy days will fall
From good to bad, from bad to worſt of all.

S. AMBROS.

S. AMBROS.

Humility is a rare thing in a young man, therefore to be admired: when youth is vigorous, when strength is firm, when blood is hot, when cares are strangers, when mirth is free, then pride swelleth, and humility is despised.

EPIG. 10.

To the old man.

Thy years are newly grey, his newly green;
His youth may live to see what thine hath seen:
He is thy parallel: his present stage
And thine are the two tropicks of man's age.

Jam ruit in Venerem 362

ECCLESIASTES 11. 9.

Rejoice, O young man, and let thy heart cheer thee, but know, &c.

1

HOw flux, how alterable is the date
Of tranſitory things!
How hurry'd on the clipping wings
Of time, and driv'n upon the wheels of fate!
How one condition brings
The leading prologue to another ſtate!
No tranſitory things can laſt:
Change waits on time, and time is wing'd with haſte;
Time preſent's but the ruin of time paſt.

2

Behold how change hath inch'd away thy ſpan;
And how thy light doth burn
Nearer and nearer to thine urn.
For this dear waſte what ſatisfaction can
Injurious time return
Thy ſhorten'd days, but this, the ſtyle of man?
And what's a man? a cask of care,
New tunn'd and working: he's a middle ſtair
'Twixt birth and death; a blaſt of full-ag'd air.

3

His breaſt is tinder, apt to entertain
The ſparks of *Cupid*'s fire,
Whoſe new-blown flames muſt now enquire
A wanton julep out, which may reſtrain
The rage of his deſire,
Whoſe painful pleaſure is but pleaſing pain:
His life's a ſickneſs that doth riſe
From a hot liver, whilſt his paſſion lies
Expecting cordials from his miſtreſs' eyes.

4

His ſtage is ſtrow'd with thorns, and deck'd with flow'rs.
His year ſometimes appears
A minute; and his minutes, years:
His doubtful weathers, ſun-ſhine mixt with ſhow'rs;
His traffick, hopes and fears;
His life's a medley, made of ſweets and ſours;
His pains reward his ſmiles and pouts;
His diet is fair language mixt with flouts;
He is a nothing, all compos'd with doubts.

5

Do, waſte thine inch, proud ſpan of living earth,
Conſume thy golden days
In ſlaviſh freedom; let thy ways
Take beſt advantage of thy frolick mirth;
Thy ſtock of time decays,
And laviſh plenty ſtill fore-runs a dearth:
The bird that's flown may turn at laſt;
And painful labour may repair a waſte,
But pains nor price can call my minutes paſt.

SEN.

SEN.

Expect great joy when thou ſhalt lay down the mind of a child, and deſerve the ſtyle of a wiſe man; for at thoſe years childhood is paſt, but oftentimes childiſhneſs remaineth, and what is worſe, thou haſt the authority of a man, but the voice of a child.

EPIG. 11.

To the declining man.

Why ſtand'ſt thou diſcontented? is not he
As equal diſtant from the top as thee?
What then may cauſe thy diſcontented frown?
He's mounting up the hill; thou plodding down.

Vt Sol ardore virili.

366

DEUTERONOMY 33. 25.

As the days, so shall thy strength be.

The post
Of swift-foot time
Hath now at length begun
The kalends of our middle stage:
The number'd steps that we have gone, do show
The number of those steps we are to go:
The buds and blossoms of our age
Are blown, decay'd and gone,
And all our prime
Is lost:
And what we boast too much, we have least cause to boast.

Ah me!
There is no rest:
Our time is always fleeing.
What rein can curb our head-strong hours?
They post away: they pass we know not how:
Our now is gone, before we can say now:
Time past and future's none of ours:
That hath as yet no being;
And this hath ceast
To be:
What is, is only ours: how short a time have we!

And

And now
Apollo's ear
Expects harmonious ſtrains,
New minted from the *Thracian* lyre;
For now the virtue of the twi-fork'd hill
Inſpires the raviſh'd fancy, and doth fill
The veins with *Pegaſæan* fire:
And now thoſe ſteril brains
That cannot ſhow,
Nor bear
Some fruits, ſhall never wear *Apollo*'s ſacred bow.

Exceſs
And ſurfeit uſes
To wait upon theſe days;
Full feed and flowing cups of wine
Conjure the fancy, forcing up a ſp'rit
By th' eaſy magick of debauch'd delight;
Ah! pity, twice-born *Bacchus*' vine
Should ſtarve *Apollo*'s bays,
And drown thoſe muſes
That bleſs
And calm the peaceful ſoul, when ſtorms of care oppreſs.

Strong light,
Boaſt not thoſe beams
That can but only raiſe
And blaze a while, and then away:
There is no ſolſtice in thy day;
The midnight glory lies
Betwixt th' extreams
Of night,
A glory foil'd with ſhame, and fool'd with falſe delight.

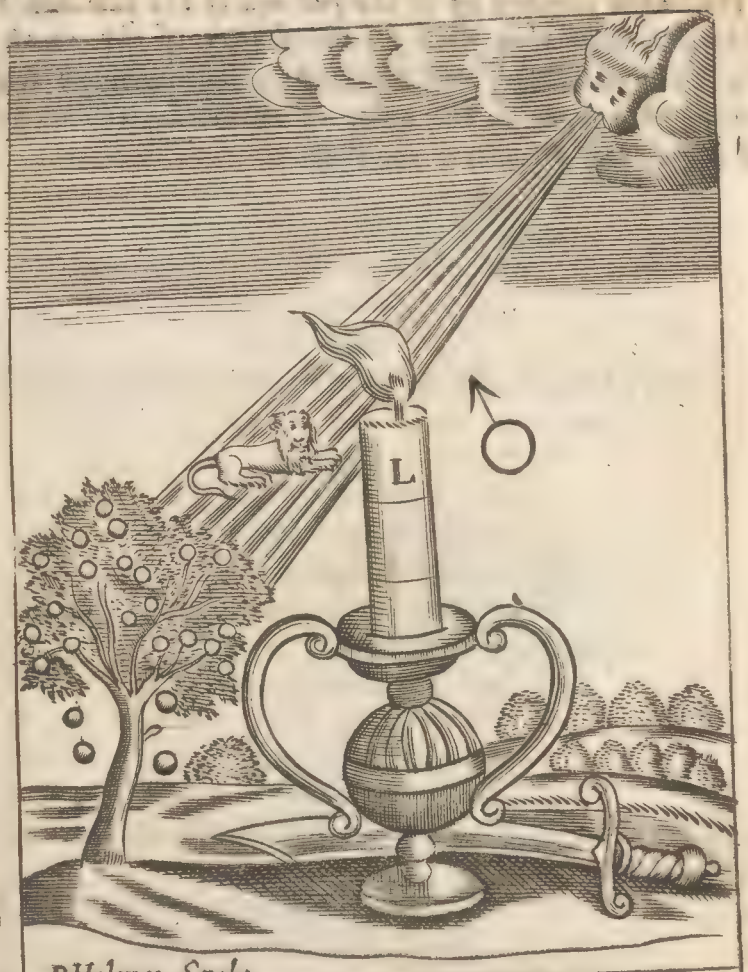
Haſt

Haſt thou climbed up to the full age of thy few days? look backwards and thou ſhalt ſee the frailty of thy youth, the folly of thy childhood, and the waſte of thy infancy: look forwards, thou ſhalt ſee the cares of the world, the troubles of thy mind, the diſeaſes of thy body.

EPIG. 12.

To the middle-aged.

Thou that art prancing on the luſty noon
Of thy full age, boaſt not thy ſelf too ſoon:
Convert that breath to wail thy fickle ſtate;
Take heed, thou'lt brag too ſoon or boaſt too late.



Et Martem ſpirat et arma 370

JOHN 3. 30.

He must encrease, but I must decrease.

TIme voids the table, dinner's done;
And now our day's declining sun
Hath hurried his diurnal load
To th' borders of the western road;
Fierce *Phlegon*, with his fellow steeds,
Now puffs and pants, and blows and bleeds,
And froths and fumes, remembring still
Their lashes up th' *Olympick* hill,
Which having conquer'd, now disdain
The whip, and champ the frothy rein,
And with a full career they bend
Their paces to their journies end:
Our blazing taper now hath lost
Her better half, nature hath crost
Her forenoon book, and clear'd that score,
But scarce gives trust for so much more:
And now their gen'rous sap forsakes
Her seir-grown twig: a breath ev'n shakes
The down ripe fruit; fruit soon divorc'd
From her dear branch, untouch'd, unforc'd.
Now sanguin *Venus* doth begin
To draw her wanton colours in,
And flees neglected in disgrace,
Whil'st *Mars* supplies her lukewarm place:
Blood turns to choler: what this age
Loses in strength it finds in rage:
That rich enamel, which, of old,
Damask'd the downy cheek, and told

A harmleſs guilt, unask'd, is now
Worn off from the audacious brow;
Luxurious dalliance, midnight revels,
Looſe riot, and thoſe venial evils
Which inconſid'rate youth of late
Could plead, now want an advocate:
And what appear'd in former times
Whiſp'ring as faults, now roar as crimes;
And now all ye whoſe lips were wont
To drench their coral in the font
Of fork'd *Parnaſſus*; you that be
The ſons of *Phœbus*, and can flee
On wings of fancy to diſplay
The flag of high invention, ſtay,
Repoſe your quills; your veins grow ſour,
Tempt not your ſalt beyond her pow'r;
If your pall'd fancies but decline,
Cenſure will ſtrike at ev'ry line
And wound your names, the pop'lar ear
Weighs what you are, not what you were:
Thus hackney-like, we tire our age,
Spur-gall'd with change from ſtage to ſtage.

Seest thou the daily light of the greater world? when attained to the highest pitch of meridian glory, it stayeth not, but by the same degrees, it ascended, it descendeth. And is the light of the lesser world more permanent? continuance is the child of eternity, not of time.

EPIG. 13.

To the young man.

Young man, rejoice; and let thy rising days
Cheer thy glad heart: think'st thou these uphill ways
Lead to death's dungeon? no, but know withal,
A rising 's but a prologue to a fall.

374

Invidiosa Senectus.

JOHN 12. 35.

Yet a little while is the light with you.

1

THe day grows old, the low-pitch'd lamp hath made
No leſs than treble ſhade,
And the deſcending damp doth now prepare
T' uncurl bright *Titan*'s hair;
Whoſe weſtern wardrobe now begins t' unfold
Her purples, fring'd with gold,
To cloath his ev'ning glory, when th' alarms
Of reſt ſhall call to reſt in reſtleſs *Thetis*' arms.

2

Nature now calls to ſupper, to refreſh
The ſpirits of all fleſh;
The toiling plowman drives his thirſty teams,
To taſte the ſlipp'ry ſtreams:
The droiling ſwine-herd knocks away, and feaſts
His hungry whining gueſts:
The box-bill owzle, and the dapled thruſh
Like hungry rivals, meet at their beloved buſh.

3

And now the cold autumnal dews are ſeen
To cob-web ev'ry green;
And by the low-ſhorn rowens doth appear
The faſt-declining year:
The ſapleſs branches doff their ſummer ſuits
And wain their winter fruits;
And ſtormy blaſts have forc'd the quaking trees
To wrap their trembling limbs in ſuits of moſſy freeze.

Our

4

Our wasted taper now hath brought her light
To the next door to night;
Her sprightless flame grown with great snuff, doth turn
Sad as her neighb'ring urn:
Her slender inch, that yet unspent remains,
Lights but to further pains,
And in a silent language bids her guest
Prepare his weary limbs to take eternal rest.

5

Now careful age hath pitch'd her painful plough
Upon the furrow'd brow;
And snowy blasts of discontented care
Have blanch'd the falling hair:
Suspicious envy, mixt with jealous spight,
Disturbs his weary night:
He threatens youth with age; and now, alas!
He owns not what he is, but vaunts the man he was.

6

Grey hairs, pursue thy days, and let thy past
Read lectures to thy last:
Those hasty wings that hurry'd them away,
Will give these days no day:
The constant wheels of nature scorn to tire
Until her works expire:
That blast that nipt thy youth, will ruin thee; (tree.
That hand that shook the branch, will quickly strike the

S. CHRYS.

S. CHRYS.

Grey hairs are honourable, when the behaviour ſuits with grey hairs: but when an ancient man hath childiſh manners, he becometh more ridiculous than a child.

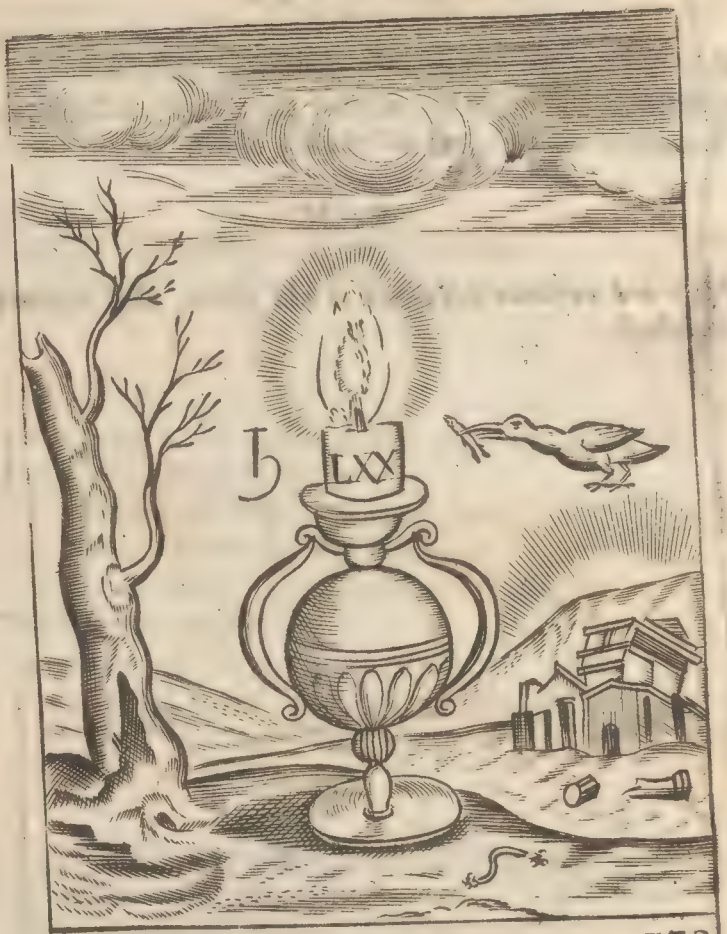
SEN.

Thou art in vain attained to old years, that repeateſt thy youthfulneſs.

EPIG. 14.

To the Youth.

Seeſt thou this good old man? he repreſents
Thy future, thou, his preterperfect tenſe:
Thou go'ſt to labours, he prepares to reſt:
Thou break'ſt thy faſt, he ſups; now which is beſt?



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Plumbeus in terram.

PSALM 90. 10.

The days of our years are threeſcore years and ten.

1

SO have I ſeen th' illuſtrious prince of light
Riſing in glory from his crocean bed,
And trampling down the horrid ſhades of night,
Advancing more and more his conqu'ring head,
Pauſe firſt, decline, at length begin to ſhroud
His fainting brows within a cole-black cloud.

2

So have I ſeen a well-built caſtle ſtand
Upon the tip-toes of a lofty hill,
Whoſe active pow'r commands both ſea and land,
And curbs the pride of the beleag'rers will:
At length her ag'd foundation fails her truſt,
And lays her tott'ring ruins in the duſt.

3

So have I ſeen the blazing taper ſhoot
Her golden head into the feeble air,
Whoſe ſhadow-gilding ray, ſpread round about,
Makes the foul face of black-brow'd darkneſs fair;
Till at the length her waſting glory fades,
And leaves the night to her invet'rate ſhades.

4

Ev'n ſo this little world of living clay,
The pride of nature, glorify'd by art,
Whom earth adores, and all her hoſts obey,
Ally'd to heav'n by his diviner part,
Triumphs a while, then droops, and then decays,
And worn by age, death cancels all his days.

5

That glorious ſun, that whilom ſhone ſo bright,
Is now ev'n raviſh'd from our darken'd eyes:
That ſturdy caſtle, mann'd with ſo much might,
Lies now a mon'ment of her own diſguiſe:
That blazing taper, that diſdain'd the puff
Of troubled air, ſcarce owns the name of ſnuff.

6

Poor bed-rid man! where is that glory now,
Thy youth ſo vaunted? where that majeſty
Which ſat enthron'd upon thy manly brow?
Where, where that braving arm? that daring eye?
Thoſe buxom tunes? thoſe *Bacchanalian* tones?
Thoſe ſwelling veins? thoſe marrow-flaming bones?

7

Thy drooping glory's blurr'd, and proſtrate lies
Grov'ling in duſt; and frightful horrour, now,
Sharpens the glances of thy gaſhful eyes;
Whilſt fear perplexes thy diſtracted brow:
Thy panting breaſt vents all her breath by groans,
And death enerves thy marrow-waſted bones.

8

Thus man that's born of woman can remain
But a ſhort time: his days are full of ſorrow;
His life's a penance and his death's a pain;
Springs like a flow'r to day, and fades to morrow;
His breath's a bubble, and his day's ſpan:
'Tis glorious miſery to be born a man.

CYPR.

When eyes are dim, ears deaf, visage pale, teeth decayed, skin withered, breath tainted, pipes furred, knees trembling, hands fumbling, feet failing, the sudden downfall of thy fleshly house is near at hand.

S. AUGUST.

All vices wax old by age: covetousness alone groweth young.

EPIG. 15.

To the Infant.

What he doth spend in groans, thou spend'st in tears:
Judgment and strength's alike in both your years;
He's helpless; so art thou; what diff'rence then?
He's an old infant; thou, a young old man.

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The evil Woman

is the ruining of friendshipp
a [illegible] temptation
a [illegible] calamity
a [illegible] danger
a [illegible] inconvenience
and the vertue of evil painted over with the colour
of good